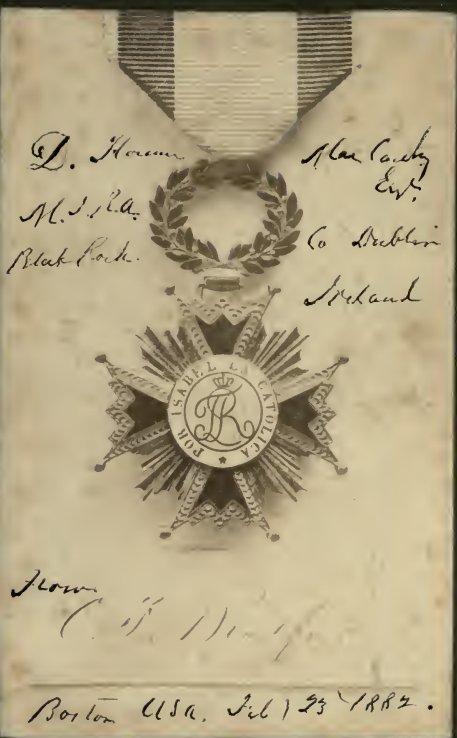




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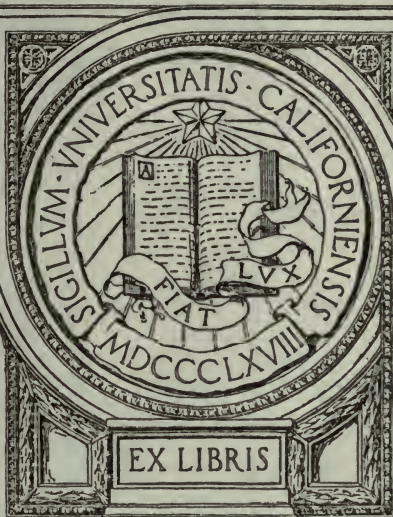
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THE
POETS AND POETRY
OF
IRELAND

*WITH HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAYS
AND NOTES*

BY ALFRED M. WILLIAMS



BOSTON
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY
1881

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TO
SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON,
WHO HAS DONE SO MUCH BY GENIUS TO ADORN,
AND BY LEARNING TO ILLUSTRATE,
The Poetry of Ireland,
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

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PREFACE.

THE purpose of this volume is to present in connected and illustrative form the national Irish poetry, from the earliest period to the present time, with such historical and biographical information and criticism as would thoroughly illustrate without overloading it. The aim has been to make it as completely national as possible without absolutely excluding everything not distinctively Irish in theme or dialect, and on the other hand, while not burdening it with verse of a merely antiquarian or historic interest, to have it contain what is fairly representative of Irish poetry. With the purpose of confining it within national limits, the poetry of Swift, Goldsmith, and others who wrote exclusively for English readers and were Irish only by nativity so far as their literary product is concerned, has been entirely omitted. Less space is also given to Moore than he would be entitled to from his position as the representative poet of Ireland, both from the reason that his works are so generally accessible and familiar, and because so considerable a portion of his poetry with the exception

of the "Irish Melodies" was devoted to other than national themes. Several poets of Irish nativity and theme, whose merits would entitle them to a place in a collection of Irish poetry, have been omitted because their poems were originally published in this country and are accessible to American readers.

There is no collection in any form that gives a connected series of Irish poetry from the earliest period, and in all forms of expression, from the bardic ode to the drawing-room song and street ballad, and it is hoped that this volume will supply the lack in some adequate degree, and present to American readers a collection of poetry attractive in itself, and as original, strongly marked, and indigenous as Irish music is already known to be. Some specimens of the bardic poetry given are only accessible in the scarce and costly publications of antiquarian societies, and several of the street ballads, marked by original force, have never before been printed in any form except the penny slip or broadside. Some of the biographical information has also never been published before. The work has been a labor of love for some years, since I first visited Ireland as a correspondent for the New York Tribune to report the Fenian disturbances, and has been the recreation of the scanty leisure of a busy life of journalism. If it accomplishes anything in the way of making the American public acquainted with the treasures of Irish poetry, which have long been my own admiration, my purpose will be fully accomplished.

Some apparent discrepancies will appear in the spelling of Celtic words on account of the difference between the correct and scholastic, and the common or Anglicized form. I have considered it merely finical to attempt to change to the less known form such familiar words as *colleen*, *cruiskeen*, etc., in places where they are parts of the dialect, although I have usually followed the scholastic authority elsewhere.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 23, 1881.

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THE
POETS AND POETRY OF IRELAND.

THE BARDS.

IN no country of which we have any authentic account did the bards exist in such numbers, or produce so much and so varied verse, as in Ireland. They make their appearance in the first dawn of legendary history, and the succession was continued down to the death, in 1737, of Turlogh O'Carolan, who was called the last of the Irish bards, although their lineal descendants continued in the hedge poets, who were in existence during the early part of the present century, and are found in the street ballad-singers of to-day. Tradition credits Amergin, the brother of Heber and Heremon, the leaders of the Milesian invasion, about 500 B. C., with being the first bard, and as uniting in himself the offices of chief priest and chief poet. However obscure are the annals of the semi-historic period, it is certain that the caste of bards flourished in Ireland from a very early time, and was thoroughly interwoven with its historic and social life. If we may credit tradition, Ollamh Fodla, the twentieth in the line of Milesian kings, established the national conventions at Tara, which are so marked a feature of ancient bardic history, and at a very early period the institution had its classes, its privileges, its distinctions, and its peculiar dress.

The bards were divided into Fileas, who were more expressly what the name denotes. They were in constant

2. THE POETS AND POETRY OF IRELAND.

attendance upon the chief, celebrated his valor, and sang his personal praises. Surrounded by the Orsidigh, or instrumental musicians, who fulfilled the function of a modern military band, they watched his progress in battle for the purpose of describing his feats in arms, composed birthday odes and epithalamia, aroused the spirits of clansmen with war-songs, and lamented the dead in the *caoinés*, or keens, which are still heard in the wilder and more primitive regions of Ireland. The second class of bards were the Brehons, who versified and recited the laws. The third class were the Senachies, who preserved the genealogies in a poetic form, kept the record of the annals of the time, and composed stories and related legends. The lineal descendants of the Senachies have existed within our own time, in the persons of wandering story-tellers, who were welcomed by the peasant's turf fire for the skill and humor with which they repeated well-worn fairy or historic legends.* The greater portion of the more ancient Irish literature now in existence was probably the composition of Senachies, the songs of the Fileas being more of an extemporaneous nature, and less likely to be committed to writing, and the institutes of the Brehons exciting less interest for their preservation after they ceased to be the laws of the land. There are more or less credible traditions concerning the collegiate institutes, the course of study, and the pay and privileges of the bards, and their dress has been described with more particularity than certainty.† They, however, wore woven colors of one shade less than the king, and which, whether four or six, were a distinguishing uniform, like the Highland tartan.

From the natural fondness of the Irish race for poetry, and the honors and privileges of the caste, the profession

* Carleton, Tales and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.

† The accounts given in Walker's "Memoirs of the Irish Bards" have been discredited by later antiquarians.

multiplied until it became an intolerable nuisance. At about the time of the conversion of Ireland to the Christian faith, in the fifth century, they were reported to number a third of the male population, and in A. D. 590 a synod was held at Drumkeat by Aed, king of Ulster, which greatly reduced their numbers, and would, it is said, have resulted in their total banishment, except for the intercession of St. Columbanus.* From this they several times increased to the point of restriction and repression, until they began to participate in the misfortunes of the Celtic inhabitants from the attacks of foreign enemies, which began with the invasion of the Danes, and continued until the final subjugation under William III. From a powerful caste, with laws and privileges of its own, they became personal attendants of individual chiefs, fighting in their battles and sharing their misfortunes; and from that, in the last acknowledged representative of the line, a wandering minstrel, sharing the hospitality, not only of the reduced chiefs of the ancient blood, but of boisterous squireens of low degree, and singing their praises with but a spark of the ancient spirit. The records of bardic history in that length of time would be almost interminable, and the greater portion would lack reliable authenticity. Like the poets of all time, their history is best found in their verse.

The oldest Irish poem of importance is the *Tain-bo Cuailgne*, or "The Cattle Spoil of Quelney," whose date of original composition is estimated at about the latter part of the fifth century. This exists by transcript, and with doubtless many emendations and changes in the language, in "The Book of the Dun Cow," so called from the vellum on which a part of it is written being made from the hide of a famous dun cow, and which was written in the early part of the twelfth century. But the tone and structure of the language, and

* Keating, History of Ireland.

the manners and customs mentioned in it, indicate its original date with considerable exactness. The great mass of the earlier Irish poems are extant only in the transcripts of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the bardic institution was in its best estate, previous to its reduction in the interminable wars with the Anglo-Saxon invaders; and a large number of books were compiled and written for the chiefs, who valued them at very high prices. These have been preserved, and are now in a great measure translated by the exertions of the Royal Irish Academy and the Irish Archæological Society. They are similar to the Book of the Dun Cow, and are named "The Yellow Book of Slane," "The Book of Glengiven," "The Book of Ballymote," and others, written or transcribed within about the same margin of date. The language at this period was quite different from that of the date of the action of most of the poems, which professed to be at about the end of the third century and the beginning of the fourth, which was the Fenian or Ossianic era, although there is a considerable confusion of dates even among them, many of the poems making St. Patrick one of the interlocutors, whose era was more than a century later. It is, however, the opinion of later scholars, that the earlier Irish language had a greater simplicity and force than is to be found in the redundances and exaggerations which mark the later style of the existing compilations. Either the legendary poems of this era were first committed to writing at the period of the eleventh and twelfth centuries from oral tradition, or the earlier books have been lost; and in any case great changes and interpolations were made by the later writers.

The heroes of these poems are in a great measure those of McPherson's Ossian. Chief among them were Fion McCumhail, or McCuil (the original of McPherson's Fingal), Goll, Oisín (son of Fin), Conan the bald, Osgar (son of

Ossin), Cuchullin, and others, who will at once be recognized as bearing such resemblances in name as to indicate merely the changes that would result from oral transfer to another country and the same language in a slightly different dialect. Edmund Burke records that on the appearance of McPherson's Ossian there was a universal outcry among the Irish that the poems were their own, and that they had been familiar with them for centuries. On closer inquiry, however, he says, they were unable to come any nearer producing the exact originals of the poems claimed as by Ossian than were to be found in the Highlands by the zealous antiquarians, who were set to search by national pride or the jealous doubt that immediately followed the success of McPherson's volume.

There is no doubt that McPherson's Ossian was founded on the legendary fragments that remained among the Gaelic inhabitants of Scotland, and which were in a great measure common property between them and the better Irish, who, if they did not settle the Highlands, according to the Irish tradition, were of one family with its people. At any rate, the names of the heroes and many of the incidents of the poems are very similar. We are unable to compare the originals of the Gaelic poems with the Irish, for they either never existed in manuscript or have been lost; but the imitations or fabrications of McPherson are free from the sometimes childish exaggerations of the Irish in respect to the size and exploits of the heroes, the presence of the sorcerers and malignant demons, who assumed the shape of human beings or animals in order to delude, and other supernatural figures. On the other hand, they are supplied with an extensive machinery of ghosts and phantoms, voices of the wind and sun, and other images common to the semi-classical poetry of McPherson's time, and which he would be very likely to add in a fabrication in imitation of ancient

poetry. The language and sentiment of McPherson's Ossian is also of the stilted and artificial sort, common to the verse of the time, and quite different from the frank simplicity of early natural poetry. The truth about McPherson's Ossian, without a doubt, is, that he found a mass of legend without form or definiteness, and that with a real original genius he transfused it into an appropriate and striking form of words, having thoroughly caught the original spirit of lamentation and sorrow, which is the emanation of the dark seas, the heavy mists, the bare and lonely hillsides of the northern coasts of Ireland and Scotland, and which infects every author of genius brought within its spell, from the days of Ossian to those of the author of the "Princess of Thule." Whatever of turgid language and stilted sentiment there may be in McPherson's Ossian, it cannot be denied that its form is powerful and striking, and the whole impression, vague and cloudy as it is, is of a grand and heroic figure, and of a poetry that is of the great originals of the world. How much of this is due to the original genius of McPherson it is impossible to say. He is entitled to the credit of having shaped a vague tradition into a living form of verse, and his chief error, except in the faults of taste, was in attempting to engraft modern ideas upon an ancient stock. His errors in history and mistaken gropings after the meanings of symbols are of less account, and as few as to be expected from one who was too impatient to be a sound antiquarian. His fame has suffered most from the fatal error in the beginning, which perpetuated itself to the ruin of all consistency or credit. He unquestionably at first endeavored to pass off his creations for direct translations from the originals; but the immediate vigor of search and demand for ocular evidence prevented him from maintaining this deception, and at the same time the enormous popularity of the poems, and the admiration which they excited, roused in him a desire to claim them as

his own. Instead of acknowledging the original deception, he imagined that his honor was concerned in repelling the charges of forgery, which were made with the very unscrupulous violence of literary controversy in those days, and took refuge in a haughty silence, which was intended both as a defence and as a claim for the authorship. This course was so utterly inconsistent that he lost credit on both sides, and the reputation of the poems has undoubtedly suffered greatly from the impression that the author was a compound of the charlatan and impostor. It is a great misfortune ; for the faults and obscurities of Ossian are sufficient to form a barrier to the appreciation which a more thorough study would give, and which the evil repute of imposture prevents. It is not in this grudging spirit that the more exaggerated and extravagant poetry of the East is approached, and a much better appreciation of Ossian would come from a kindlier spirit of regard. Whether the originals of the Ossianic legends were native to Ireland or Scotland is hardly worth dispute, but the probabilities are considerably in favor of the former, so far as existing evidence remains to show.

To a confusion of dates in the present manuscript versions of the Irish Ossianic legends is also added some incongruity of manners and religion. As has been said, St. Patrick is made an interlocutor with Ossian, although nearly two hundred years separate their recorded eras, and there is sometimes an almost equally incongruous intermingling of Christianity and Paganism. The pagan spirit is tolerated to a remarkable degree, and Ossian is allowed to defend his faith in a manner not at all to be expected from the zeal of Christianity in other countries at that period, and which shows a great degree of tolerance in the founders of the Christian faith in Ireland. A very striking instance of this occurs in "The Lay of the Chase of Slieve Guillen." The poem begins with a general panegyric by Ossian on the

ancient heroes, his contemporaries, whom he compares, to their advantage, with the psalm-singing associates of St. Patrick, with whom he is now surrounded. St. Patrick bids him remember that Fin and his heroes were destroyed by the wrath of the Almighty, and are now suffering eternal punishment in hell; to which Ossian responds with a burst of indignation, and a comparison as bold as any of Shelley's:—

“Small glory to thy potent king,
His chains and fires on our host to bring.
Oh, how unlike our generous chief,
Who, if thy king felt wrong or grief,
Would soon in arms with valor strong
Avenge his grief, revenge his wrong.
Whom did the Fenian king e'er see
In thralldom, pain or fear,
But his ready gold would set him free,
Or the might of his potent spear?”

Trans. of Rev. W. H. DRUMMOND.

Some of the personages in these poems had a real place and name in history, as did Arthur and some of the Knights of the Round Table. Others, in like manner, were pure inventions, and the greater part of the *dramatis personæ* and events are so confused a mixture of truth and fable that little can be extracted of reliable fact. There is a probability, in the stately words of Gibbon, that “Fingal lived and Ossian sung,” but there is little more of ascertainable fact in the exploits of the one or the verse of the other.

The most interesting and valuable poem of this class, although the Ossianic personages do not figure in it directly, is “The Battle of Moyra,” with its introductory pre-tale of “The Banquet of Dunangay,” which, despite a profuse fluency, glows with a sort of barbaric splendor and nobleness of sentiment. It relates to the last struggle of the pagan

and bardic party, and its defeat in the battle of Moyrath, which took place A. D. 639, between Congal, a sub-king of Ulster, and his English and Scotch allies, and the native forces, owing allegiance to Domnal, the venerable monarch of the northern portion of Ireland. Although defeated, Congal is the real hero of the poem, and his noble qualities excite the sympathies of the reader as those of Hector against Achilles, and Turnus against Æneas. Although probably written by a Christian bard, it is remarkable for its impartiality and tolerant spirit ; and, in fact, the whole literature of the time goes to show that the conversion of Ireland to Christianity was accomplished without a crusade, and that little bitterness of feeling existed between the adherents of the new and the old religion. Congal, Domnal, Sweeney (who is depicted with real Homeric vigor, as the victim of the worst misfortune that could befall an Irish hero, a supernatural visitation of cowardice), and others of the principal characters, are historic persons, while others are probably the inventions of the bards. "The Battle of Moyra" has been the foundation of an epic poem by Sir Samuel Ferguson, who has reconstructed it in the most effectual way in which the Celtic original can be reproduced for English readers, owing to the remarkable differences in the way of a literal version, and that is by preserving the local color and forms of the original as far as possible, but discarding the alliterative redundances that flow easily and naturally in the Celtic language, but which would be utterly confusing and ridiculously tautological in English. This is what McPherson should have acknowledged that he had done with the Ossianic traditions. Sir Samuel Ferguson's poem is thoroughly saturated with the local color and natural sentiment, and is written with a sonorous vigor of verse and happy boldness of epithet worthy of Chapman. It gives a better idea of the ancient Irish epic than any other translation or recon-

struction, and so far as the original Celtic romance can be reproduced for the English reader, it is done in "Congal."

It is considered by Irish scholars that the language of the earlier versions of "The Battle of Moyra" was more forcible and direct than that of the existing copy, and that the exaggerations and redundancies were the result of later corruptions. The style of the Ossianic epics presents great difficulties to the translator, particularly in the abundance of epithets. The following is a descriptive allusion to the cataract of Ballyshannon:— "The clear-watered, snowy-foamed, ever-roaring, party-colored, bellowing, in-salmon-abounding, beautiful old torrent, . . . the lofty, great, clear-landed, contentious, precipitate, loud-roaring, headstrong, rapid, salmon-full, in-sea-monster-abounding, varying, in-large-fish-abounding, rapid-flooded-furious-streamed, whirling, in-seal-abounding, royal and prosperous cataract."

The difficulty of rendering this into English can be imagined, in spite of the example of Southey's experiment in description of the falls of Lodore; but in the original the tautologies are not apparent in the rapid and various expressiveness of the Celtic language, and those who are familiar with the scene recognize the force and appositeness of the phrases, recalling the open, grassy headlands, the tawny volume of the river, the seal-haunted sea abyss at the foot, and the frequent flash of the salmon darting upward through the prone rolling masses.* This profusion of epithets is quite Oriental in its character, recalling the distinctive features of Persian and Arabic poetry. The Irish epics are distinguished from the Scandinavian sagas, not only by their Oriental exaggeration and redundancy in contrast with the simple directness and vigor of the Northern poets, but by their gentler spirit, the absence of the grim humor, the ferocity, and the delight in dwelling upon scenes of slaughter

* Quarterly Review, April, 1868.

and pain characteristic of the harder and harsher race of sea-robbers. The characteristics are the peculiar property of the Celtic race, and represent the redundant imagery, the florid splendor of rhetoric, and fluency of Irish eloquence, in all ages.

The second era of the bardic poetry of Ireland is that which includes the fragments of verse preserved during the interminable and deadly struggles of the native race against the English invaders from the landing of Strongbow to the battle of the Boyne. During that period there was no time when there was not strife between the native race and the foreign settlers, whether war was formally declared or not; and the horrors of the more atrocious battles were only equalled by the worst examples of barbaric vindictiveness and sweeping destruction in the East. The picture which Spenser draws of the condition of Munster during the wars of the Earl of Desmond with Elizabeth, when the famished wretches crawled out of their dens and caves to feed on the bodies of starved cattle, and died by the thousand, until the land was left a wilderness, peopled by wolves, and without a human inhabitant throughout the fairest region of Ireland, was only wider in its scope and more accomplished in its desolation than some of the other wars of Elizabeth and James I.; short triumphs hardly won by rude valor over discipline, constant forays offsetting frequent defeats, and a gradual encroachment of the English settlement upon the native population, make up the wretched annals of the nation.

Under these circumstances there was little opportunity or inclination for the composition of long epic poems, and the inspiration of the bards was turned to more direct appeals for war, rejoicings for victory, and lamentations for misfortune and defeat. The poetry took a more lyric form, and became an ode instead of an epic. The fragments of the

species of composition are much smaller in bulk than the voluminous earlier narratives, and are also much more concise and vigorous in style. Some of them breathe the very essence of hatred, exultation, or despair with a language that is Oriental only in its force and picturesqueness of epithet, and without the slightest trace of tautology or redundancy. Spenser, who considered the Irish as irreclaimable savages, fit only for extermination, and who by the inversion of fear and hatred regarded the courage, the patriotism, and the eloquence of the bards in animating and keeping up the strife as vices instead of virtues, had yet literary impartiality enough to commend their poetical genius in the often-quoted passage concerning the flowers of wit and invention to be found in the poetry of contemporary Irish bards.

Two of the most remarkable bards of this era were Fear-flatha O'Gnive, hereditary bard of the O'Neills of Claneboy, whose ode on the downfall of the Earl is very striking in its reiterated lamentation, and O'Hussey, the bard of the MacGuires, of Fermanagh. The following is a literal version of O'Hussey's ode to his chief, Hugh MacGuire : —

“Cold weather is this night for Hugh,
A grief is the rigor of its showery drops ;
Alas ! insufferable is the venom of this
Night's cold.

“This night, it grieves my heart,
Is filled with the thunder-flashing heavy storm,
Succeeded by an icy congealment,
Less ruthless than the hate which pursues him.

“From the sullen breasts of the clouds
The floodgates of heaven are let loose ;
The vapors exhaled from the salt sea
The firmament pours down in torrents.

“ Though he were a wild creature of the forest,
 Though a salmon in an inlet of the ocean,
 Or one of the winged fowls of the air,
 He could not bear the rigor of this weather.

“ Mournful am I for Hugh MacGuire
 This night in a strange land,
 Under the embers of thunderbolts, amid the showers flaming,
 And the keen anger of the whistling clouds.

“ Sore misery to us and torturing to our bosoms
 To think that the fine front and sides of his goodly frame
 Should be ground by the rough, sullen, scowling night
 In cold steely accoutrements, —

“ His kind-dealing hand that punished cruelty,
 By frost made dumb,
 Under some spiked and icicle-hung tree.

“ Hugh marched, to my grief, with his host to battle,
 And to-night his tresses softly curling are hung with ice ;
 But warmth to the hero are the remembered shouts of war,
 And the many lime-white mansions he hath laid in ashes.”

These verses display remarkable vigor, and the repetition of the various images of storm and cold impress them with the utmost vividness, while the closing burst of passion is the very essence of unquenchable hatred. The following also shows a remarkable power of scenic description.

“ The perilous ways of the border of Leinster, —
Borders of slow calling sounds,
Gloomy borders of bright mountains severe,
 The intricate deserts of Archchaidhe.

“ Heroes polishing their glowing weapons,
 Sounding trumpets loudly martial,
A frost-foggy wind with whistling darts flying, —
 These are the music in which you delight at early morn.”

Among the other bards of this period were Malmurphy Bhaird, or Ward, bard of Tyrconnell, who composed a fine ode on Donegal Castle, the seat of the popular hero, Hugh Roe O'Donnell, and Owen Roe MacBhaird, bard of the O'Donnells, whose laments for the chiefs of the houses of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, who died in Rome in the early part of the seventeenth century, is full of touching pathos.

The amatory and strictly lyric poetry of this long period is even smaller in amount, and in more fragmentary condition, than the odes. Among the earliest specimens that remain is the celebrated "Eileen Aroon," by which name, however, several more modern poems of similar style are known. The legend is that it was composed by Carrol O'Daly, a brother of Donogh More O'Daly, Lord Abbot of Boyle and also a poet called the Ovid of Ireland, about the middle of the thirteenth century. The poet was in love with Ellen Kavanagh, the daughter of a Leinster chief, but his suit was not regarded favorably by the family, and during his absence for a considerable time the lady was persuaded to favor a rival suitor. He returned on the day before the wedding, and, disguised as a harper, presented himself to the house, when, being called upon by Ellen herself to play, he sang the song which revealed himself to her, and won her to fly with him. The exquisite sweetness of the air, first known to the English world by its Scotch transcription into "Robin Adair," has been remarked by all lovers of music, and Handel is reported to have said that he would rather have been its composer than of the finest of his own oratorios. The love songs, for the most part, appear to have been composed by persons a grade lower in station than the professional bards, and to come nearer the definition of peasant poetry. They are marked by great abruptness, and an artless confusion such as would be natural to one more intent on making known his feelings than in constructing elaborate verse, and

sometimes are not much more than a jumbled rhapsody. The sentiment is always fine and generous, and the touches of local allusion and national characteristics of scenery, with the peculiar epithets of beauty, that become more effective from frequent repetition, give the poetry a striking originality and effect. As in all primitive poetry, there is great sameness of epithet and continued repetition of images, as gold is always "red" and water "wan" in the earlier Scotch ballads. A favorite time is the dawning of day, with its songs of birds and dew upon the grass; the attractions of the maid are always her "*cuileén*," or abundant and long, flowing hair, her swan neck and cheeks like apple-blossoms, or berries on the bough; and the poet's love is more than wealth of cattle or ties of kindred. He is often in exile, almost always in poverty, and his appeal is frequently the hopeless longing which misfortune or fate prevents any hope of being realized. The deep and abiding melancholy and the undertone of pathos in the wildest rhapsody of passion, or even in the tumult of joy, are as marked in the poetry as in the music of Ireland, and is the natural result, if not of the temperament of the race, and of the clouds and mists and softly melancholy scenery that make its surroundings, of the misfortunes that have pursued it with almost unrelenting severity.

Some specimens of these earlier lyrics and songs, even in the bald nakedness of a literal translation, will give a better idea of their characteristics than when rendered into the English idiom. The following is an "Eileen Aroon," composed by a Munster poet of uncertain date.

"O, with love for you there is not a sight in my head,
Eileen Aroon.

To be talking of you is delight to me,
Eileen Aroon.

My pride very just you are,

My pleasure of this world you are,

My joy and happiness you are,

Eileen Aroon.

My own girl indeed you are,

My dove of all in the wood you are,

And for my heart there is no cure without you,

Eileen Aroon.

“I would go beyond the brine for you,

Eileen Aroon ;

And forever — forever I would not forsake you,

Eileen Aroon.

With tales I would pleasure you,

I would taste your mouth closely,

And I would recline gently by your waist,

Eileen Aroon.

I would give you an airing along the river-side,

Under the green branches of trees

With music of birds in melody above us,

Eileen Aroon.

.

“O little star, beautiful, modest,

Before I would have you torn from me

I would sooner die,

Eileen Aroon.”

The intensity and directness of this is remarkable, and it is almost Sapphic in its rhapsodic abruptness. Still more abrupt and confused is the expression of the lover of Mary Chuisle, or Molly Astore :—

“O Mary Chuisle ! O blossom of fairness,

Branch of generousness, westward from the Nair,

Whose voice is sweeter than the cuckoo on the branch !

You have left me in the anguish of death.

The candle is not clear to me, the table, nor the company,

From the drunkenness you cause me, O star of women !

Majestic, graceful maid, who has increased my woe, —
Alas that I am without your cloak till dawn!

“I have walked to Ardagh and Kinsale,
To Drogheda and back again,
To Carlow and Downpatrick, —
I have not looked upon the like of Mary.
High coaches (I have seen) with white horses,
And English cavaliers fighting for their ladies.
If you go home from me, Mary, safe home to you,
Your shadow would make light without the sun.”

The Jacobite poetry, or at least that which belongs strictly to this era, is greatly inferior to that of Scotland, but it must be remembered that it antedates the latter by nearly a century, and, furthermore, that the Stuarts were very far from exciting the feeling of personal loyalty and devotion in Ireland which they did in Scotland. They were tyrants and representatives of an alien race to the Celtic population, and it was only by compulsion that they were identified with the cause of national independence. The personal qualities of James II. were not of the sort to create the romantic interest which surrounded the gallant figure of the young Pretender, and his incapacity and cowardice caused a feeling of contempt among the native Irish, which was marked by an unsavory nickname. When the later Stuart rebellions occurred in Scotland, the native population of Ireland was so crushed that they exhibited not the slightest overt token of sympathy,* and their past experience was not of the sort to encourage them to take up arms in defence of the Stuarts. There is, however, a lament for Mary d'Este, the widow of James II., by John O'Neachtan, a bard of Meath, of considerable pathos, and a dialogue between James and Erin, by an unknown bard, of a generous and lofty spirit. Later,

* Lord Macaulay, History of England.

as will be seen in the "Hedge Poets," the Stuarts were frequently alluded to, but in an allegorical vein, and without a fervor of personal affection.

Turlogh O'Carolan, who is considered the last individual entitled to the honors of being called an Irish bard, was born in Newtown, near Nobber, in the county of Meath, in the year 1670. He was of an ancient family, his father, John O'Carolan, having been driven from the English Pale by some confiscation in the previous reign, and, although not rich, was possessed of some land. Young Turlogh led the life usual to youths of his station, being educated after the death of his father with the children of Mrs. McDermott Roe of Alderford, in the county of Roscommon, a lady of noble family and large estate. In his eighteenth year he became blind from an attack of the small-pox, and, by the custom that prevails to this day among the peasantry, was educated to music. He received instruction on the harp from the most celebrated musicians of the region, and after four years of education was supplied by Mrs. McDermott Roe with a horse and attendant, and commenced the pilgrimage which ended only with his life.

At this time the bards had fallen from their high estate by the decadence of the noble families that had maintained them. The vast establishments like those of the O'Neills and MacCarthys had passed away, and no chief held semi-regal sway in Edenduffcarrick or Portumna. The chiefs could no longer maintain their bards as parts of their household, and the possibility of lofty themes in celebrating the warlike power of a prince, who waged a not unequal war against the Saxon invader, had also vanished. The bard was reduced to the necessity of dividing his favors among a number of patrons, and of sharing the hospitality of the humbler squireens, as of the ancient gentry. This O'Carolan did, and his wanderings for forty years included the whole

west and a portion of the centre of Ireland, his favorite places of sojourning being almost all traceable in the titles of his poems. At one time, near the close of his life, he had in his audience a little ungainly boy, who doubtless listened to the great harper with all his soul in his eyes, and who grew up to be Oliver Goldsmith, and to record his wonder and admiration at the sight of the last of the Irish bards. The subject of his verse was the personal praise of his entertainers, and it was naturally lowered from the high themes of the early bards by the circumstances of their lives. The spirit of the Celtic aristocracy was inevitably degraded in some degree by their unfortunate condition. Vulgar drunkenness too often succeeded the high-spirited carouse of former years, personal brawls to the gallant forays, and coarse profusion and recklessness to high-toned magnificence and generosity. The pictures of manners in Miss Edgeworth's novels, Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches, and the literature of half a century later, give an idea of what the condition of society must have been in Carolan's time. His duty was to contribute to the entertainment, and although he preserved so much of his dignity as to be beyond all pecuniary reward, it was natural that he should sink sometimes into unworthy adulation, and confess, as in one of his verses, —

“True to my host and to his cheer I prove,
And as I find them must I praise them still.”

It is true that there is a difference in the quality of his praise, and that he rises into a spirit of loftier compliment when he has a worthy subject, as may be seen in his verses to the cup of O'Hara. He had also a sense of dignity to resent unworthy treatment, and to brand as a niggard any one who did not receive him with the consideration to which he was entitled. But the greater part of his verse was un-

fortunately employed in unworthy personal praise, although it might be said that there was nothing equalling the humility of adulation displayed by his English contemporaries in dedications to their patrons.

He was, however, a poet beyond this, and sufficient remains of his verse exist to show a genuine inspiration, a sweet fancy and tenderness. It is to be remembered that Carolan was first educated as a musician and composer, and it was only upon the challenge of a patron that he composed his first piece of poetry, an account of a battle between fairies. Throughout his life his talent as a musician was considered of at least as much consequence as his poetical ability. But there is a spirit of graceful compliment and sincere feeling in his verses to Bridget Cruise, his first love, to his wife, Miss Grace Nugent, and others, which recalls Burns, whom he also resembled in the spirit in which he celebrated good fellowship and whiskey. The circumstances of his life were so unfortunate and degrading, that it is a wonder that even so much remains of genuine sincerity and depth of feeling.

At the age of sixty-seven his wanderings were over. Broken in health, he made his way to Alderford, the house of his earliest patron, Mrs. McDermott Roe, then over eighty years of age, to receive his last welcome. When confined to bed he composed his last melody, "Farewell to Music," in a strain of remarkable tenderness and pathos. His wake was the grandest of the time. For four days open house was kept at Alderford. All the houses in the village were crowded, and tents and huts were erected on the green. Exhaustless barrels of whiskey were placed in the hall, where the corpse lay in state. The most accomplished *keeners* of the country around raised their lamentations at the head of the coffin, and Mrs. McDermott Roe herself thought it no derogation to join the hired mourners in lamentation over "her poor gentleman, the head of all Irish music." All the

bards in Ireland came to celebrate the death of their master in dirges ; and the nobility and clergy, including sixty ministers of various denominations, attended the funeral. On the fifth day the corpse was taken to the vault of the McDermott Roe family in Kilronan church, with a following that extended for miles. A portrait of Carolan was taken in his later years by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen. It represents him with harp in hand, and his sightless eyes raised. The face is beardless, full and smooth, with an air of sweetness and serenity. The flowing locks and partially bald brow give it somewhat a resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

It remains to say a word concerning the translators of Irish poetry. The first person to translate Irish into metrical verse was Charles Wilson, who, like so many others since, betook himself to London in search of fame and fortune, where he committed suicide on the failure of his literary enterprises. He received the friendship and assistance of Burke, and published a few fragments of the Ossianic chronicles in stilted elegiac verse, which gave no idea of their distinctive originality. Miss Charlotte Brooke, the daughter of Henry Brooke, author of "The Fool of Quality," was the first to call attention to original Irish poetry ; and her volume, "Reliques of Irish Poetry," published in 1788, contained some very interesting specimens. Unfortunately she was influenced by the taste of the time, and translated their vigorous and natural idiom into elegant phraseology, and gave them the form of classical odes, with strophe and antistrophe, and such artificialities. She had, however, a fine spirit of appreciation, and is entitled to great credit for her knowledge and enthusiasm. A very important addition to Irish literature was made by two volumes of "Irish Minstrelsy," collected and published by James Hardiman, in 1831, with metrical translations by Thomas Furlong, Henry

Grattan Curran, and John D'Alton. Thomas Furlong was a young man with a great taste for poetry ; but unfortunately he could not bring himself to the necessary homeliness or faithfulness necessary to give a clear idea of his originals, and paraphrased them into high-sounding verse, with neither strength nor color. The same is to be said of his collaborators, Mr. Curran, the son of the celebrated orator, and Mr. D'Alton, the author of a forgotten epic poem. Jeremiah Joseph Callanan, a young man of Cork, who published in 1825 a volume of poems, which contained some translations from the Irish, displayed much spirit and sincerity in his versions, and they are really the first that gave any idea of the originals. Sir Samuel Ferguson is the most successful of the translators from the Irish, preserving all the spirit and fluency of the original, and thoroughly faithful in idiom and local color. The unfortunate James Clarence Mangan translated much from the Irish, with which, however, he was unacquainted, his versions being from literal translations furnished him by others ; and, as has been said of his translations from the German, they are some of the best and the worst, ranging from the simplest and baldest version to a fine paraphrase in intricate and melodious ode. A volume of "Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry" has been published, with translations by Edward Walsh, of considerable spirit and faithfulness. Dr. George Sigerson has given some admirable and faithful versions from the hedge poets. Translations from the Irish in various quantities have been published by Dr. John Anster, of Dublin, Rev. W. H. Drummond, and others, and the publication of the originals with literal translations by the Royal Irish Academy, the Irish Archæological Society, and other similar associations, has added much to the knowledge and appreciation of the native Celtic verse.

TORNA'S LAMENT FOR CORC AND NIALL.

TORNA EGEAS. CIRCA 423. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

This lament was composed by Torna Egeas, who is called the last of the Pagan bards, in the early part of the fifth century. The princes whom he lamented were Corc, king of Munster, and Niall of the Nine Hostages, two of the most distinguished heroes of early Irish history, of whom Torna had been the instructor, and the successful mediator in their rivalry. The poem is notable for its directness and simplicity, and the absence of all metaphor. The translation is nearly literal.

My foster children were not slack ;
Corc or Neal ne'er turned his back :
Neal, of Tara's palace hoar,
Worthy seed of Owen More ;
Corc of Cashel's pleasant rock,
Con-cead-cáhá's honored stock.
Joint exploits made Erin theirs, —
Joint exploits of high compeers ;
Fierce they were, and stormy strong :
Neal amid the reeling throng
Stood terrific ; nor was Corc
Hindmost in the heavy work.

Neal Mac Eochy Vivahain
Ravaged Albin, hill and plain ;
While he fought from Tara far,
Corc disdained unequal war.
Never saw I man like Neal,
Making foreign foemen reel ;
Never saw I man like Corc,
Swinking at the savage work ;
Never saw I better twain,
Search all Erin round again, —

Twain so stout in warlike deeds,
Twain so 'mild in peaceful weeds.

These the foster children twain
Of Torna, I who sing the strain;
These they are, the pious ones,
My sons, my darling foster sons!
Who duly every day would come
To glad the old man's lonely home.
Ah! happy days I've spent between
Old Tara's hall and Cashel green!
From Tara down to Cashel ford,
From Cashel back to Tara's lord.
When with Neal, his regent, I
Dealt with princes royally,
If with Corc perchance I were,
I was his prime counsellor.

Therefore Neal I ever set
On my right hand, — thus to get
Judgments grave, and weighty words,
For the right-hand loyal lords;
But ever on my left-hand side
Gentle Corc, who knew not pride,
That none other so might part
His dear body from my heart.
Gone is generous Corc O'Yeon, — woe is me!
Gone is valiant Neal O'Con, — woe is me!
Gone the root of Tara's stock, — woe is me!
Gone the head of Cashel rock, — woe is me!
Broken is my witless brain, —
Neal, the mighty king, is slain!
Broken is my bruised heart's core, —
Corc, the Righ More, is no more!

Mourns Lea Con, in tribute's chain,
 Lost Mac Eochy Vivahain,
 And her lost Mac Lewy true
 Mourns Lea Mogha, ruined too!



THE GIANT WALKER.

This and the succeeding poem, "The Washer of the Ford," are not literal versions, although they are the substance of original legends, and are given as specimens of the supernatural figures in Celtic romance. They are from Sir Samuel Ferguson's epic poem of Congal. The Giant Walker, or the *Bodach an chota lachtna*, the churl with the gray cloak, is a familiar figure in both Highland and Irish legend, and has also been made the subject of a poem by James Clarence Mangan, under the title of "The Churl with the Gray Coat." "The Washer of the Ford" is paraphrased with considerable literalness from a passage in McCraith's "Wars of Turlogh," the apparition appearing to the Clan Brian Roe.

AROUND the Mound of Sighs

They filled the woody-sided vale ; but no sweet sleep their
 eyes
 Refreshed that night, for all the night, around their echo-
 ing camp,
 Was heard continuous from the hills a sound as of the
 tramp
 Of giant footsteps ; but so thick the white mist lay around
 None saw the Walker save the king. He, starting at the
 sound,
 Called to his foot his fierce red hound ; athwart his shoulders
 cast
 A shaggy mantle, grasped his spear, and through the moon-
 light passed
 Alone up dark Ben-Boli's heights, toward which, above the
 woods,

With sound as when at close of eve the noise of falling floods
 Is borne to shepherd's ear remote on stilly upland lawn,
 The steps along the mountain side with hollow fall came on.
 Fast beat the hero's heart, and close down-crouching by his
 knee

Trembled the hound, while through the haze, huge as through
 mists at sea

The week-long sleepless mariner descries some mountain
 cape,

Wreck infamous, rise on his lee, appeared a monstrous Shape,
 Striding impatient, like a man much grieved, who walks
 alone,

Considering of a cruel wrong. Down from his shoulders
 thrown,

A mantle, skirted stiff with soil splashed from the miry
 ground,

At every stride against his calves struck with as loud re-
 bound

As makes the mainsail of a ship brought up along the blast,
 When with the coil of all its ropes it beats the sounding
 mast.

So striding vast, the giant passed; the king held fast his
 breath,

Motionless, save his throbbing heart, and still and chill as
 death

Stood listening while, a second time, the giant took the round
 Of all the camp; but when at length, for the third time,
 the sound

Came up, and through the parting haze a third time huge
 and dim

Rose out the Shape, the valiant hound sprang forth and chal-
 lenged him.

And forth, disdaining that a dog should put him so to shame,
 Sprang Congal, and essayed to speak.

“Dread shadow, stand. Proclaim
What wouldst thou, that thou thus all night around my
camp shouldst keep
Thy troublous vigil, banishing the wholesome gift of sleep
From all our eyes, who, though inured to dreadful sounds
and sights
By land and sea, have never yet in all our perilous nights
Lain in the ward of such a guard.”

The Shape made answer none ;
But with stern wafture of its hand, went angrier striding on,
Shaking the earth with heavier steps. Then Congal on his
track
Sprang fearless.

“Answer me, thou Churl,” he cried. “I bid thee back !”
But while he spoke, the giant’s cloak around his shoulders
grew
Like to a black bulged thunder-cloud ; and sudden out there
flew
From all its angry swelling folds, with uproar unconfined,
Direct against the king’s pursuit, a mighty blast of wind.
Loud flapped the mantle tempest-lined, while fluttering down
the gale,
As leaves in autumn, man and hound were swept into the
vale,
And, heard o’er all the huge uproar, through startled Dalaray
The giant went, with stamp and clash, departing south away.
The king sought Arden in his tent, and to the wakeful bard,
Panting and pale, disclosed at large what he had seen and
heard.

Considering which a little time, the Master sighed and spoke :
“King, thou describest by his bulk and by his clapping cloak
A mighty demon of the old time, who, with much dread and
fear
Once filled the race of Partholau ; Manannan Mor Mac Lir,

Son of the Sea. In former times there lived not on the face
Of Erin a sprite of bigger bulk, or potenter to raise
The powers of air by land or sea, in lightning, tempest,
hail,

Or magical thick mist, than he, albeit in woody Fail
Dwelt many demons at that time. But being so huge of
limb,

Manannan had the overward of the coast allotted him,
To stride it round, from cape to cape, daily ; and if a fleet
Hove into sight, to shake them down a sea-fog from his feet ;
Or with a wafture of his cloak flap forth a tempest straight
Would drive them off a hundred leagues. And so he kept
his state

In churlish sort about our bays and forelands, till at last
Great Spanish Miledh's mighty sons, for all he was so vast
And fell a churl, in spite of him, by dint of blows made good
Their landing, and brought in their Druids, from which time
forth the brood

Of goblin people shun the light ; some in the hollow sides
Of hills lie hid ; some hide beneath the brackish ocean-tides ;
Some underneath the sweet well-springs. Manannan, poets
say,

Fled to the isle which bears his name, that eastward lies
half-way

Sailing to Britain ; whence at times he wades the narrow
seas,

Revisiting his old domain, when evil destinies
Impend o'er Erin. But his force and magic might are gone ;
And at such times 't is said that he who, 'twixt twilight and
dawn,

Meets him and speaks him, safely learns a year's events to
be."

"But he who speaks him," Congal said, "and gains no an-
swer, — he ?"

“Within the year, the seers agree,” said Ardan, “he must die ;

For death and silence, we may see, bear constant company.”

“Be it so, Bard,” replied the king ; “to die is soon or late

For every being born alive the equal doom of fate.

Nor grieve I much ; nor would I grieve if Heaven had so
been pleased

That either I had not been born, or had already ceased,

Being born, to breathe ; but while I breathe so let my life
be spent

As in renown of noble deeds to find a monument.”



THE WASHER OF THE FORD.

AND now, at dawn, to cross the fords, hard by the royal town,
The fresh, well-ordered, vigorous bands in gallant ranks drew
down ;

When, lo ! a spectre horrible, of more than human size,
Full in the middle of the ford took all their wondering eyes.
A ghastly woman it appeared, with gray dishevelled hair
Blood-draggled, and with sharp-boned arms, and fingers
crooked and spare,

Dabbling and washing in the ford, where mid-leg deep she
stood

Beside a heap of heads and limbs that swam in oozing blood,
Where on and on a glittering heap of raiment rich and brave
With swift, pernicious hands she scooped and poured the
crimsoned wave.

And though the stream approaching her ran tranquil, clear,
and bright,

Sand gleaming between verdant banks, a fair and peaceful
sight,

Downward the blood-polluted flood rode turbid, strong, and
proud,
With heady-eddying dangerous whirls and surges dashing
loud.

All stood aghast. But Kelloch cried, "Advance me to the
bank ;

I'll speak the hag."

But back, instead, his trembling bearers shrank.
Then Congal from the foremost rank a spear cast forward
strode,

And said, "Who art thou, hideous one? and from what
curst abode

Comest thou thus in open day the hearts of men to freeze?
And whose lopped heads and severed limbs and bloody vests
are these?"

"I am the Washer of the Ford," she answered, "and my
race

Is of the Tuath de Danaan line of Magi ; and my place
For toil is in the running streams of Erin ; and my cave
For sleep is in the middle of the shell-heaped Cairn of Maev,
High up on haunted Knocknarea ; and this fine carnage-
heap

Before me, and these silken vests and mantles which I steep
Thus in the running water, are the severed heads and hands
And spear-torn scarfs and tunics of these gay-dressed, gal-
lant bands

Whom thou, O Congal, ledest to death. And this," the
Fury said,

Uplifting by the clotted locks what seemed a dead man's
head,

"Is thine own head, O Congal."

Therewith she rose in air,
And vanished from the warriors' view, leaving the river bare
Of all but running water.

THE LEGEND OF FERGUS LEIDÉSON.

BARD UNKNOWN. TENTH CENTURY. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL
FERGUSON.

The following appears in the first gloss of the Brehon Law, and is a characteristic specimen of the early fairy legends.

ONE day King Fergus, Leidé Luthmar's son,
Drove by Loch Rury ; and, his journey done,
Slept in his chariot, wearied. While he slept,
A troop of fairies o'er his cushions crept.
And, first, his sharp, dread sword they filched away ;
Then bore himself, feet forward, to the bay.
He, with the chill touch, woke ; and, at a snatch,
It fortune'd him in either hand to catch
A full-grown sprite ; while, 'twixt his breast and arm,
He pinned a youngling. They, in dire alarm,
Writhed hard and squealed. He held the tighter. Then
"Quarter !" and "Ransom !" cried the little men.
"No quarter," he : "nor go ye hence alive,
Unless ye gift me with the art to dive
Long as I will, — to walk at large, and breathe
The seas, the lochs, the river floods beneath."
"We will." He loosed them. Herbs of virtue they
Placed in his ear-holes ; or, as others say,
A hood of fairy texture o'er his head,
Much like a cleric's *cochal*, drew, and said,
"Wear this, and walk the deeps ; but well beware
Thou enter nowise in Loch Rury there."
Clad in his cowl, through many deeps he went,
And saw their wonders ; but was not content
Unless Loch Rury also to his eyes
Revealed its inner under-mysteries.

Thither he came, and plunged therein ; and there
The *Muirdris* met him. Have you seen a pair
Of blacksmith's bellows open out and close
Alternate 'neath the hand of him that blows ?
So swelled it, and so shrunk. The hideous sight
Hung all his visage sideways with affright.
He fled. He gained the bank. "How seems my cheer,
O Mwena ?" "Ill !" replied the charioteer.
"But rest thee. Sleep thy wildness will compose."
He slept. Swift Mwena to Emania goes :
"Whom now for king, since Fergus' face awry
By law demeans him of the sovereignty ?"
"Hush !" and his sages and physicians wise
In earnest council sit, and thus advise :
"He knows not of his plight. To keep him so
As he suspect not that he ought not know, —
For so the mind be straight, and just awards
Wait on the judgment, right-read law regards
No mere distortion of the outward frame
As blemish barring from the kingly name, —
And, knew he all the baleful fact you tell,
An inward wrench might warp the mind as well, —
Behooves it therefore all of idle tongue,
Jesters, and women, and the witless young,
Be from his presence. And when at morn
He takes his bath, behooves his bondmaid, Dorn,
Muddy the water, lest, perchance, he trace
Lost kingship's token on his imaged face."
Three years they kept him so ; till, on a day,
Dorn with his face-bath' ewer had made delay ;
And fretted Fergus, petulant and rash,
A blow bestowed her of his horse-whip lash.
Forth burst the woman's anger : "Thou a king !
Thou sit in council ! Thou adjudge a thing

In court of law ! Thou, who no kingship can,
 Since all may see thou art a blemished man !
 Thou wry-mouth !” Fergus thereon slew the maid ;
 And, to Loch Rury’s brink in haste conveyed,
 Went in at Fertais. For a day and night
 Beneath the waves he rested out of sight ;
 But all the Ultonians on the bank who stood
 Saw the loch boil and redden with the blood.
 When next at sunrise skies grew also red,
 He rose — and in his hand the *Muirdris’* head. —
 Gone was the blemish. On his goodly face
 Each trait symmetric had resumed its place ;
 And they who saw him marked in all his mien
 A king’s composure, ample and serene.
 He smiled : he cast his trophy to the bank,
 Said, “ I survivor, Ulstermen ! ” and sank.



THE SPEAR OF KELTAR.

ANON. TRANS. BY W. M. HENNESSY.

The following nearly literal version from the ancient tale of the *Bruidhin Da Derga* gives an idea of the fabled weapons of the Irish heroes. The famous sword of Finn was the child of this terrible spear.

WHAT further sawest thou ?

By the royal chair

A couch I saw. Three heroes sat thereon,
 In their first grayness, they ; gray-dark their robes ;
 Gray-dark their swords, enormous, of an edge
 To slice the hair on water. He who sits
 The midmost of the three grasps with both hands

A spear of fifty rivets ; and so sways
 And swings the weapon, which would else give forth
 Its shout of conflict, that he keeps it in ;
 Though thrice, essaying to escape his hands,
 It doubles, darting on him, heel to point,
 A caldron at his feet, big as the vat
 Of a king's guest-house. In that vat, a pool,
 Hideous to look upon, of liquor black.
 Therein he dips and cools the blade by times ;
 Else all its shaft would blaze, as though a fire
 Had wrapped the king-post of the house in flames.
 Resolve me now and say what 't was I saw.

Not hard to say. These champion warriors three
 Are Sencha, beauteous son of Olioll ;
 Dubthach, the fierce Ulidian addercop ;
 And Goibnen, son of Luigneche ; and the spear
 In hands of Dubthach is the famous Lon
 Of Keltar, son of Uitechar, which erst
 Some wizard of the Tuath-da-Danaan brought
 To battle at Moy-Tura, and there lost,
 Found after. And these motions of the spear,
 And sudden sallies hard to be restrained,
 Affect it oft as blood of enemies
 Is ripe for spilling. And a caldron, then,
 Full of witch-brewage, needs must be at hand,
 To quench it, when the homicidal act
 Is by its blade expected. Quench it not, —
 It blazes up, even in the holder's hand ;
 And through the holder, and the door-planks through,
 Flies forth to sate itself in massacre.

CUCHULLIN'S CHARIOT.

ANON. TRANS. BY REV. W. H. DRUMMOND.

The original, of which this is a considerably amplified version, is from an old Irish romance entitled "The Breach of the Plain of Muirhevney."

THE car, light-moving, I behold,
Adorned with gems and studs of gold ;
Ruled by the hand of skilful guide,
Swiftly — and swiftly — see it glide !
Sharp-formed before, through dense array
Of foes to cut its onward way ;
While o'er its firm-fixed seat behind
Swells the green awning in the wind.
It mates in speed the swallow's flight,
Or roebuck bounding fleet and light,
Or fairy breeze of viewless wing,
That in the joyous day of spring
Flies o'er the champaign's grassy bed,
And up the cairn-crowned mountain's head.

Comes thundering on, unmatched in speed,
The gallant gray, high-bounding steed ;
His four firm hoofs, at every bound,
Scarce seem to touch the solid ground,
Outflashing from their flinty frame
Flash upon flash of ruddy flame.
The other steed, of equal pace,
Well shaped to conquer in the race ;
Of slender limb, firm-knit, and strong,
His small, light head he lifts on high,

Impetuous as he scours along ;
 Red lightning glances from his eye ;
Flung on his curving neck and chest
Toss his crisped manes like warrior's crest
Of the wild chafer's dark-brown hues,
The color that his flanks imbues.
The charioteer, of aspect fair,
 In front high-seated rides ;
He holds the polished reins with care,
 And safe and swiftly guides,
With pliant will and practised hand,
Obedient to his lord's command, —
That splendid chief, whose visage glows
As brilliant as the crimson rose.
Around his brows, in twisted fold,
A purple satin band is rolled,
All sparkling bright with gems and gold :
And such his majesty and grace
As speak him born of royal race ;
Worthy, by deeds of high renown,
To win and wear a monarch's crown.

The following is McPherson's description of Cuchullin's car : " The car, the car of war comes on, like the flame of death ! the rapid car of Cuchullin, the noble son of Semo ! It bends behind like a wave near a rock, like the sun-streaked mist of the heath. Its sides are embossed with stones, and sparkle like the sea round the boat of night. Of polished yew is its beam ; its seat of the smoothest bone. The sides are replenished with spears ; the bottom is the footstool of heroes." — *Fingal*, Book I.

DEIRDRE'S LAMENT FOR THE SONS OF USNACH.

BARD UNKNOWN. DATE UNCERTAIN. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL
FERGUSON.

The legend of Deirdre is one of the most famous in Irish history. It was foretold at her birth that her charms would be fatal to the royal house of Emania, and she was confined in a tower by the king, Conor Mac Nessa. She fled with one of the sons of Usnach, and escaped with him to the Hebrides, from which they were enticed back on a pledge of safe conduct from the king, and were overpowered and murdered after a desperate defence. The reader will be reminded of Roscoe's ballad, "Dig a Grave, and Dig it Deep."

THE lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone — alone :
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick and fain would sleep.

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone — alone :
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping, —
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping :
Dig the grave and make it ready,
Lay me on my truelove's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warrior's sides aright :
Many a day the three before me
On their linked bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,
'Neath each head, the blue claymore :
Many a time the noble three
Reddened these blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of their greyhounds at their feet :
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw
Hook and arrow, line and bow :
Never again by stream or plain
Shall the gentle woodsmen go.

Sweet companions were ye ever ;
Harsh to me, your sister, never ;
Woods and wilds, and misty valleys,
Were with you as good 's a palace.

Oh ! to hear my truelove singing,
Sweet as sounds of trumpets ringing !
Like the sway of ocean swelling
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling.

Oh ! to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy sheeling,
When the three, with soaring chorus,
Made the skylark silent o'er us !

Echo, now sleep morn and even ;
Lark, alone enchant the heaven ;
Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
Neesa's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain ;
Salmon, leap from loch to fountain ;
Heron, in the free air warm ye,
Usnach's sons no more will harm ye.

Erin's stay no more ye are,
Rulers of the ridge of war ;
Never more 't will be your fate
To keep the beam of battle straight.

Woe is me ! by fraud and wrong,
Traitors false and tyrants strong,
Fell Clan Usnach bought and sold,
For Barach's feast and Conor's gold.

Woe to Eman, roof and wall !
Woe to Red Branch, hearth and hall !
Tenfold woe and black dishonor
To the foul and false Clan Conor !

Dig the grave both wide and deep,
Sick I am and fain would sleep :
Dig the grave and make it ready,
Lay me on my truelove's body.



THE DOWNFALL OF THE GAEL.

FEARFLATHA O'GNIVE, BARD OF NIAL. CIRCA 1562. TRANS. BY
SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

MY heart is in woe,
And my soul deep in trouble,
For the mighty are low
And abased are the noble.

The sons of the Gael
 Are in exile and mourning ;
 Worn, weary, and pale,
 As spent pilgrims returning ;

Or men who, in flight
 From the field of disaster,
 Beseech the black night
 On their flight to fall faster ;

Or seamen aghast,
 When the planks gape asunder,
 And the waves fierce and fast
 Tumble through in hoarse thunder ;

Or men whom we see
 That have got their death omen ; —
 Such wretches are we
 In the chains of our foemen !

Our courage is fear,
 Our nobility vileness ;
 Our hope is despair,
 And our comeliness foulness.

There is mist on our heads,
 And a cloud, chill and hoary,
 Of black sorrow sheds
 An eclipse on our glory.

From Boyne to the Linn
 Has the mandate been given,
 That the children of Finn
 From their country be driven ;

That the sons of the king —
 Oh, the treason and malice! —
Shall no more ride the ring
 In their own native valleys;

No more shall repair
 Where the hill foxes tarry,
Nor forth in the air
 Fling the hawk at her quarry.

For the plain shall be broke
 By the share of the stranger,
And the stone-mason's stroke
 Tell the woods of their danger;

The green hills and shore
 Be with white keeps disfigured,
And the moat of Rathmore
 Be the Saxon churl's haggard;

The land of the lakes
 Shall no more know the prospect
Of valleys and brakes,
 So transformed is her aspect;

The Gael cannot tell,
 In the uprooted wild-wood,
And red, ridgy dell,
 The old nurse of his childhood;

The nurse of his youth
 Is in doubt as she views him,
If the pale wretch in truth
 Be a child of her bosom.

We starve by the board,
 And we thirst amid wassail ;
 For the guest is the lord,
 And the host is the vassal.

Through the woods let us roam,
 Through the wastes wild and barren ;
 We are strangers at home,
 We are exiles in Erin !

And Erin's a bark
 O'er the wild waters driven ;
 And the tempest howls dark,
 And her side planks are riven ;

And in billows of might
 Swell the Saxon before her.
 Unite, — O, unite,
 Or the billows burst o'er her !



ADDRESS TO THE CLANS OF WICKLOW.

BARD OF THE O'BYRNES. CIRCA 1580. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL
 FERGUSON.

GOD be with the Irish host !
 Never be their battle lost !
 For in battle never yet
 Have they basely earned defeat.

Host of armor red and bright,
 May ye fight a valiant fight
 For the green spot of the earth,
 For the land that gave you birth !

Who in Erin's cause would stand,
Brothers of the avenging band,
He must wed immortal quarrel,
Pain, and sweat, and bloody peril.

On the mountain bare and steep
Snatching short but pleasant sleep,
Then, ere sunrise, from his eyrie
Swooping on the Saxon quarry.

What although you 've failed to keep
Liffey's plain or Tara's steep,
Cashel's pleasant streams to save,
Or the meads of Croghan Maev?

Want of conduct lost the town,
Broke the white-walled castle down,
Moirá lost, and old Taltin,
And let the conquering stranger in.

'T was the want of right command,
Not the lack of heart or hand,
Left your hills and plains to-day
'Neath the strong Clan Saxon's sway.

Ah! had Heaven never sent
Discord for our punishment,
Triumphs few o'er Erin's host
Had Clan London now to boast!

Woe is me, 't is God's decree
Strangers have the victory!
Irishmen may now be found
Outlaws upon Irish ground.

Like a wild beast in his den
Lies the chief by hill and glen,
While the strangers, proud and savage,
Criffan's richest valleys ravage.

Woe is me the foul offence,
Treachery, and violence
Done against my people's rights !
Well may mine be restless nights !

When old Leinster's sons of fame,
Heads of many a warlike name,
Redden their victorious hilts
On the Gaul, my soul exults.

When the grim Gaul, who have come
Hither o'er the ocean foam,
From the fight victorious go,
Then my heart sinks deadly low.

Bless the blades our warriors draw !
God be with Clan Ranelagh !
But my soul is weak for fear,
Thinking of their danger here.

Have them in thy holy keeping !
God be with them lying sleeping,
God be with them standing fighting,
Erin's foes in battle smiting !

LAMENT FOR THE PRINCES OF TYRONE AND
TYRCONNELL.

OWEN ROE MAC AN BHAIRD. CIRCA 1610. TRANS. BY J. C. MANGAN.

This lamentation relates to the death of Hugh, Earl O'Neill, and Rory, Earl O'Donnell, princes of the houses of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, who fled to Rome in 1607, and, dying there, were buried in one grave. It is addressed to Nuala, the Fair-Shouldered, sister of O'Donnell.

O WOMAN of the Piercing Wail,
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael!
Thou wouldst not then from day to day
Weep thus alone.
'T were long before, around a grave
In green Tirconnell, one could find
This loneliness;
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave,
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Companionless.

Beside the wave in Donegal,
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
Or Killillee,
Or where the sunny waters fall,
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
This could not be.
On Derry's plains, in rich Drumclieff,
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears!

O, no ! — from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle-walls,
From Lissadil,
Would flock alike both rich and poor.
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill ;
And some would come from Barrow-side,
And many a maid would leave her home
On Leitrim's plains,
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
And swell thy strains !

O, horses' hoofs would trample down
The Mount whereon the martyr saint
Was crucified.
From glen and hill, from plain and town,
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
Would echo wide.
There would not soon be found, I ween;
One foot of ground among those bands
For museful thought,
So many shriekers of the *keen*
Would cry aloud, and clap their hands,
All woe-distraught !

Two princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their cells of clay beside
O'Donnell Roe :
Three royal youths, alas ! are gone,
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
For Erin's woe !
Ah ! could the men of Ireland read
The names these noteless burial stones
Display to view,

Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
Their tears gush forth again, their groans
Resound anew !

The youths whose relics moulder here
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord
Of Aileach's lands ;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
Thy nephew, long to be deplored
By Ulster's bands.
Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time
Could domicile Decay or house
Decrepitude !
They passed from earth ere manhood's prime,
Ere years had power to dim their brows
Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source ?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years,
Lies here a corse
Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
Tirconnell of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair, —
For valor, truth, and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns,
A peerless pair.

O, had these twain, and he, the third,
The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
Their mate in death, —
A prince in look, in deed and word, —

Had these three heroes yielded on
 The field their breath, —
 O, had they fallen on Criffan's plain,
 There would not be a town or clan,
 From shore to sea,
 But would with shrieks bewail the Slain,
 Or chant aloud the exulting *rann*
 Of jubilee !

When high the shout of battle rose
 On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
 Through Erin's gloom,
 If one, if barely one, of those
 Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
 The hero's doom !
 If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
 Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
 The shock of spears,
 Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
 Long must the North have wept his death
 With heart-wrung tears !

If on the day of Ballachmyre
 The Lord of Mourne had met, thus young,
 A warrior's fate,
 In vain would such as thou desire
 To mourn, alone, the champion sprung
 From Niall the Great !
 No marvel this, — for all the Dead,
 Heaped on the field, pile over pile,
 At Rullach-brack,
 Were scarce an *eric* for his head
 If Death had stayed his footsteps while
 On victory's track !

If on the Day of Hostages
The fruit had from the parent bough
 Been rudely torn
In sight of Munster's bands, — Mac Nee's, —
 Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,
 Could ill have borne.

If on the day of Balloch-boy
 Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,
 The chieftain low,
Even our victorious shout of joy
 Would soon give place to rueful cries
 And groans of woe !

If on the day the Saxon host
 Were forced to fly — a day so great
 For Ashanee —
The Chief had been untimely lost,
 Our conquering troops should moderate
 Their mirthful glee,
There would not lack on Lifford's day
 From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,
 From Limerick's towers,
A marshalled file, a long array,
 Of mourners to bedew the soil
 With tears in showers !

If on the day a sterner fate
 Compelled his flight from Athenree,
 His blood had flowed,
What numbers all disconsolate
 Would come unasked, and share with thee
 Affliction's load !

If Derry's crimson field had seen
 His lifeblood offered up, though 't were
 On Victory's shrine,

A thousand cries would swell the *keen*,
A thousand voices of despair
Would echo thine!

O, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm
That bloody night on Fergus' banks
But slain our Chief,
When rose his camp in wild alarm,
How would the triumph of his ranks
Be dashed with grief!
How would the troops of Murbach mourn
If on the Curlew Mountains' day,
Which England rued,
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,
By shedding there, amid the fray,
Their prince's blood!

Red would have been our warriors' eyes
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field
A gory grave;
No Northern chief would soon arise
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
So swift to save.
Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh
Had met the death he oft had dealt
Among the foe;
But had our Roderick fallen too,
All Erin must, alas! have felt
The deadly blow!

What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall!
And Erin, once the Great and Free,

Now vainly mourns her breakless chain
And iron thrall !
Then, daughter of O'Donnell, dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside,
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride !

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay,
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way
As he decrees.
Embrace the faithful Crucifix,
And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Saviour trod ;
Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope and worldly care
Its groans to God !

And thou, O mighty Lord ! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land !
Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of Conn !

DARK ROSALEEN.

BARD OF THE O'DONNELL. ELIZABETHAN ERA. TRANS. BY
J. C. MANGAN.

"Dark Rosaleen," or "Rosin Dubh," the "Little Black Rose," is one of the many allegorical names with which Ireland began to be addressed at this period. The author was one of the bards of the celebrated Hugh Roe O'Donnell; and the expressions "Spanish ale" and "Roman wine" allude to expected help from Spain and Rome.

O MY Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep !
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the Deep.
There 's wine from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green ;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Over hills and through dales,
Have I roamed for your sake ;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne at its highest flood
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
Oh ! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen !

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro, do I move ;
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love !
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen ;
'T is you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
'T is you shall have the golden throne,
'T is you shall reign and reign alone, .
My Dark Rosaleen !

Over dews, over sands,
'Will I fly for your weal ;
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !

You 'll think of me through Daylight's hours,
 My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
 My Dark Rosaleen !

I could scale the blue air,
 I could plough the high hills,
 Oh ! I could kneel all night in prayer,
 To heal your many ills !
 And one beamy smile from you
 Would float like light between
 My toils and me, my own, my true,
 My Dark Rosaleen !
 My fond Rosaleen !
 Would give me life and soul anew,
 A second life, a soul anew,
 My Dark Rosaleen !

Oh ! the Erne shall run red
 With redundance of blood,
 The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
 And flames wrap hill and wood ;
 And gun-peal and slogan-cry
 Wake many a glen serene,
 Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
 My Dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
 Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
 My Dark Rosaleen !

KEEN ON MAURICE FITZGERALD, KNIGHT OF
KERRY.

PEIRSE FERRITER. TRANS. BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

The following keen on the death of Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, who was killed in Flanders about the year 1672, contains an allusion to the superstition of the Banshee, common in Irish legend. The Banshees were aged women, who wailed by night when the heir of a noble family was about to die.

I HAD heard lamentations
And sad warning cries
From the Banshees of many
Broad districts arise.
I besought thee, O Christ,
To protect me from pain ;
I prayed, but my prayers
They were offered in vain.

Acria from her closely
Hid nest did awake
The women of wailing
At Sur's rosy lake.
From Glen Fogra of woods
Came a mournful whine,
And all Kerry's hags
Wept the lost Geraldine.

The Banshees of Youghall
And stately Mogeely
Were joined in their grief
By wide Imokilly.

Carah Mona in gloom
Of deep sorrow appears,
And all Kilnameaky's
Absorbed into tears.

The prosperous Saxons
Were seized with affright ;
In Tralee they packed up
And made ready for flight ;
For there a shrill voice
At the door of each hall
Was heard, and they fancied
Foretelling their fall.

At Dingle the merchants
In terror forsook
Their ships and their business ;
They trembled and shook ;
Some fled to concealment, —
The fools, thus to fly !
For no trader a Banshee
Will utter a cry.

The Banshee of Dunqueen
In sweet song did deplore
To the spirit that watches
On dark Dun-an-oir,
And Ennismore's maid
By the Feal's gloomy wave
With her clear voice did mourn
For the death of the brave.

On stormy Slieve Mis
Spread the cry far and wide,

From steep Slieve Finnalenn
 The wild eagle replied.
 'Mong the Reeks, like the
 Thunder-peal's echoing shout,
 It bursts, and deep bellows
 Bright Brandon gives out.

Such warring, I thought,
 Could be only for him ;
 The blood shower that made
 The gay harvest field dim,
 The fiery tailed star
 That a comet men call,
 Were omens of his -
 As of great Cæsar's fall.

The localities mentioned are lakes, mountains, and glens in the South of Ireland, in the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Kerry.



A FAREWELL TO PATRICK SARSFIELD.

ANON. TRANS. BY J. C. MANGAN.

FAREWELL, O Patrick Sarsfield ! May luck be on your path !
 Your camp is broken up, your work is marred for years ;
 But you go to kindle into flame the king of France's wrath,
 Though you leave sick Eire in tears.
 Och ! ochone !

May the white sun and moon rain glory on your head,
 All hero as you are, and holy man of God !
 To you the Saxons owe a many an hour of dread,
 In the land you have often trod,
 Och ! ochone !

The Son of Mary guard you and bless you to the end !

'T is altered is the time since your legions were astir,
When, at Cullen, you were hailed as the Conqueror and Friend,
And you crossed Narrow-water, near Birr,
Och ! ochone !

I'll journey to the North, over mount, moor, and wave.

'T was there I first beheld, drawn up in file and line,
The brilliant Irish hosts, — they were bravest of the brave !
But, alas ! they scorned to combine !
Och ! ochone !

I saw at royal Boyne, when its billows flashed with blood ;
I fought at Graina Oge, where a thousand horsemen fell ;
On the dark, empurpled field of Aughrim, too, I stood,
On the plain by Tubberdonny's Well,
Och ! ochone !

To the heroes of Limerick, the City of the Fights,
Be my best blessing, borne on the wings of air !
We had card-playing there, o'er our camp-fires at night,
And the Word of Life, too, and prayer.
Och ! ochone !

But for you, Londonderry, may Plague smite and slay
Your people ! May Ruin desolate you, stone by stone !
Through you a many a gallant youth lies coffinless to-day,
With the winds for mourners alone !
Och ! ochone !

I clomb the high hill on a fair summer noon,
And saw the Saxon muster, clad in armor, blinding bright ;
Oh, rage withheld my hand, or gunsman and dragoon
Should have supped with Satan that night !
Och ! ochone !

How many a noble soldier, how many a cavalier,
Careered along this road, seven fleeting weeks ago,
With silver-hilted sword, with matchlock, and with spear,
Who now, *mo bhron*, lieth low !
Och ! ochone !

All hail to thee, Beinn Eadair ! But, ah ! on thy brow
I see a limping soldier, who battled, and who bled
Last year in the cause of the Stuart ; though now
The worthy is begging his bread !
Och ! ochone !

And Diarmuid ! O Diarmuid ! he perished in the strife ;
His head it was spiked on a halbert high ;
His colors they were trampled ; he had no chance of life,
If the Lord God himself stood by !
“ Och ! ochone !

But most, O my woe ! I lament, and lament
For the ten valiant heroes who dwelt nigh the Nore ;
And my three blessed brothers ! they left me, and they went
To the wars, and returned no more !
Och ! ochone !

On the bridge of the Boyne was our first overthrow ;
By Slaney, the next, for we battled without rest ;
The third was at Aughrim. O Eire ! thy woe
Is a sword in my bleeding breast !
Och ! ochone !

O, the roof above our heads it was barbarously fired,
While the black Orange guns blazed and bellowed around !
And as volley followed volley, Colonel Mitchel inquired
Whether Lucan still stood his ground.
Och ! ochone !

But O'Kelly still remains, to defy and to toil ;

He has memories that Hell won't permit him to forget,
And a sword that will make the blue blood flow like oil

Upon many an Aughrim yet !

Och ! ochone !

And I never shall believe that my Fatherland can fall,

With the Burkes, and the Dukes, and the son of Royal
James ;

And Talbot the Captain, and Sarsfield, above all,

The beloved of damsels and dames.

Och ! ochone !



BOATMAN'S HYMN.

ANON. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

All that is known of this spirited ode is that it had its origin on the west coast.

BARK that bears me through foam and squall,

You in the storm are my castle-wall ;

Though the sea should redden from bottom to top,

From tiller to mast she takes no drop.

On the tide top, the tide top,

Wherry *aroon*, my land and store !

On the tide top, the tide top,

She is the boat can sail *go-leor*.

She dresses herself, and goes gliding on,

Like a dame in her robes of the Indian lawn ;

For God has blessed her, gunnel and wale :

And oh ! if you saw her stretch out to the gale,

On the tide top, the tide top, &c.

Whillan, ahoy ! old heart of stone,
 Stooping so black o'er the beach alone,
 Answer me well, — on the bursting brine
 Saw you ever a bark like mine ?

On the tide top, the tide top, &c.

Says Whillan, " Since first I was made of stone,
 I have looked abroad o'er the beach alone :
 But till to-day, on the bursting brine
 Saw I never a bark like thine ! "

On the tide top, the tide top, &c.

" God of the air ! " the seamen shout
 When they see us tossing the brine about ;
 " Give us the shelter of strand or rock,
 Or through and through us she goes with a shock ! "
 On the tide top, the tide top, &c.



THE COOLUN I.

ANON. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

This and the following love song are of uncertain date, and their authors are unknown. It is probable that they were the composition of peasant poets rather than of bards, although the bards may occasionally have dropped into amatory verse. The *Cooleen* signifies a head of full flowing tresses, and is a very common image in Irish poetry.

HERE dwells the stately Coolun,
 The salmon of the silver side,
 The branch that blooms the fairest
 On the tall tree of beauty's pride.
 O, my love she is, and my fancy,
 And the light of my eyes alway,
 She's my summer in the winter,
 From Christmas to Easter day !

O sweet, deluding Cupid,
 Who art full of your proper wiles,
 My heart is in deadly sickness
 By the charm of her bewitching smiles :
 Take pity on me then, and tell me,
 And answer quickly give ;
 Have you doomed me to die rejected,
 Or to have my love and live ?

And, oh ! fair stately damsel,
 On whom my choice is set,
 Think not that the rich ones ever,
 Without true love, were happy yet.
 The God, who, out of dust has formed us,
 Kind care of his own will take :
 O never, for the sake of cattle,
 Would I a truelove forsake !

My fancy and my darling,
 My gentle and my sweet *cooleen*,
 To whom my heart gives longing
 Beyond all girls I 've ever seen !
 Live without your love, I cannot,
 For I live in the love of thee ;
 And oh ! if you turn coldly from me,
 In your fair hands my soul shall be !



THE COOLUN II.

ANON. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

O, HAD you seen the Coolun,
 Walking down by the cuckoo's street,
 With the dew of the meadow shining
 On her milk-white twinkling feet !

O, my love she is, and my *cooleen oge*,
And she dwells in Bal'nagar ;
And she bears the palm of beauty bright
From the fairest that in Erin are.

In Bal'nagar is the Coolun,
Like the berry on the bough her cheek ;
Bright beauty dwells forever
On her fair neck and ringlets sleek :
O, sweeter is her mouth's soft music
Than the lark or thrush at dawn,
Or the blackbird in the greenwood singing
Farewell to the setting sun !

Rise up, my boy, make ready
My horse, for I forth would ride,
To follow the modest damsel
Where she walks on the green hill-side ;
Forever since our youth were we plighted,
In faith, troth, and wedlock true.
O, she's sweeter to me nine times over
Than organ or cuckoo !

O, ever since my childhood
I loved the fair and darling child,
But our people came between us,
And with lucre our pure love defiled :
O, my woe it is and my bitter pain,
And I weep it night and day,
That the *coleen bawn* of my early love
Is torn from my heart away.

Sweetheart and faithful treasure,
Be constant still, and true ;

Nor for want of herds and houses
 Leave one who would ne'er leave you :
 I'd pledge you the blessed Bible,
 Without and eke within,
 That the faithful God will provide for us
 Without thanks to kith or kin !

O love, do you remember
 When we lay all night alone,
 Beneath the ash in the winter storm,
 When the oak wood round did groan ?
 No shelter then from the blast had we,
 The bitter blast and sleet,
 But your gown to wrap about our heads,
 And my coat round our feet.



O LOVED MAID OF BRAKA.

ANON. TRANS. BY HECTOR MACNEILL.

The original of this is to be found in Bunting's collection of "Ancient Music of Ireland," though the translation is by a Scotch poet.

O LOVED maid of Braka, each fair one excelling !
 The blush on thy cheek shames apples' soft blossoms,
 More sweet than the rosebuds that decked thy loved dwelling !
 Thy lips shame their beauties, — thy breath their perfume.

Come, bird of the morning, sweet thrush, void of sorrow, —
 Come, greet her approach to thy flower-scented thorn,
 And teach her, fond warbler, thy loved notes to borrow,
 To banish her coldness, and soften her scorn.

O, perched on thy green bough, each loved mate delighting,
 Thou blest, happy bird ! could I change but with thee !
 But alas ! whilst fast-fettered each prospect is blighting,
 I would rather than Ireland again I were free !

But adieu ! though my hopes, by thy coldness and scorning,
 Fall, faded like blossoms half-blown on the tree,
 May love bless you ever, though it blighted my morning,
 I would rather than Ireland once more I were free.



MOLLY ASTORE.

ASCRIBED TO CORMAC O'CON. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

The origin of this song is supposed to be very ancient, and the air is a remarkable favorite, to which songs have been written by Sheridan, Burns, Moore, Hon. George Ogle, and Rev. Charles Wolfe. The title signifies "Mary, my Treasure."

O MARY dear ! O Mary fair !
 O branch of generous stem !
 White blossom of the banks of Nair,
 Though lilies grow on them ;
 You've left me sick at heart for love,
 So faint I cannot see ;
 The candle swims the board above,
 I'm drunk for love of thee !
 O stately stem of maiden pride,
 My woe it is and pain
 That I thus severed from thy side
 The long night must remain.

Through all the towns of Innisfail
 I've wandered far and wide,

But from Downpatrick to Kinsale,
 From Carlow to Kilbride,
 Many lords and dames of high degree
 Where'er my feet have gone,
 My Mary, one to equal thee
 I never looked upon :
 I live in darkness and in doubt
 Whene'er my love 's away ;
 But were the gracious sun put out,
 Her shadow would make day.

'T is she, indeed, young bud of bliss,
 And gentle as she's fair.
 Though lily-white her bosom is,
 And sunny bright her hair,
 And dewy azure her blue eye,
 And rosy red her cheek,
 Yet brighter she in modesty,
 More beautifully meek !
 The world's wise men from north to south
 Can never cure my pain ;
 But one kiss from her honey mouth
 Would make me well again.



CEAN DUBH DHEELISH.*

ANON. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

PUT your head, darling, darling, darling,
 Your darling black head my heart above ;
 O mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,
 Who, with heart in breast, could deny you love ?

* Pronounced *Cawn dhu deelish*, Dear black head.

O, many and many a young girl for me is pining,
Letting her locks of gold to the cold wind free, —
For me, the foremost of our gay young fellows, —
But I'd leave a hundred, pure love, for thee !
Then put your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head my heart above ;
O mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,
Who, with heart in breast, could deny you love ?

THE MAID OF BALLYHAUNIS.

ANON. TRANS. BY EDWARD WALSHÉ.

MY Mary dear ! for thee I die,
O, place thy hand in mine, love !
My fathers here were chieftains high,
Then to my plaints incline, love.
O Plaited-hair ! that now we were
In wedlock's band united,
For, maiden mine, in grief I'll pine,
Until our vows are plighted !

Thou Rowan-bloom, since thus I rove,
All worn and faint to greet thee,
Come to these arms, my constant love,
With love as true to meet me !
Alas my head ! — its wits are fled,
I've failed in filial duty.
My sire did say, "Shun, shun, for aye
That Ballyhaunis beauty !"

But thy *Cúilín bán* I marked one day,
Where the blooms of the bean-field cluster,

Thy bosom white like ocean's spray,
 Thy cheek like rowan-fruit's lustre,
 Thy tones that shame the wild bird's fame
 Which sing in the summer weather ;
 And oh ! I sigh that thou, love, and I
 Steal not from this world together !

If with thy lover thou depart
 To the Land of Ships, my fair love,
 No weary pain of head or heart
 Shall haunt our slumbers there, love.
 O, haste away, ere, cold death's prey,
 My soul from thee withdrawn is ;
 And my hope's reward, the churchyard sward,
 In the town of Ballyhaunis !



THE FAIR-HAIRED GIRL.

ANON. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE sun has set, the stars are still,
 The red moon hides behind the hill ;
 The tide has left the brown beach bare,
 The birds have fled the upper air ;
 Upon her branch the lone cuckoo
 Is chanting still her sad adieu,
 And you, my fair-haired girl, must go
 Across the salt sea under woe.

I through love have learned three things :
 Sorrow, sin, and death it brings !
 Yet day by day my heart within
 Dares shame and sorrow, death and sin.

Maiden, you have aimed the dart
Rankling in my ruined heart ;
Maiden, may the God above
Grant you grace to grant me love !

Sweeter than the viol's string,
And the note that blackbirds sing,
Brighter than the dewdrops rare
Is the maiden wondrous fair :
Like the silver swan's at play
Is her neck as bright as day.
Woe was me that e'er my sight
Dwelt on charms so deadly bright !

PASTHEEN FINN.

ANON. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

This is a popular song of Connaught, of an ancient date. The chorus is occasionally used by the bards. *Pastheen Finn* means Fair Maid, or Fair Youth.

O, MY fair Pastheen is my heart's delight,
Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright ;
Like the apple-blossom her bosom white,
And her neck like the swan's on a March morn bright.
Then Oro, come with me, come with me, come with me,
Oro, come with me, brown girl sweet !
And oh ! I would go through snow and sleet,
If you would come with me, my brown girl sweet !

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen !
Her cheeks are red as the roses' sheen,

But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
Than the glass I drank to the health of my queen.

Then Oro, come with me, come with me, come with me,
Oro, come with me, brown girl sweet !
And oh ! I would go through snow and sleet,
If you would come with me, my brown girl sweet !

Were I in the town where 's mirth and glee,
Or 'twixt two barrels of barley bree,
With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
'T is I would drink to her pleasantly.

Then Oro, come with me, come with me, come with me,
Oro, come with me, brown girl sweet !
And oh ! I would go through snow and sleet,
If you would come with me, my brown girl sweet !

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
Betwixt two bushes beneath the rain,
Thinking to see you, love, once again ;
But whistle and call were all in vain.

Then Oro, come with me, come with me, come with me,
Oro, come with me, brown girl sweet !
And oh ! I would go through snow and sleet,
If you would come with me, my brown girl sweet !

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe,
From all the girls in the world I'll go,
But from you, sweetheart, O, never, O, no,
Till I lie in the coffin, stretched cold and low !

Then Oro, come with me, come with me, come with me,
Oro, come with me, brown girl sweet !
And oh ! I would go through snow and sleet,
If you would come with me, my brown girl sweet !

CORMAC OGE.

ANON. TRANS. BY EDWARD WALSH.

THE pigeons coo, — the spring 's approaching now ;
The bloom is bursting on the leafy bough ;
The cresses green o'er streams are clustering low,
And honey-hives with sweets abundant flow.

Rich are the fruits the hazly woods display :
A slender virgin, virtuous, fair, and gay ;
With steeds and sheep, of kine a many score,
By trout-stored Lee whose banks we 'll see no more.

The little birds pour music's sweetest notes,
The calves for milk distend their bleating throats ;
Above the weirs the silver salmon leap,
While Cormac Oge and I all lonely weep !



CUSHLA MA CHREE.

This song is a fragment, of which both the name of the author and translator have been lost.

BEFORE the sun rose at yester-dawn,
I met a fair maid adown the lawn :
 The berry and snow
 To her cheek gave its glow,
And her bosom was fair as the sailing swan.
Then, pulse of my heart ! what gloom is thine ?

Her beautiful voice more hearts hath won
 Than Orpheus' lyre of old had done ;
 Her ripe eyes of blue
 Were crystals of dew,
 On the grass of the lawn before the sun.
 And, pulse of my heart ! what gloom is thine ?



THE GIRL I LOVE.

ANON. TRANS. BY J. J. CALLANAN.

THE girl I love is comely, straight, and tall ;
 Down her white neck her auburn tresses fall ;
 Her dress is neat, her carriage light and free :—
 Here 's a health to that charming maid, whoe'er she be !

The rose's blush but fades beside her cheek ;
 Her eyes are blue, her forehead pale and meek ;
 Her lips like cherries on a summer tree :—
 Here 's a health to the charming maid, whoe'er she be !

When I go to the field no youth can lighter bound,
 And I freely pay when the cheerful jug goes round ;
 The barrel is full, but its heart we soon shall see :—
 Come, here 's to that charming maid, whoe'er she be !

Had I the wealth that props the Saxon's reign,
 Or the diamond crown that decks the king of Spain,
 I 'd yield them all if she kindly smiled on me :—
 Here 's a health to the maid I love whoe'er she be !

Five pounds of gold for each lock of her hair I 'd pay,
 And five times five, for my love one hour each day ;
 Her voice is moresweet than the thrush on its own green tree :—
 O dear one ! I drink a fond deep health to thee !

THE LAP FULL OF NUTS.

ANON. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

WHENE'ER I see soft hazel eyes
And nut-brown curls,
I think of those bright days I spent
Among the Limerick girls ; •
When up through Cratla woods I went
Nutting with thee,
And we plucked the glossy clustering fruit
From many a bending tree.

Beneath the hazel boughs we sat,
Thou, love, and I,
And the gathered nuts lay in thy lap,
Beneath thy downcast eye :
But little we thought of the store we'd won,
I, love, or thou ;
For our hearts were full, and we dare not own
The love that's spoken now.

O, there's wars for willing hearts in Spain,
And high Germanie !
And I'll come back erelong again,
With knightly fame and fee.
And I'll come back, if I ever come back,
Faithful to thee,
That sat with thy white lap full of nuts,
Beneath the hazel-tree.

HOPELESS LOVE.

ANON. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

SINCE hopeless of thy love I go,
 Some little mark of pity show,
 And only one kind parting look bestow,—

One parting look of pity mild
 On him, through starless tempest wild,
 Who lonely hence to-night must go, exiled.

But even rejected love can warm
 The heart through night and storm;
 And unrelenting though they be,
 Thine eyes beam life on me.

And I will bear that look benign
 Within this darkly troubled breast to shine,
 Though never, never can thyself, ah me! be mine.



IRISH LULLABY.

ANON. TRANS. BY DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

The Irish folk-song has some very beautiful lullabies. The original of the present, which is supposed to be of great antiquity, is from Bunting's "Ancient Music of Ireland." Dr. Petrie calls attention to the remarkable resemblance between the melodies of Irish lullabies and those of Eastern nations.

I 'LL put you myself, my baby! to slumber;
 Not as is done by the clownish number, —

A yellow blanket and coarse sheet bringing,
But in golden cradle that's softly swinging
 To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my bonnie baby !
 To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my own sweet baby !

I 'll put you myself, my baby ! to slumber,
On sunniest day of the pleasant summer ;
Your golden cradle on smooth lawn laying,
'Neath murmuring boughs that the winds are swaying
 To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my bonnie baby !
 To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my own sweet baby !

Slumber, my babe ! may the sweet sleep woo you,
And from your slumbers may health come to you !
May all diseases now flee and fear you !
May sickness and sorrow never come near you !
 To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my bonnie baby !
 To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my own sweet baby !

Slumber, my babe ! pray the sweet sleep woo you,
And from your slumbers may health come to you !
May bright dreams come, and come no other,
And I be never a childless mother !
 To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my bonny baby !
 To and fro, lulla lo,
 To and fro, my own sweet baby !

NURSE'S SONG.

ANON. LITERAL VERSION.

SLEEP, my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep !

The sun sleepeth on the green fields,

The moon sleepeth on the blue waves,

Sleep, my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep !

The morning sleepeth upon a bed of roses,

The evening sleepeth on the tops of the dark hills ;

Sleep, my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep !

The winds sleep in the hollow of the rocks,

The stars sleep upon a pillow of clouds ;

Sleep, my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep !

The mist sleepeth on the bosom of the valley,

And the broad lake under the shade of the trees ;

Sleep, my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep !

The flower sleeps, while the night dew falls,

And the wild-birds sleep upon the mountains ;

Sleep, my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep !

The burning tear sleepeth upon the cheek of sorrow,

But thy sleep is not the sleep of tears ;

Sleep, my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep !

Sleep in quiet, sleep in joy, my darling,

May thy sleep never be the sleep of sorrow !

Sleep, my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep !

GRACE NUGENT.

CAROLAN. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

BRIGHTEST blossom of the spring,
Grace, the sprightly girl I sing, —
Grace, who bore the palm of mind
From all the rest of womankind.
Whomsoe'er the fates decree,
Happy fate! for life to be
Day and night my Coolun near,
Ache or pain need never fear!

Her neck outdoes the stately swan,
Her radiant face the summer dawn:
Ah! happy thrice the youth for whom
The fates design that branch of bloom!
Pleasant are your words benign,
Rich those azure eyes of thine:
Ye who see my queen, beware
Those twisted links of golden hair!

This is what I fain would say
To the bird-voiced lady gay, —
Never yet conceived the heart
Joy which Grace cannot impart:
Fold of jewels! case of pearls!
Coolun of the circling curls!
More I say not, but no less
Drink you health and happiness!

PULSE OF MY HEART.

FRAGMENT. TRANS. BY MISS CHARLOTTE BROOKE.

I am unwilling that there should not be a specimen of the translation of Miss Brooke, who did so much to rescue Irish poetry from oblivion, although, as has been said, her classic style of language obscured the local color and national distinctiveness of the original. This fragment is more literal than usual.

As the sweet blackberry's modest bloom,
Fair flowering, greets the sight,
Or strawberries in their rich perfume
Fragrance and bloom unite :
So this fair plant of tender youth
In outward charms can vie,
And from within the soul of truth,
Soft beaming, fills her eye.

Pulse of my heart ! dear source of care,
Stolen sighs, and love-breathed vows !
Sweeter than when through scented air
Gay bloom the apple boughs !
With thee no day can winter seem,
Nor frost nor blast can chill ;
Thou the soft breeze, the cheering beam,
That keeps it summer still.

ODE TO THE MINSTREL O'CONNELLAN.

ANON. CIRCA 1665.

O'Connellan was an Irish bard, who received the title of "the Great Harper," and this tribute to his genius is by an unknown admirer. There are two or three versions of this beautiful ode.

WHEREVER harp-note ringeth
Ierne's isle around,
Thy hand its sweetness flingeth,
Surpassing mortal sound.
Thy spirit-music speaketh
Above the minstrel throng,
And thy rival vainly seeketh
The secret of thy song!

In the castle, in the shieling,
In foreign kingly hall,
Thou art master of each feeling,
And honored first of all!
Thy wild and wizard finger
Sweepeth chords unknown to art,
And melodies that linger
In the memory of the heart!

Though fairy music slumbers
By forest, glade, and hill,
In thy unearthly numbers
Men say 't is living still!
All its compass of wild sweetness
Thy master hand obeys,
As its airy fitful fleetness
O'er harp and heart-string plays!

By thee the thrill of anguish
 Is softly lulled to rest,
 By thee the hopes that languish
 Rekindled in the breast :
 Thy spirit chaseth sorrow
 Like morning mists away,
 And gaily robes to-morrow
 In the gladness of thy lay !



THE CUP OF O'HARA.

CAROLAN. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

WERE I west in green Arran,
 Or south in Glanmore,
 Where the long ships come laden
 With claret in store ;
 Yet I 'd rather than shiploads
 Of claret, and ships,
 Have your white cup, O'Hara,
 Up full at my lips.

But why seek in numbers
 Its virtues to tell,
 When O'Hara's own chaplain
 Has said, saying well, —
 "Turlogh, bold son of Brian,
 Sit ye down, boy, again,
 Till we drain the great *cupaun*
 In another health to Keane."

MILD MABEL KELLY.

CAROLAN. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

WHOEVER the youth who by Heaven's decree
Has his happy right hand 'neath that bright head of thine,
 'T is certain that he
 From all sorrow is free
Till the day of his death, if a life so divine
Should not raise him in bliss above mortal degree :
Mild Mabel-ni-Kelly, bright Coolun of curls,
 All stately and pure as the swan on the lake ;
Her mouth of white teeth is a palace of pearls,
 And the youth of the land are lovesick for her sake !

No strain of the sweetest e'er heard in the land
That she knows not to sing, in a voice so enchanting,
 That the cranes on the strand
 Fall asleep where they stand.
O, for her blooms the rose, and the lily ne'er wanting
To shed its mild radiance o'er bosom or hand !
The dewy blue blossom that hangs on the spray
 More blue than her eye human eye never saw,
Deceit never lurked in its beautiful ray, —
 Dear lady, I drink to you, *slainte go bragh !*

GENTLE BRIDEEN.

CAROLAN. TRANS. BY DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

FAIR Brideen O'Malley, thou 'st left me in sadness,
 My bosom is pierced with love's arrow so keen,
 For thy mien it is graceful, thy glances are gladness,
 And thousands thy lovers, O gentle Brideen !

The gray mists of morning in autumn were fleeting,
 When I met the bright darling — down in the *boreen*,*
 Her words were unkind, but I soon won a greeting :
 Sweet kisses I stole from the lips of Brideen !

O, fair is the sun in the dawning all tender,
 And beauteous the roses beneath it are seen ;
 Thy cheek is the red rose, thy brow the sun splendor !
 And, cluster of ringlets, my dawn is Brideen !

Then shine, O bright sun, on thy constant, true lover,
 Then shine, once again, in the leafy *boreen*,
 And the clouds shall depart that around my heart hover,
 And we'll walk amid gladness, my gentle Brideen !

* *Boreen*, green lane.

THE HEDGE POETS.

IF, by way of historical description, it is said that Carolan was the last of the Irish bards, it is because he was superior in the distinction in which he was held, and the society before whom he appeared, rather than in genius or the character of his songs, to some of his successors, who as a class may be designated the "Hedge Poets," and who sang in the same language. The date of his death, 1737, however, furnishes a convenient point of separation between the bards and their successors of less lofty title, who may be roughly said to have existed for about another century, although versifiers in Irish continued for some time longer, and may perhaps still be found. It was the period of the deepest misfortune of the Celtic race. They were thoroughly crushed and conquered. The deepest poverty reigned among the peasantry, from the scandalous neglect of absentee landlords and the boisterous dissipation and mismanagement of those who remained resident, the jealousy of English merchants and manufacturers, which imposed every disability upon trade and industry in Ireland, and the mutual animosity that existed between the races on account of religious and political differences. The Protestant ascendancy was in full force and vigor during the greater part of this period, and made itself manifest in the penal laws, which were excessively harsh and degrading. By them priests were proscribed, and a price put upon their heads after contumacy in remaining in

the country. Catholic instruction was prohibited at home, and severe penalties were fixed against sending children to be educated in Catholic seminaries abroad; while at the same time no provision was made for schools at home, the act of the Parliament of 1674 directing that a free school should be maintained in every parish being but a scandalous dead letter.*

It is not to be supposed that the Celtic people submitted entirely to the deprivation of religion or education. Priests continued to minister among them at the risk of prison or of life, and even the hierarchy remained unbroken. Children continued to be sent abroad to be educated in Catholic schools or for the priesthood, and the hedge school came into being. The severity of persecution became gradually relaxed, as was inevitable among a people where the proscribed class was the most numerous, and where the ties of neighborly relationship could not but be established; and although the priests were kept longer under the ban, the schoolmasters and their hedge seminaries were left undisturbed.

The name of hedge school is descriptive, the school being literally under the hedge in pleasant weather, while on cold or rainy days it was transferred to a turf-built cabin, partially hollowed within a bank, where one was available. These were built by the people themselves, and the teachers were maintained by payments in turf and potatoes, and such supplies in food and drink as the district afforded. The avidity of the Irish race for education was very strikingly evinced during this period, and a devotion to learning was displayed very remarkable under the circumstances.

The hedge school has been many times sketched as it existed in our own time, with its magisterial and ludicrously consequential pedagogue, with a perfect confidence that his own stock of learning comprised all that there was of human

* Froude's "English in Ireland."

knowledge, and his fondness for sesquipedalian English words, of whose meaning he was not absolutely certain, and the rows of ragged, disorderly, and bright-faced urchins; and one traveller gives an account of a school in a churchyard, where the pupils were using the headstones for the slates which they were unable to provide for themselves.* The quickness of the Irish race in learning the languages has been noted by Thackeray † and others; and there are many stories of ragged youth disputing over their Latin and Greek to the wonderment of educated tourists. The surreptitious and narrowed education, thus obtained and transmitted, necessarily deprived it in a great measure of practical value. The schoolmasters were much more accomplished in the classics than in science, and taught their pupils to scan more assiduously than to add. Their teachings of history were much more concerning the exploits of Con of the Hundred Battles and Brian Boru, than of the victories of Marlborough and Wolfe, or the administrations of Walpole and Chatham, their contemporaries. This was but natural. They had little interest in and little means of obtaining a knowledge of English literature; and their learning was chiefly of Irish tradition, with a foreign tincture from French Jesuit seminaries. Poetry was cultivated and esteemed in direct descent from the earliest times, and the schoolmasters were in a great measure the poets.

There is scarcely one of the Irish poets of this period, whose name has survived, who was not at one time or another a schoolmaster, and there is a singular sameness about their personal histories. Some of the most prominent had been sent abroad to be educated for the priesthood, as it was natural that a bright youth should be, and as it is now the highest ambition of a peasant to have a son at Maynooth;

* Sketches of the Native Irish, by Christopher Anderson.

† Irish Sketch Book.

but by some escapade, or from an irreclaimably mercurial disposition, the church doors were shut upon them, and they became roving schoolmasters, wandering about the country in convivial improvidence, the fact that a schoolmaster was given to drink being held to be rather a proof of genius than otherwise.* But whether backsliders from the priesthood or not, they were of the same class, the privileged and admired of the peasant's hearth as the bards had been of baronial halls, the satirists of the mean and niggardly, the minstrels of the charms of the rustic beauties, and the preservers of the national spirit in song, while in personal attributes they were generally improvident vagabonds, with irreclaimable Bohemian instincts.

Of this sort was Donogh MacNamara, or Con Mara, whose life may be taken as typical of those of his associates. He was a native of Cratloe, in the county of Clare, and of good family. He first attracted attention in Waterford, where he made his appearance in 1738, on his way home from the foreign college where he had been sent to be educated for the priesthood, and from which he had been expelled on account of some escapade. He set up a partnership with one William Moran in writing poetry and keeping school, until, having offended a young woman of the neighborhood with a satire on her frailties, she demolished the school-house one night ; and, as it did not seem to have occurred to them to rebuild, they separated. MacNamara kept school in various places in the counties of Waterford and Cork, and finally persuaded his neighbors to fit him out for a voyage to Newfoundland. The vessel was chased by a French frigate, and obliged to put back into the harbor of Youghall, whence MacNamara returned to his old place. In memory of this disastrous voyage, he composed a mock *Æneid*, where not only is there a close parody of Virgil, but

* Carleton's Tales and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.

really something of a classic style of humor. This description of the shout of Charon is a characteristic specimen : —

“ He lifted up his voice ; he raised a howl and yell
That shook the firmament, as from some vast bell
Awakened one grand peal, that roused the depths of hell.”

He finally did, however, cross the Atlantic twice, and returned to continue teaching and writing poetry, until he became blind in advanced age, and was supported by his brother schoolmasters, who levied a rate in aid on their pupils for his benefit. He died about 1814. Of a similar character were Owen Roe O’Sullivan ; Andrew Magrath, called the *Mangaire Soogah*, or “ Jolly Merchant ” ; John O’Tuomy, the “ Gay ” ; John Clarach MacDonnell, who proposed to translate the Iliad into Celtic ;* and many others, of whom there is less definite detail.

The greater portion of the poetry of this period is of the allegorical cast, in which the country is personified under various names, and there is a remarkable degree of sameness in the language and illustrations. The poet in a vision sees a queenly maiden of exquisite beauty and grace sitting lonely and weeping on some fairy rath by moonlight, by the side of a softly flowing stream, or by the wall of some ruined castle of ancient splendor. He is at first confounded by her beauty. Then he takes courage at her distress, and asks if she is Helen, who caused Troy town to burn, Venus, the bright goddess, or she that was the love of Fion or Deirdre, for whom the sons of Usnach died. These are the types of beauty almost invariably used, and show the confused intermingling of classical mythology with Irish tradition. The lady replies, in a voice that “ pierces the heart like a spear,” that she is neither, but Kathleen ni Ullachan, or Grainne Maol, or Roisin Dubh, the Little Black Rose, or Sheela na

* Since done in part by Archbishop MacHale of Tuam.

Guira, or some other of the long list of figurative names for Ireland. She laments that her heroes brave are driven across the seas, and that she is the desolate slave of the Saxon churls. Then she rises into a strain of hope and exultation, declaring that they will soon return with help from the hosts of France and Spain; that the fires of the Saxon houses shall light every glen, and the "sullen tribe of the dreary tongue" be driven into the sea; that God shall soon be worshipped once more on her desolate altars, and the kingly hero, her noble spouse, the prince of war, shall once more clasp her in his arms, and place three crowns upon her head.

This is the outline of almost every one of these patriotic visions, and it will be seen at once how beautiful was the conception, and how capable of exhibiting a deep pathos. The Irish minstrels of this age had to sing of their country in secret, and in this disguise they gave voice to their patriotic passion as to an earthly mistress, thus giving to their imagery a double intensity and beauty. This personifying of the country in the form of a beautiful and desolate woman is not peculiar to the Irish poets, but seems the form of expression for the passionate patriotism of all oppressed and unfortunate countries. It is particularly common to the Polish and Servian poets. But little reference is made to the heir of the Stuarts with any directness. He is sometimes called "the merchant's son," "the blackbird," "the fair-haired youth," but the coming hero is rather some indefinite Irish leader than the Pretender, so far as can be judged by the vague allusions, and there is little of that direct personality of loyalty visible in the Scotch Jacobite songs.

In the descriptions of the beauty of the forlorn queen one poem bears great resemblance to another, and the beauties peculiar to Irish maidens are her distinguishing features.

Thus the abundant tresses of hair, the *cooleen*, are often very beautifully painted.

“Her yellow hair streaming,
Soft, curling, and free,
Like liquid gold gleaming
Is beauteous to see.”

The Gentle Maiden, by PATRICK CONNOR.

“Her hair o’er her shoulders was flowing
In clusters all golden and glowing,
Luxuriant and thick as in meads are the grass blades
That the scythe of the mower is mowing.”

The Vision of Connor Sullivan.

“Sun bright is the neck that her golden locks cover.”

The pure brow, like wax in fairness and radiance, is not forgotten.

“Whose brow is more fair than the silver bright ;
O, ’t would shed a ray of beauteous light
In the darkest glen of mists of the south.”

The Melodious Little Cuckoo.

Narrow eyebrows finely arched were a distinction, and “pencilled eyebrows” are frequently alluded to. For the eyes there is almost a whole new nomenclature of comparison and compliment. The peculiar and often-repeated epithet is green, which is the uncompromising English translation of the Irish word meaning

“The grayest of things blue,
The greenest of things gray,” —

that shade of beautiful and brilliant eyes, well known to Spanish as to Irish poets, seen by Dante in those of Beatrice,* and which Longfellow and Swinburne have not hesi-

* Purgatorio XXVI.

tated to describe by the naked and imperfect English adjective. This is the way in which one of the minstrels expresses what he means, and renders it with a new grace : —

“ With your soft green eyes like dewdrops on corn that is spring-
ing,

With the music of your red lips like sweet starlings singing.”

Fair Mary Barry.

A beautiful and apt comparison for the rosy bloom of the cheeks is the apple-blossom and the berry.

“ On her cheek the crimson berry
Lay in the lily’s bosom warm.”

Sheela ní Cullenan.

“ The bloom on thy cheek shames the apple’s soft blossom.”

The finest and most delicate comparison, however, is this : —

“ Like crimson rays of sunset streaming
O’er sunny lilies her bright cheeks shone.”

An Buchail Bawn, by JOHN COLLINS.

The fair one’s bosom is declared to be like the breast of the sailing swan, to the thorn-blossom, to the snow, and to the summer cloud, in a variety of beautiful expressions.

“ Her bosom’s pearly light,
Than summer clouds more bright,
More pure in its glow than the falling snow,
Or swan of plumage white.”

Beside the Lee, by MICHAEL O’LONGEN.

“ Her heart has the whiteness
That thorn-blossoms bore.”

Her hands are pure and white as the snow, and accomplished in the art of embroidery. In very many of the poems of this kind, the skill of the heroine in this particular is mentioned.

“ Her soft queenly fingers
Are skilful as fair,
While she gracefully lingers
O'er broideries rare.
The swan and the heath-hen,
Bird, blossom, and leaf,
Are shaped by this sweet maid,
Who left me in grief.”

The voice was that of the thrush singing farewell to the setting sun, the cuckoo in the glen, or the lark high in air. Bird-voiced was the universal epithet. The branch of bloom, the bough of apple-blossoms, was the whole lovely creature.

These allegorical poems form much the greater portion of the remains of the hedge poets, but there are others devoted to love, satire, and lamentation. There are some which are a sort of dialogue and courtship in rhyme. The poet addresses the damsel with all the arts of his flattering tongue. He calls her by every sweet name he can think of, tells how deep is his passion, and how renowned he will make her by his verse. The rustic coquette replies with a recapitulation of all his faults and failings, his poverty, his fondness for drink, his disgrace with all his decent relations, and his general unfitness for the yoke of matrimony, — and then goes away with him; or else she listens to his string of endearments without a word, and then dismisses him with stinging contempt. Sometimes the lover sits down disconsolately, generally in a tap-room over an empty glass, and details the charms of the fair one, who has wrought his woe. Sometimes, although very rarely, it is one of the opposite sex who has been driven from her home, by the curses of her kindred, and, sitting by the roadside, tells her tale of woe and despair. Such poems are very infrequent, however, and the general purity of both theme and verse are remarkable.

The number of lamentations that have been preserved is not so large as might be expected, when the extemporaneous mourning of the *keener* reached such a height of fervid eloquence. The romantic love tales are also few in comparison with the number among the street ballads of to-day. The rich young nobleman, who falls in love with the pretty girl milking the cow, or the fair lady of great estate, who picks out a lover from the tall young men in her own service, make but few appearances. As a whole, they are marked by uncommon refinement, delicacy, and pathos, and their chief faults are a confusion of classical imagery and imitativeness of each other. If circumstances had been favorable to their preservation, and they had been written in a language that did not require translation, the native poetry of Ireland of this period would have rivalled in quantity and quality even the richness and abundance of the Scotch. Much, however, has been lost, and of that which remains but a small portion has received a thoroughly worthy English dress.

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE O!

DONOGH MACNAMARA. TRANS. BY J. C. MANGAN.

TAKE a blessing from my heart to the land of my birth,
And the fair hills of Eire O!
To all that yet survive of Eire's tribe on earth
On the fair hills of Eire O!
In that land so delightful the wild thrush's lay
Seems to pour a lament forth for Eire's decay.
Alas! alas! why pine I a thousand miles away
From the fair hills of Eire O?

The soil is rich and soft, the air is mild and bland,
Of the fair hills of Eire O!
Her barest rock is greener to me than this rude land.
O the fair hills of Eire O!
Her woods are tall and straight, grove rising over grove,
Trees flourish in her glens below, and on her heights above.
O, in heart and in soul I shall ever, ever love
The fair hills of Eire O!

A noble tribe, moreover, are now the hapless Gael,
On the fair hills of Eire O!
A tribe in battle's hour unused to shrink or fail,
On the fair hills of Eire O!
For this is my lament in bitterness outpoured,
To see them slain or scattered by the Saxon sword.
O woe of woes! to see a foreign spoiler horde
On the fair hills of Eire O!

Broad and tall rise the *cruachs* * in the golden morning's glow
On the fair hills of Eire O !

O'er her smooth grass forever sweet cream and honey flow
On the fair hills of Eire O !

Oh ! I long, I am pining again to behold
The land that belongs to the brave Gael of old ;
Far dearer to me than a gift of gems and gold
Are the fair hills of Eire O !

The dewdrops lie bright, 'mid the grass and yellow corn,
On the fair hills of Eire O !

The sweet-scented apples blush redly in the morn
On the fair hills of Eire O !

The water-cress and sorrel fill the vales below ;
The streamlets are hushed till the evening breezes blow ;
While the waves of the Suir, noble river, ever flow
Near the fair hills of Eire O !

A fruitful clime is Eire's, through valley, meadow, plain,
And the fair land of Eire O !

The very head of life is in the yellow grain
On the fair hills of Eire O !

Far dearer unto me than the tones music yields
Is the lowing of the kine and the calves in her fields,
And the sunlight that shone long ago on the shields
Of the Gaels, on the fair hills of Eire O !

* Conical heaps of stone, supposed to be Druidical monuments.

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

ANON. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

This is another song of the same title and imagery as will be frequently found among the hedge poets. It is considered to be of older date than the preceding one.

A PLENTEOUS place is Ireland for hospitable cheer.

*Uileacan dubh O ! **

Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear.

Uileacan dubh O !

There is honey in the trees, where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned ;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curled is he and ringleted and plaited to the knee,

Uileacan dubh O !

Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish Sea,

Uileacan dubh O !

And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,

For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground,

Uileacan dubh O !

The butter and the cheese do wondrously abound,

Uileacan dubh O !

* *Uileacan dubh O !* round, black head.

Here dwelt Mac Cuil of the flaxen locks,
And his bands, the first in battle's shocks ;
Dubhlaing, Mac Duinn of the smiting swords,
And Coillte, first of heroic lords.

The Goll, who forced all foes to yield,
And Osgur, mighty on battle-field,
And Conall, too, who ne'er knew fear, —
They, not the stranger, then dwelt here.

Here dwelt the race of Ever and Ir,
The heroes of the dark blue spear ;
The royal tribe of Heremon, too,
That king who fostered champions true.

And Nial, the great, of the silken gear,
For a season bore the sceptre here,
With the red branch knights, who felled the foe
As lightning lays the oak-tree low.

The warrior Brian, of the Fenian race,
In soul and shape all truth and grace,
Whose laws the princes yet revere,
Who banished the Danes, — he, too, dwelt here.

Alas ! it has pierced mine inmost heart,
That Christ allowed our crown to depart
To men who defile his holy word,
And scorn the Cross, the Church, the Lord.

O, my peace of soul is fled !
I lie outstretched, like one half dead,
To see our chieftains old and young
Thus trod by the churls of the dismal tongue !

THE CRUEL, BASE-BORN TYRANT.

JOHN CLARACH MACDONNELL. TRANS. BY EDWARD WALSH.

John Clarach MacDonnell, the author of many Jacobite poems, was born in the County Clare in 1691, and was distinguished among his fellows, having presided at a bardic session of the hedge poets held at Charleville in the early part of the present century.

WHAT withered the pride of my vigor?
 The lowly sprung tyrant train
 That rule all our border with rigor,
 And ravage the fruitful plain.
 Yet once, when the war trumpet's rattle
 Aroused the wild clansmen's wrath,
 They, heartless, abandoned the battle,
 And fled the fierce foemen's path.

The loved ones my life would have nourished
 Are foodless, and bare, and cold;
 My flocks, by their fountain that flourished,
 Decay on the mountain wold.
 Misfortune my temper is trying,
 This raiment no shelter yields;
 And chief o'er my evils undying
 The tyrant that rules my fields.

Alas! on the red hill where perished
 The offspring of heroes proud,
 The virtues our forefathers cherished
 Lie palled in their blood-stained shroud.

And O for one hero avenger,
 With aid o'er the heaving main,
 To sweep from *Clar Folla* * the stranger,
 And sever his bondage-chain !



HERE'S A BUMPER TO PHILIP.

ANON. TRANS. BY DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

Ho, friends ! grasp your glasses and fill up
 Your bumpers, — fill up to the brim !
 Here's a health to the gallant King Philip, †
 And our Exile, ‡ — success, boys, to him !
 In sorrow too long he has wandered, —
 To tell him our axes are bright,
 That we're burning to raise the green standard,
 I sail, boys, for Paris to-night !

Red woe to the foul foreign lover
 Of Erin, our beautiful queen,
 The betrothed of the brave, nameless rover,
 Whose soul is grief-darkened I ween.
 There's a scourge for the temple-profaners,
 The foe shall not stand on our shore,
 When free we'll decree that regainers,
 The priests, have their abbeyes once more.

We pray to the Lord of all glory
 To unsheathe his bright sword o'er our soil,

* *Clar Folla*, or the *Folla's* plain, one of the many names of Ireland. *Folla* was one of the three traditionary queens of Ireland, *Eire* and *Banba* being the other two.

† Philip IV. of Spain.

‡ Charles Stuart.

Till strewn be the plunderers gory,
 Who glut them on green Innisfail, —
 To smoothen a path o'er the ocean,
 To lead the south wind on the sea,
 Till the isle of our love and devotion
 Be fetterless, fearless, and free.

To wage the fierce battle for Erin
 Comes the fiery brigade of Lord Clare,*
 'T is oft from their pikes, keen and daring,
 The Saxon fled back to his lair.
 And favor, — not now shall he get it,
 Save from lances on every hand ;
 O, short are their days who abetted
 The murderous deeds in our land.

May Charles have but courage to hasten
 With troops and with arms to our shore,
 We 'll scorch from their tyranny wasting
 Our treacherous foemen once more.
 We pray to the just Lord to shatter
 Their hosts and their hopes to the ground,
 To raise our green island, and scatter
 The blessings of freedom around.

* O'Brien, Lord Clare, commander of the cavalry in the Irish brigade in the service of France.

A VISION.

CONOR O'RIORDAN. TRANS. BY J. C. MANGAN.

Conor O'Riordan was a native of West Muskerry, County Cork, and flourished about 1760. He was a schoolmaster, like most of his associates.

ONCE I strayed from Charleville,
As careless as could be ;
I wandered over plain and hill
Until I reached the Lee, —
And there I found a flowery dell
Of beauty rare to tell,
With woods around as rich in swell
As eye shall ever see.

Wild-birds warbled in their bower
Songs passing soft and sweet,
And brilliant hues adorned each flower
That bloomed beneath my feet.
All sickness, feebleness, and pain,
The wounded heart and tortured brain,
Would vanish, ne'er to come again,
In that serene retreat !

Lying in my lonely lair
In sleep medreamt I saw
A damsel wonderfully fair,
Whose beauty waked my awe.
Her eyes were lustrous to behold,
Her tresses shone like flowing gold,
And nigh her stood that urchin bold,
Young Love, who gives earth law.

The Boy drew near me, smiled, and laughed,
 And from his quiver drew
 A delicately pointed shaft
 Whose mission I well knew.
 But that bright maiden raised her hand,
 And in a tone of high command
 Exclaimed, "Forbear ! put up your brand, —
 He hath not come to woo."

"Damsel of the queenly brow,"
 I spake, "my life, my love,
 What name, I pray thee, bearest thou
 Here or in heaven above ?"
 "Banba and Eire am I called,
 And Heber's kingdom, now enthralled,
 I mourn my heroes, fetter-galled,
 While all alone I rove."

Together then in that sweet place
 In saddest mood we spoke,
 Lamenting much the valiant race
 Who wear the exile's yoke,
 And never hear aught glad or blithe,
 Naught but the sound of spade or scythe,
 And see naught but the willow withe,
 Or gloomy grove of oak.

"But hear, — I have a tale to tell,"
 She said, — "a cheering tale ;
 The Lord of Heaven, I know full well,
 Will soon set free the Gael.
 A band of warriors, great and brave,
 Are coming o'er the ocean wave ;
 And you shall hold the lands God gave
 Your sires, both hill and vale.

“ A woful day, a dismal fate,
Will overtake your foes, —
Gray hairs, the curses of deep hate,
And sickness and all woes!
Death will bestride them in the night,
Their every hope shall meet with blight,
And God will put to utter flight
Their long enjoyed repose.

“ My curse be on the Saxon tongue,
And on the Saxon race !
Those foreign churls are proud and strong,
And venomous and base.
Absorbed in greed, and love of self,
They scorn the poor : slaves of the Guelph,
They have no soul except for pelf.
God give them sore disgrace ! ”



CASHEL OF MUNSTER.

REV. WILLIAM ENGLISH. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Rev. William English, the author of some beautiful Jacobite and love songs, died an Augustinian friar in a convent in Cork in the early part of the present century, and but little is known of his earlier history. Cashel of Munster, or *Clar bog deal*, the soft deal board, was a very favorite song, and has a charming air.

I'd wed you without herds, without money or rich array,
And I'd wed you on a dewy morning at day-dawn gray ;
My bitter woe it is, love, that we are not far away
In Cashel town, though the bare deal board were our marriage bed this day !

O fair maid, remember the green hillside,
 Remember how I hunted about the valleys wide :
 Time now has worn me, my locks are turned to gray,
 The year is scarce, and I am poor, but send me not, love,
 away !

O, deem not my blood is of base strain, my girl !
 O, deem not my birth was as the birth of a churl !
 Marry me, and prove me, and say soon you will,
 That noble blood is written on my right side still !

My purse holds no red gold, no coin of the silver white,
 No herds are mine to drive through the long twilight ;
 But the pretty girl that would take me, all bare though I be
 and lone,

O, I 'd take her with me kindly to the County Tyrone !

O my girl, I can see 't is in trouble you are,
 And, O my girl, I see 't is your people's reproach you bear.
 "I am a girl in trouble for his sake with whom I fly,
 And O may no other maiden know such reproach as I!"



THE GENTLE MAIDEN.

PATRICK O'CONNOR. TRANS. BY DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

My heart is o'erladen
 With trouble and care
 For love of a maiden
 Sweet, gentle, and fair :
 I 've strayed among strangers
 Full many lands o'er,
 But the peer of that dear one
 I ne'er met before !

Her beauty so rare is,
That love her I must ;
The snow not more fair is,
And swan-like her bust !
And her words' gentle measure
Rings tunelessly clear, —
O, it wounds me with pleasure,
The voice of my dear !

Her yellow hair streaming
Soft-curling and free,
Like liquid gold gleaming,
Is beauteous to see :
The sweet smile of her glances
So joyous and bright
All my reason entrances
With love and delight.

Her pure brow most fair is
'Mid maids young and meek,
The snow-circled berries
But shadow her cheek ;
Her breast has the whiteness
That thorn blossoms bore ;
O, she shames all the brightness
Of Helen of yore !

Her soft, queenly fingers
Are skilful as fair,
While she gracefully lingers
O'er broideries rare.
The swan and the heath-hen,
Bird, blossom, and leaf,
Are shaped by this sweet maid
Who left me in grief.

Tho' long proud and stately
 From women afar,
 And 'mid chiefs strong and great, lay
 My revel and war,
 Yet humbled I yield me
 To this gentle maid,
 For travel can't shield me,
 Nor sweet music aid.

Then, dear one ! since Heaven
 Did guide thee to me,
 And since all see me given
 In love-bonds to thee,
 And that pledged from this hour
 I am thine evermore,
 O, cursed be the power
 That would part us, *a stor !*

Sweet maiden ! sweet maiden !
 My own love, so fair,
 Since far this is spreading
 From Leim unto Clare,
 O, fly with me kindly
 O'er ocean's wild swell,
 Or give me thy blessing,
 And, love, fare thee well !

SHAUN O'DEE.

PEIRSE FITZGERALD. TRANS. BY DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

The subject of this song was John O'Dee, a blacksmith living near Youghall, as locally famous for skill as the great *Parra Gow* himself, and his marriage with the handsomest girl in the parish was looked upon as the wedding of Vulcan and Venus, besides particularly affecting the poet.

I NE'ER believed the story,
Prophetic bard, you sung ;
How Vulcan, swarth and hoary,
Won Venus, fair and young,
Till I saw my Pearl of Whiteness
By kindred forced to be,
In her robes of snowy brightness,
The bride of Shaun O'Dee.

I ne'er thought God, the holy,
A bridal would allow,
Where Mammon spurs them solely
To crown her drooping brow.
"The richest weds the rarest."
That truth, alas ! I see,
Since my sunny pearl and fairest
Is bride to Shaun O'Dee.

Were I like most, ere morrow,
A dire revenge I'd take,
And in his grief and sorrow
My burning anguish slake ;
For gloom o'er shades my lightness, —
O, woe's my heart to see
Her form of snowy whiteness
Embraced by Shaun O'Dee !

MAIRE NI MILLEOIN.

ANON. TRANS. BY DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

This strikingly dramatic ballad is by an unknown author, and its origin is credited to Ulster.

“WILL you come where golden furze I mow,
Mo Maire ni Milleoin?”

“To bind for you I’d gladly go,
My Bliss on Earth, mine own.
To chapel, too, I would repair,
Though not to aid my soul in prayer,
But just to gaze with rapture where
You stand, *mo buchal baun*.”*

“Will you rove the garden glades with me,
O Flower of Maids, alone?”

“What wondrous scenes therein to see,
My Bliss on Earth, mine own?”
“The apples from green boughs to strike,
To watch the trout leap from the lake,
And caress a pretty *cailin* † like
Mo Maire ni Milleoin.”

“Will you seek with me the dim church aisle,
O Maire ni Milleoin?”

“What pleasant scenes to see the while,
My Bliss on Earth, mine own?”

“We’d list the chanting voice and prayer
Of foreign pastor preaching there,

* *Mo buchal baun*, darling boy.

† *Cailin*, fair maiden.

O, we'd finish the marriage with my fair
White flower of maids alone."

She sought the dim church aisle with me,
My Bliss on Earth, most fair !
She sought the dim church aisle with me,
' O grief ! O burning care !
I plunged my glittering, keen-edged blade
In the bosom of that loving maid,
Till gushed her heart's blood, warm and red,
Down on the cold ground there.

"Alas ! what deed is this you do ?
My Bliss on Earth, *mo store* ! *
What woful deed is this you do,
O youth whom I adore ?"
"Ah, spare our child and me, my love,
And the seven lands of earth I'll rove
Ere cause of grief to you I prove
For ever — ever more."

I bore her to the mountain peak,
The Flower of Maids, so lone !
I bore her to the mountain bleak,
My thousand woes, *mo vrone*.†
I cast my *cota* ‡ round her there,
And, 'mid the murky mists of air,
I fled with bleeding feet and bare
From Maire ni Milleoin.

* *Mo store*, my treasure.

† *Mo vrone*, my grief.

‡ *Cota*, the long frieze great-coat of the peasantry.

NORA OF THE AMBER HAIR.

ANON. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

O NORA, amber-coolun,
 It robs me of my rest
 That my head should be forbidden
 Its place upon thy breast !
 It robs me of my rest, love,
 And it breaks my heart and brain ;
 And O that I could bear my dear
 Across the raging main !

O valentine and sweetheart,
 Be true to what you swore.
 When you promised me you 'd marry me
 Without a farthing store !
 O, we 'd walk the dew together,
 And light our steps should be ;
 And Nora, amber-coolun,
 I 'd kiss you daintily.

Hard by the holm
 Lives this white love of mine ;
 Her thick hair 's like amber,
 Which causes me to pine :
 King of the Sabbath,
 O, grant me soon to see
 My own fat cattle grazing
 Around sweet Ballybuy ! *

* The change in the measure of the third verse follows that of the original.

DEATH'S DOLEFUL VISIT.

ANON. TRANS. BY DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

The extreme simplicity and pathos of this poem, and its entire freedom from all mythological imagery and redundancy, give it a naturalness and effect recalling "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament," and other Scotch songs of similar tenor.

O YOUTH so proved ungrateful !
You 've covered me with grief,
You mind not my heart 's breaking,
Nor think to give relief !
How black to you and shaming,
If you save me not from blaming,
Who swore upon the Manual
To ne'er leave me in grief !

Death will come to seek you
A small half-hour ere day,
And for each guileful action
He'll make you strictly pay.
In the small room you 'll lie lonely,
The white sheet round you only :
How gladly you 'd do penance
Could you then but find the way !

I was a gloomless colleen,
And joy was in my voice,
And you brought the sorrow with you,
No more could I rejoice.
And now since you 're forsaking,
And your path from me you 're taking,
If through you I die in mourning,
How black will seem that choice !

I 'd manage all your household
 With skilful hand so well,
 Your hose, and shirt, and *cota*
 Would be fairest in the dell;
 If grief's dark clouds hung o'er you
 To youth I would restore you;
 O, wed me, — and the glory
 Of God shall with us dwell!

I had once no lack of clothing,
 Of food or dwelling-place;
 I earned good fame, and won it
 Among my kindred's race;
 Nor could Gall or Gael upbraid me
 Till your false voice it betrayed me; —
 But the envoy I send with you
 Is the Most High King of Grace.

My love, my heart's own neighbor,
 How lorn am I to-night!
 How dark I'll be to-morrow,
 And you upon your flight!
 You've broke life's wall before me,
 And death's chill blast blows o'er me;
 Yet take one kiss, my darling,
 Before you leave my sight.

THE ROVER.

ANON. TRANS. BY DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

The translator is of the opinion that this song was composed by some person recruited for the "Wild Geese," as the Irish soldiers who took service in France were called.

No more, — no more in Cashel town
I'll sell my health a raking,
Nor on days of fairs rove up and down,
Nor join the merry-making.
There mounted farmers came in throng
To try and hire me over,
But now I'm hired, and my journey's long,
The journey of the Rover!

I've found what rovers often do,
I trod my health down fairly,
And that wandering out on morning's dew
Will gather fevers early.
No more shall flail swing o'er my head,
Nor my hand a spade shaft cover,
But the banner of France float o'er my bed :
And the pike stand by the Rover.

When to Callan once, with hook in hand,
I'd go to early shearing,
Or to Dublin town, the news was grand
That the "Rover gay" was nearing.
And soon with good gold home I'd go,
And my mother's field dig over ;
But no more — no more this land shall know
My name as the merry "Rover."

Five hundred farewells to fatherland, —
 To my loved and lovely island !
 And to Culach's boys, — they 'd better stand
 Her guards by glen and highland.
 But now that I am poor and lone,
 A wanderer, not in clover,
 My heart it sinks with bitter moan
 To have ever lived a Rover.

In pleasant Kerry lives a girl,
 A girl whom I love dearly :
 Her cheek 's a rose, her brow 's a pearl,
 And her blue eyes shine so clearly !
 Her long fair locks fall curling down,
 O'er a breast untouched by lover ;
 More dear than dames with a hundred pound
 Is she unto the Rover !

Ah ! well I mind when my own men drove
 My cattle in no small way ;
 With cows, with sheep, with calves, they 'd move,
 With steeds, too, west to Galway :
 Heaven willed I 'd lose each horse and cow,
 And my health but half recover,
 But it breaks my heart, for her sake, now
 That I 'm only a sorry Rover.

But when once the French come o'er the main
 With stout camps in each valley,
 With Buck O'Grady back again,
 And poor, brave Teige O'Daly,*

* Buck O'Grady and Teige O'Daly were probably Kapparee leaders, who had been obliged to flee the country.

O, the royal barracks in dust shall lie,
And the yeomen we'll chase over,
And the English clan be forced to fly, —
'T is the sole hope of the Rover.

PULSE OF MY HEART.

ANON. TRANS. BY DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

"THE love of my bosom, fair maiden, was thine,
Since first saw my eyes thy white graces;
More welcome than droves of the black and white kine
Were thy form in my home's pleasant places;
O, thy couch would be placed in a room sunny bright,
The cows would low soft for thy pail at twilight,
Thy fair little shoe with rich buckles be dight!
Then grant me thy hand and caresses."

"My hand I won't give thee, don't hope it at all,
Till mamma shall have conned the tale over;
For the fame of thy name is, alas! very small,
She hears thou'rt a drinker and rover;
That 't is little you'd think to spend five times a pound,
And were there a farthingless bard to be found,
O, the poster* itself soon in drink would go round:
What maid would choose thee for her lover?"

"Don't trust in such slander, bright pulse of my breast:
Not oft to the tavern I'm roaming;
And there's gold in my pocket and goods in my chest,
'T is few I e'er spent on cups foaming.

* The four-post bedstead.

O, when ripe harvest comes, what increase will be mine,
 With yellow corn stooks to build stacks tall and fine !
 Ah ! shall none but my mother the black and white kine
 Then milk in the red, dewy gloaming ? ”

HAIL, O FAIR MAIDEN !

ANON. TRANS. BY DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

The date of this ballad is uncertain, and may be earlier than the time of the hedge poets, or it may have been composed from tradition. It is almost the only specimen that has been preserved of the romantic love-ballad, so common in English poetry.

“ HAIL, O fair maiden ! this morning fair
 ’Tis calm are thy slumbers, and I in despair ;
 Rise and make ready, and, turning our steeds,
 We ’ll travel together to Munster’s meads.”

“ Tell first thy christened and surname too,
 Lest what ’s said about Munster men might come true :
 They ’d take me in joy, and they ’d leave me in rue,
 To bear my kin’s scorn my whole life through.”

“ I ’ll tell first my christened and surname true, —
 Risteard O’Brien, from o’er Munster’s dew ;
 I ’m heir to an earl and to long towers white,
 And for me dies the child of the Greenwood Knight.”

“ If thou ’rt heir to an earl and to long towers white,
 Thou ’lt get rich maidens plenty to be thy delight,
 Who ’ve peers as their fathers and hold the high cheer :
 Thou needest my humble sort not, cavalier ! ”

"Come with me, and thou too shalt sit with peers ;
Come with me, and thou too shalt hold high cheers ;
Thou 'lt have halls where are dances and music old,
Thou 'lt have couches the third of each red with gold."

"I 'm not used at my mother's to sit with hosts ;
I 'm not used at the board to have wines and toasts ;
I 'm not used to the dance-halls with music old,
Nor to couches the third of each red with gold."

"O, might we go westward yon bright path o'er,
With gold and with sun would our coach shine more,
And sure 't is not justice to grieve me sore,
For long, long I 'm heart-sick for thee, *mo store*."



FAIRY MARY BARRY.

ANON. TRANS. BY DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

O FAIRY Mary Barry, I tarry down-hearted ;
Unknown to friend or kin, health and wealth have departed ;
When I 'm going to my bed, or I wake in the morning,
My thought is still of you and your cruel, cruel scorning.

O fairy Mary Barry, take counsel, my bright love,
And send away the stranger from out of your sight, love,
And all his fine airs, — there 's more truth in me, love ;
Then come to me, *ma chree*, since our parents agree, love.

I thought I could coax you with promise and kisses,
I thought I could coax you with vows and caresses,
I thought I could coax you ere yellowed the barley ;
But you 've left me to the new year in sore sorrow fairly.

'T is delight unto the earth when your little feet press it,
 'T is delight unto the earth when your sweet singings bless it,
 'T is delight unto the earth when you lie, love, upon it ;
 But, O his high delight who your heart, love, has won it !

I would wander through the streets hand in hand with my
 truelove ;
 I would sail the salt sea with no fortune but you, love ;
 My nearest and my dearest, I 'd leave them forever,
 And you 'd raise me from death if you said, " We 'll ne'er
 sever."

I gave you — O, I gave you — I gave you my whole love ;
 On the festival of Mary my poor heart you stole, love,
 With your soft green eyes like dewdrops on corn that is
 springing,
 With the music of your red lips like sweet starling's singing.

I'd toast you — O, I'd toast you — I'd toast you right
 gladly ;
 If I were on shipboard, I 'd toast you less sadly ;
 And if I were your sweetheart, through Erin so wide, love,
 None could see — (here's your bright health !) — so happy a
 bride, love.

LAMENT OVER THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY OF
TIMOLEAGUE.

JOHN O'CULLANE. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

John O'Cullane, or Collins, as his name is Anglicized, was a native of the county of Cork, and kept a school at Skibbereen, where he died in 1816.

LONE and weary as I wandered
By the bleak shore of the sea,
Meditating and reflecting
On the world's hard destiny, —

Forth the moon and stars 'gan glimmer
In the quiet tide beneath ;
For on slumbering spray and blossom
Breathed not out of heaven a breath.

On I went in sad dejection,
Careless where my footsteps bore,
Till a ruined church before me
Opened wide its ancient door, —

Till I stood before the portals,
Where of old were wont to be,
For the blind, the halt, and leper,
Alms and hospitality.

Still the ancient seat was standing,
Built against the buttress gray,
Where the clergy used to welcome
Weary travellers on their way.

There I sat me down in sadness,
 'Neath my cheek I placed my hand,
 Till the tears fell hot and briny
 Down upon the grassy land.

There, I said in woful sorrow,
 Weeping bitterly the while,
 Was a time when joy and gladness
 Reigned within this ruined pile, —

Was a time when bells were tinkling,
 Clergy preaching peace abroad,
 Psalms a-singing, music ringing
 Praises to the mighty God.

Empty aisle, deserted chancel,
 Tower tottering to your fall,
 Many a storm since then has beaten
 On the gray head of your wall.

Many a bitter storm and tempest
 Has your roof-tree turned away,
 Since you first were formed a temple
 To the Lord of night and day.

Holy house of ivied gables,
 That wert once the country's pride,
 Houseless now, in weary wandering,
 Roam your inmates far and wide.

Lone you are to-day and dismal, —
 Joyful psalms no more are heard
 Where, within your choir, her vesper
 Screeches the cat-headed bird.

Ivy from your eaves is growing,
 Nettles round your green hearthstone,
Foxes howl where, in your corners,
 Dropping waters make their moan.

Where the lark to early matins
 Used your clergy forth to call,
There, alas ! no tongue is stirring,
 Save the daw's upon the wall.

Refectory cold and empty,
 Dormitory bleak and bare,
Where are now your pious uses,
 Simple bed, and frugal fare ?

Gone your abbot, rule and order,
 Broken down your altar stones ;
Nought see I beneath your shelter,
 Save a heap of clayey bones.

O the hardship, O the hatred,
 Tyranny and cruel war,
Persecution and oppression,
 That have left you as you are !

I myself once also prospered, —
 Mine is, too, an altered plight ;
Trouble, care, and age have left me
 Good for naught but grief to-night.

Gone my motion and my vigor, —
 Gone the use of eye and ear ;
At my feet lie friends and children,
 Powerless and corrupting here.

Woe is written on my visage,
 In a nut my heart would lie ;
 Death's deliverance were welcome, —
 Father, let the old man die !



A LAMENT FOR KILCASH.

ANON. TRANS. BY J. C. MANGAN.

Kilcash was a former seat of the Butler family, near Clonmel. The lament is attributed to a student named Lane, whom Lady Iveagh had educated for the priesthood.

OH, sorrow the saddest and sorest !
 Kilcash's attractions are fled !
 Felled lie the high trees of its forest,
 And its bells hang silent and dead.
 There dwelt the fair lady, the vaunted,
 Who spread through the island her fame,
 There the mass and the vespers were chanted,
 And thither the proud earls came.

I am worn by an anguish unspoken
 As I gaze on its glories defaced,
 Its beautiful gates lying broken,
 Its gardens all desert and waste ;
 Its courts that in lightning and thunder
 Stood firm are, alas ! all decayed ;
 And the Lady Iveagh sleepeth under
 The sod in the greenwood shade.

No more on a summer-day sunny
 Shall I hear the thrush sing from his lair,
 No more see the bee bearing honey
 At noon through the odorous air.

Hushed now in the thicket so shady,
The dove hath forgotten her call,
And mute in her grave lies the lady,
Whose voice was the sweetest of all.

As the deer from the brow of the mountain,
When chased by the hunter and hound,
Looks down upon forest and fountain,
And all the green scenery round ;
So I on thy drear desolation
Gaze, O my Kilcash, upon thee, —
On thy ruin and black devastation,
So doleful and woful to see.

There is mist on thy woods and thy meadows ;
The sun appears shorn of his beams ;
Thy gardens are shrouded in shadows,
And the beauty is gone from thy streams.
The hare has forsaken his cover ;
The wild-fowl is lost to the lake ;
Desolation hath shadowed thee over,
And left thee all brier and brake.

And I weep while I pen the sad story : —
Our prince has gone over the main,
With a damsel, the pride and the glory,
Not more of green Erin than Spain.
The poor and the helpless bewail her,
The cripple, the blind, and the old ;
She never stood forth as their jailer,
But gave them her silver and gold.

O God, I beseech thee to send her
Home here to the land of her birth ;

We shall then have rejoicing and splendor,
 And revel in plenty and mirth.
 And our land shall be highly exalted ;
 And till the dread dawn of that day
 When the race of old Time shall have halted,
 It shall flourish in glory always.



FROM THE COLD SOD THAT'S O'ER YOU.

ANON. TRANS. BY EDWARD WALSHÉ.

FROM the cold sod that's o'er you
 I never shall sever, —
 Were my hands twined in yours, love,
 I'd hold them forever.
 My fondest, my fairest,
 We may now sleep together, —
 I've the cold earth's damp odor,
 And I'm worn from the weather.

This breast, filled with fondness,
 Is wounded and weary ;
 A dark gulf beneath it
 Yawns jet-black and dreary.
 When Death comes a victor
 In mercy to greet me,
 On the wings of the whirlwind
 In wild wastes you'll meet me.

When the folk of my household
 Suppose I am sleeping,
 On your cold grave, till morning,
 The lone watch I'm keeping,

My grief to the night wind,
For the mild maid to render,
Who was my betrothèd
Since infancy tender!

Remember the lone night
I last spent with you, love,
Beneath the dark sloe-tree
When the icy wind blew, love.
High praise to the Saviour,
No sin stain had found you,
That your virginal glory
Shines brightly around you.

The priests and the friars
Are ceaselessly chiding,
That I love a young maiden
In life not abiding.
O, I'd shelter and shield you
If wild storms were swelling,
And O my wrecked hope,
That the cold earth's your dwelling!

Alas for your father,
And also your mother,
And all your relations,
Your sister and brother,
Who gave you to sorrow,
And the grave 'neath the willow,
While I craved as your portion
But to share your chaste pillow!

DRIMMIN DHU.

ANON. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Dremmin dhu dheelish, the dear black cow, was another pseudonym for Ireland, and there is a very sweet and plaintive air of that name.

AH, Drimmin dhu dheelish, a pride of the flow,*
 Ah, where are your folks, — are they living or no?
 They're down in the ground, 'neath the sod lying low,
 Expecting King James with the crown on his brow.

But if I could get sight of the crown on his brow,
 By night and day travelling to London I'd go;
 Over mountains of mist and soft mosses below,
 Till it beat on the kettle-drums, Drimmin dhu, O.

Welcome home, welcome home, Drimmin dhu, O!
 Good was your sweet milk for drinking, I trow;
 With your face like a rose and your dewlap of snow,
 I'll part from you never, Drimmin dhu, O!



THE ATTRIBUTES OF ERIN.

DEARMID O'SULLIVAN. TRANS. BY DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

O, SUCH things were never known in the days of *Ever Mor*,
 North or south, east or west, from the centre to the shore;
 Men paid not half their taxes with the butter, long ago,
 When the true and gallant Gael were a *n-Erin beo*.†

* The grassy part of a bog.

† *A n-Erin beo*, in living Erin.

They never trudged to market with the lean or with the
grease,
With the calves or the hogs, or the eggs of hens and geese.
Ah, the milk soured not in crocks, but most plenteously did
flow,
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erin beo*.

Not a churl writhed his mouth with the snaky English
tongue,
Nor lounged with silken collar, where a hempen should be
strung ;
And those hard and hideous hats, they 'd have made them
scare the crow,
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erin beo*.

Old women did not swagger then in satin scarf and cloak,
Nor tighten up their whalebones till they seemed about to
choke ;
Faith, bonnets like straw barrels never, never were the "go,"
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erin beo*.

Then each scandal-chattering hag had to mind her own
affairs,
Each lazy, sluggish clown dared not give himself such airs,
But digged and gathered sticks, and at wages very low,
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erin beo*.

None made a snuff-pit of his nose nor dyed his throat with
tea,
Nor flaunted a silk handkerchief to blow his trumpet wee ;
No fan had any woman, but the breeze that heaven did blow,
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erin beo*.

Those gentry — who so grand? — who are seated now a-horse,
 Were trenchers of the black earth and cutters of the gorse :
 By the right hand of my father, you 'd not touch them with
 your toe

When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erin beo*.

But that flag that o'er our bravest spread red ruin in the
 North

O'er the whole of Inisfeilin like a cloud is now hung forth.
 Ah, flag of gloomy change! thou hadst caused most bitter
 woe

When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erin beo*.

When the true and gallant Gael were alive in the land,
 Fame was fanned and flourished and the deeds of heroes
 grand,

Sages and sweet poets saw a brilliant guerdon glow,
 When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erin beo*.

But I'll cease me now from lauding their chivalry so gay :
 Sure, manly, dauntless actions were as deeds of every day ;
 No hogs have I nor butter, and henceforth I must go
 (For what were even heroes now?) under never-ending woe.

Unless it pleaseth Christ, our Lord, to smite the fiend at
 length,

And restore unto our mother land her freedom and her
 strength,

To scourge the ghastly Gall from our sullied shores, and, oh !
 Bring the true and gallant Gael back *a n-Erin beo*.

YOUGHALL HARBOR.

ANON. TRANS. BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

ONE Sunday morning into Youghall walking
I met a maiden upon the way ;
Her little mouth sweet as fairy music,
Her soft cheeks blushing like dawn of day ;
I laid a bold hand upon her bosom,
And ask'd a kiss ; but she answered, " No :
Fair sir, be gentle ; do not tear my mantle ;
'T is none in Erin my grief can know.

" 'T is but a little hour since I left Youghall,
And my love forbade me to return ;
And now my weary way I wander
Into Cappoquin, a poor girl forlorn.
Then do not tempt me ; for, alas ! I dread them
Who with tempting proffers teach girls to roam,
Who'd first deceive us, then faithless leave us,
And send us shamefaced and barefoot home."

" My heart and hand here ! I mean you marriage !
I have loved like you and known love's pain ;
If you turn back now to Youghall Harbor,
You ne'er shall want house or home again.
You shall a lace cap like any lady,
Cloak and capuchin, too, to keep you warm,
And if God please, may be, a little baby
By and by to nestle within your arm."

THE FISHERMAN'S KEEN FOR HIS SONS.

ANON. TRANS. by MRS. ELLEN FITZ SIMON.

The specimen of the keen is described as the lamentation of a man named O'Donoghue, of Affadown, or Roaring Water, in the west of the County Cork, for his three sons and son-in-law, who were drowned, but it is doubtful if it was his own composition.

O, LOUDLY wailed the winter wind, the driving sleet fell fast.
The ocean billows wildly heaved beneath the bitter blast ;
My three fair sons at break of day to fish had left the shore,
The tempest burst forth in its wrath, — they ne'er returned
more.

Cormac, 'neath whose unerring aim the wild duck fell in
flight,
The plover of the lonesome hills, the curlew swift as light !
My first-born child, — the flower of youth, — the dearest and
the best !
O, would that thou wert spared to me though I had lost
the rest !

And thou, my handsome Felix ! in whose eye so dark and
bright
The soul of courage and of wit looked forth in laughing light !
And Daniel too, my fair-haired boy, the gentle and the
brave, —
All, all my stately sons were whelmed beneath the foaming
wave.

Upon the shore, in wild despair, your aged father stood,
And gazed upon his Daniel's corse, too late snatched from
the flood,

I saw him pale and lifeless lie, no more to see the light,—
And cold and dumb and motionless my heart grew at the
sight.

My children, my loved children ! do you view my bitter grief?
Look down upon your poor old sire, whose woe knows no
relief.

The sunshine of mine eyes is gone,—the comfort of my
heart ;

My life of life, my soul of soul, I've seen from earth depart.

What am I now ? An aged man, to earth by sorrow bowed,
I weep within a stranger's home, — alone e'en in a crowd ;
There is no sorrow like to mine, no grief like mine appears,
My once blithe Christmas is weighed down with anguish and
with tears.

My sons, my sons ! abandoned to the fury of the waves !
Would I could reach the two who lie in ocean's darksome
caves !

'T would bring some comfort to my heart in earth to see them
laid,

And hear in Affadown the wild lamentings for them made.

O, would that, like the gay wild geese, my sons had left the
land,

From their poor father in his age, to seek a foreign strand ;
Then might I hope the Lord of heaven in mercy would restore
My brave and good and stately sons some time to me once
more.

THE FAIRY NURSE.

ANON. TRANS. BY EDWARD WALSHÉ.

A girl is supposed to be led into the fairy fort of Lissoe, where she sees her little brother, who had died about a week before, laid in a rich cradle, and a young woman singing as she rocks him to sleep. — *Translator's note.*

SWEET babe, a golden cradle holds thee,
And soft the snow-white fleece enfolds thee;
In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,
Where branching boughs to the winds are sweeping.
Shuheen sho, lulo lo!

When mothers languish broken-hearted,
When young wives are from husbands parted,
Ah! little think the keeners lonely
They weep some time-worn fairy only.
Shuheen sho, lulo lo!

Within our magic halls of brightness
Trips many a foot of snowy whiteness;
Stolen maidens, queens of fairy,
And kings and chiefs a *sleagh shie** airy.
Shuheen sho, lulo lo!

Rest thee, babe! I love thee dearly,
And as thy mortal mother nearly;
Ours is the swiftest steed and proudest,
That moves where the tramp of the host is loudest;
Shuheen sho, lulo lo!

* *Sleagh shie*, fairy host.

Rest thee, babe ! for soon thy slumbers
Shall flee at the magic *Keol-shie's* * numbers ;
In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,
Where branchy trees to the breeze are sweeping ;
Shuheen sho, lolo lo !

THE OUTLAW OF LOCH LENE.

ANON. TRANS. BY J. J. CALLANAN.

O, MANY a day have I made good ale in the glen
That came not of stream or malt, — like the brewing of men.
My bed was the ground, my roof the greenwood above,
And the wealth that I sought one kind glance from my love.

Alas ! on that night when the horses I drove from the field,
That I was not near, from terror my angel to shield !
She stretched forth her arms, her mantle she flung to the
wind,
And swam o'er Loch Lene her outlawed lover to find.

O, would that a freezing, sleet-winged tempest would sweep,
And I and my love were lone, far off on the deep !
I'd ask not a ship, or a bark, or pinnace, to save, —
With her hand round my waist, I'd not fear the wind or the
wave.

'Tis down by the lake, where the wild tree fringes its sides,
The maid of my heart, my fair one of heaven, resides ;
I think as at eve she wanders its mazes along,
The birds go to sleep with the sweet, wild burst of her song.

* *Keol shie*, fairy music.

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

The legend attached to the beautiful, capricious and characteristic Irish air of "The Twisting of the Rope," is that a Connaught harper, on his visit to a farmer's house, was inveigled into twisting a hay rope by the mother, who did not approve his attentions to her daughter. He receded backward as he twisted until he found himself outside the door, which was shut against him, and his harp thrown out of the window.

WHAT mortal conflict drove me here to roam,
 Though many a maid I've left behind at home ;
 Forth from the house, where dwelt my heart's dear hope,
 I was turned by the hag at the twisting of the rope.

If thou be mine, be mine both day and night,
 If thou be mine, be mine in all men's sight,
 If thou be mine, be mine o'er all beside, —
 And O that thou wert now my wedded bride !

In Sligo first I did my love behold,
 In Galway town I spent with her my gold :
 But by this hand, if thus they me pursue,
 I'll teach these dames to dance a measure new !

THE STREET BALLADS.

THE modern street ballad singers are the legitimate descendants of the ancient bards, in the respect that they are professional poets who recite their own verses, sing the praises of their patrons, compose lamentations and epithalamia, are the chroniclers of passing events, and fulfil the exact functions of the ancient bardic order — under somewhat different circumstances. Their uniform is of rags and tatters, instead of embroidered robes of woven colors, and their guerdon is a halfpenny for each ballad they sell, instead of gold cups from the tables of chiefs. But their office is the same ; and they may claim the altered circumstances, the lack of estimation and meagreness of the reward, as the cause of the degradation of their verse.

There is no country in the world where the street ballad flourishes to such an extent as it does in Ireland. In England they have been in a great measure superseded by the "penny dreadful" and police newspapers, which contain five times as much highly spiced food for the money ; but in Ireland they still supply the place of the newspapers, and are the general chronicles of every event of importance, local or national. They tell of the latest murder, execution, runaway match, remarkable run with the hounds, eviction, or other local matter of gossip, take the popular side in contested elections, sing the praises of popular leaders, or those of some particular rich and generous local patron, recite the lamentation of the condemned criminal, and, in short, express

both the feelings of the people and are the records of events. The quantity produced is enormous, and there is no fair without several of the singers at the corners of the market-place, while in the large cities they are as common as street organ-grinders in this country.

At a corner of a market-place, where a thicker crowd than usual is gathered, there will be heard a song in an indescribable, melancholy cadence, rising and falling in a sort of pillelu falsetto, where two female ballad-singers are holding forth. The first voice "rises" it, —

"Come all you tender Christyans, with me now sympathi-ize," — with a prolonged inflection on the last syllable; then the second voice joins in on the second line, and together they rise to the height of lamentation and sink to the depths of despair; and so on, in solo and duet alternately, until the end of the ballad. While the leading woman is singing her solo, the second is selling from the bundle of ballads in her left hand, never failing to join in the melody at the proper instant, although in the middle of a fluent recommendation of the ballad, or a dispute about change for a sixpence. The gleewomen are generally dressed in ragged cloaks faded to a greenish brown, their faces pale and wan, lack-lustre eyes, and voices cracked and husky. Everything is sung to the same tune and with the same expression, and verses intended to be jovial are rendered with the same melancholy cadence, which sometimes has a ludicrous effect utterly beyond burlesque. Very often the ballad-singer is a man clad in tattered frieze, with an old caubeen cocked on the back of his head as he raises his voice in ecstasy of mechanical lamentation. But whether man or woman, there is the same complete lack of any attempt at melody, and the same melancholy listlessness of expression. In spirit and state they are but very little removed above the beggars.

The composers of these ballads are almost invariably the singers themselves. They will improvise a dozen verses of the established pattern in an evening, after their day's singing is done, on any subject. They have neither the skill nor the inspiration of the schoolmasters, who were the hedge poets, and their verse has become more mechanical, as the end is more immediately mercenary. Weavers, tailors, and shoemakers still supply some of the ballads, their sedentary occupations being supposed to be specially favorable to the cultivation of poetry, but the hedge schoolmaster has disappeared before the national Board of Education, unless there may be here and there a red-nosed, white-haired veteran, who is entertained in farmers' houses and country shebeens in memory of his ancient glory, when sesquipedalian words and cute problems in arithmetic made him the monarch of the parish next to the priest himself. The composer takes his ballads to the publisher, who not only allows him no copyright, but does not even make a discount on his stock in trade, for which he pays the same as his brother bards, who, finding his ballad popular, straightway strain their voices to it. But then he has the same privilege with their productions, so that the balance is even in the long run. The ballads are printed on the coarsest of paper, with the poorest of type, and generally with a worn-out wood-cut of the most inappropriate description at the head.

The street ballad writers are of course a decided step downward in education and poetic ability from the hedge poets, and the greater portion of the ballads composed in this way are destitute of anything like poetry,—mere compositions of outrageous metaphor and misapplied long words, for which last the ballad-singers have a ridiculous fondness. It is not to be forgotten, however, that the successors of the hedge poets sing in what is in a measure a foreign language. They have not yet fully acquired the use of the English lan-

guage, at least with any such completeness as their predecessors had of their sweet and mellifluous native tongue. It sticks upon the tongue of the Irish peasant yet, and, as the mother of William Carleton, the novelist, expressed it, "the English does n't melt into the tune, — the Irish does." To the same confusion of mythological and historical imagery and the same impulsive abruptness is added a confusion of the meaning of words and a misapplication of epithets, and it can be imagined what the effect must be.

But among a people naturally so eloquent and poetic as the native Irish, not even the drapery of an incongruous language can entirely obscure the native vigor and strength of thought. A ballad is sometimes found that, though unequal and rude, shows an impassioned poetry, fierce, melancholy, or tender, and it almost always becomes a favorite beyond its day, and is preserved as a part of the poetry of the people. These are not generally the productions of the ballad-singers, but have a more genuine merit mark as emanating directly from the people. The songs of Mr. William Allingham, who is almost the only cultivated poet who has had the taste to reproduce in diction and spirit the form and sentiment of the peasant love songs, have been printed on the ballad sheet, and been sung at the morning milking and by the evening hearth, all over Ireland. "The Irish Girl's Lamentation" and "Lovely Mary Donnelly" have become a part of the songs of the country, as in shape and language they were intended to be. During the late Fenian disturbance an attempt was made to influence the political feelings of the peasantry by their street ballads, the poets of the "Nation" previous to the insurrection of 1848 confining themselves to appeals to the more educated class. Mr. Charles J. Kickham, one of those arrested for participating in the Fenian movement, wrote some very strong and effective political ballads, which achieved great popularity in secret, the constabulary keeping

a very sharp ear for evidences of treason in the ballads of the street singers. Many of the patriotic or seditious ballads retain the allegorical form used by the hedge poets, and in addition to their stock of personifications of Ireland, the *Shan Van Vogh*, or Poor Old Woman, which had its origin in a song written just before the rebellion of 1798, is a very great favorite, and gives expression to her oracles on a thousand subjects. There are many of the early street ballads about Napoleon, who is typified as the Green Linnet, and who took the place of Louis XIV. as the expected redeemer of Ireland, and whose exile in St. Helena was lamented like that of an Irish chief. O'Connell succeeded the Pretender in the title of "The Blackbird," and was extolled and lamented in a thousand ballads; as later has his successor, Mr. Parnell.

The love songs and ballads that are sung by the colleens at morning and evening milking or by the winter's hearth are very numerous, and, although decidedly inferior to those in the Celtic language, have very often a simple sweetness or a touch of genius in expression or description, which, although seldom sustained throughout, is really graphic. The following is a bit of vivid description:—

"As Katty and I were discoursing,
She smiled on me now and then;
Her apron string she kept folding
And twisting all round her ring."

It is from a ballad called "The Maid of Lismore," almost the only one noticed in a collection of many hundreds containing any blot of coarseness. As a whole they are remarkable for a purity of language, as well as subject, to a degree uncommon in peasant poetry. Other bits of graceful expression or graphic description may be picked out of the love ballads:—

"My love is fairer than the lilies that do grow:
She has a voice that is clearer than any winds that blow."

“With mild eyes like the dawn.”

“One pleasant evening, when pinks and daisies
Closed in their bosom one drop of dew.”

“Her hands are whiter than the snow
Upon the mountain side,
And softer than the creamy foam
That floats upon the tide.”

“’T was on a bright morning in summer
I first heard his voice speaking low,
As he said to the colleen beside me
‘Who’s that pretty girl milking her cow?’”

“My love is fairer than the bright summer day,
His breath is far sweeter than the new-mown hay ;
His hair shines like gold revived by the sun,
And he takes his denomination from the Drinan Don.”

A great number of these ballads relate romantic episodes, where a rich young nobleman’s son courts a farmer’s daughter in disguise, and after marriage reveals himself, his lineage, and his possessions to his bride ; or where a noble lady falls in love with a tight young serving-boy, and bestows on him her hand. These are the greatest favorites among the colleens and lads, but are generally inferior to the love ballads pure and simple, bearing too strongly the impress of the professional poet.

The “lamentations,” or confessions of condemned criminals, are highly popular. They begin in the first person with a soliloquy by the prisoner on his unfortunate condition ; then, in the third person varying at will to the first, an account is given of the tragedy, concluding with a lamentation at the disgrace brought upon his decent relatives, and a request for a prayer for his soul. There is once in a while a touch of untaught pathos ; as, —

“The anguish of a troubled heart no mortal tongue can tell.”

“His mother got distracted, and fell to deep despair,
With the wringing of her hands and tearing of her hair.”

But as a whole they are the production of hackneyed poetasters, and as little worth preserving as the “Lives” of eminent criminals in the Newgate Calendar. Those that relate to agrarian murders, like that of Lord Leitrim, or the execution of individuals for such crimes, in which the sympathy of the people would be against the law, and which would breathe a stronger spirit, are kept secret, or at least not sung upon the public streets.

The narrative ballads tell every event of interest, from affairs at the Vatican to the latest steeple-chase at home, from the burning of an emigrant ship to a ploughing-match. Events in America attract great attention. During the late war almost every great battle was sung by the ballad-singers, particularly those in which Irish regiments or brigades took a prominent part; and the exploits of Generals Corcoran and Meagher, and the glories of the Sixty-ninth Regiment and the Irish Brigade, were celebrated with fervor. The acts of the substitute brokers in enlisting men just landed received notice, and there is a favorite ballad relating “The Glorious Victory of Seven Irishmen over Kidnapping Yankees in New York,” who laid out with their invincible black-thorns a party of crimps, who endeavored to force them into the army after pretending to engage them for the brick field. The Know-Nothing agitation attracted attention, and the pulling down of chapels by the “Infidel New Lights” in America was the subject of a melancholy chronicle.

The eulogies of person or place, a gentleman or his demesne, or both combined, are innumerable, and in them the climax of absurdity is reached. The bards, in order to be properly appreciated by the gentry to whom they appealed,

and to show off their own accomplishments, used the longest words, the wildest metaphors, the most outrageous antitheses and misapplied epithets possible to conceive, and the result was a "composition," as they were fond of calling their more stately productions, utterly beyond burlesque. "The Groves of Blarney" was written with the avowed intention of burlesquing this style of composition, and was in close parody of a genuine ballad; but it does not surpass many of the originals in exquisite absurdity, nor equal in its expressions many of the native flowers of blunder. The following is a verse from a description of the glories of the estate of Drishane, which is not far from Killarney:—

"There's a mill for grinding corn, with an engine ploughing the farm,

And fine oxen that are stall-fed, the largest to be found;
In its farm-yard heard screaming are the guinea-hen and peacock;
The swan upon the lake, and she sailing all round.

There lime-kilns are kept blazing with culm most unsparing,
While to distant lands' reclaiming that same has been drawn,
And quarrying operations so loud reverberating
With harmony prevailing through the plains of Drishane."

There is a class of street ballads of a very unique and striking kind, which were written in city slang, and may be called gallows poetry. They date back to the time when hangings were much more common than now, and when a week scarcely passed in the metropolis of Dublin without one or more executions in front of Kilmainham jail, at which all the rabble in the city attended as at a holiday spectacle, and where the criminal's friends gathered to lament and sympathize, and to take pride if he showed bravery in his departure. The sympathy of the crowd was nine times out of ten with the prisoner, and to the rabble hanging was a common and hardly a disgraceful mode of death. The corpse was duly waked with all the honors, and as a point of family

and class pride the funeral was largely attended. Under these circumstances gallows requiems were composed, which in one or two instances display a strength and representation of criminal sentiment unrivalled outside of the lyrics of Francis Villon, while they have a power of imagery entirely unequalled in English slang, and a wild pathos in the midst of boisterous merriment. Miss Edgeworth has devoted a chapter in her *Essay on Irish Bulls* to the superiority of Irish over English slang in force and poetic diction. Most of the thieves' patter in English is arbitrary and meaningless, with words invented as a disguise in order to communicate with each other without enlightening the uninitiated. Of course there is frequently a word whose meaning is derived from some property of the thing described, as would be the first and most natural way of inventing a new language; but a large proportion of English thieves' language has no traceable derivation, and the *Slang Dictionary* adds very few new and forcible terms to the language. It is quite different with Irish slang, many of its phrases being poetical, and almost always graphic and imaginative. The most famous of these ballads is "The Night before Larry was Stretched," whose symmetry of form and vivid grotesqueness of ghastly merriment and inhuman recklessness have given it a place in literature, and caused it to be ascribed to men of education and accomplishment, who are charged with having composed it as a sort of archaic exercise and ebullition of immorality like Balzac's "*Contes Drolatiques*." But the evidence is nearly conclusive that it was a genuine street ballad, and, although it is chief among its kind, there are others in the same spirit and hardly inferior in hideous vividness. There is hardly any more striking evidence of native genius and representative characteristics of circumstance and race, than the productions of the Irish gallows poets.

THE SHAN VAN VOGH.

This is the earliest and best of the very large number of ballads under the name of "The Shan Van Vogh," and bears evidence of having been the composition of some one of a superior order to the usual street poets. It bears date about 1796, when the French were expected to land an invading force.

O, THE French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh ;
 The French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh ;
 O, the French are in the bay,*
 They 'll be here without delay
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.
 O, the French are in the bay,
 They 'll be here by break of day,
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.

And where will they have their camp ?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.
 Where will they have their camp ?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.
 On the Curragh of Kildare,
 The boys they will be there
 With their pikes in good repair,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.
 To the Curragh of Kildare
 The boys they will repair,
 And Lord Edward † will be there,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.

* Bantry Bay, where the expedition under General Hoche attempted to land, but was driven out by adverse gales.

† Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Then what will the yeomen do ?
Says the Shan Van Vogh.
What *will* the yeomen do ?
Says the Shan Van Vogh.
What *should* the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they 'll be true
To the Shan Van Vogh ?
What *should* the yeomen do, etc.

And what color will they wear ?
Says the Shan Van Vogh.
What color will they wear ?
Says the Shan Van Vogh.
What color should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been
But their own immortal green ?
Says the Shan Van Vogh.
What color should be seen, etc.

And will Ireland then be free ?
Says the Shan Van Vogh.
Will Ireland then be free ?
Says the Shan Van Vogh.
Yes ! Ireland *SHALL* be free
From the centre to the sea ;
Then hurrah for Liberty !
Says the Shan Van Vogh.
Yes ! Ireland *SHALL* be free, etc.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

There are many versions of the famous "Wearing of the Green," of which the following, if not the most ancient or authentic, is one of the best and most spirited.

O PADDY dear, and did you hear the news that 's goin' round ?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground ;
St. Patrick's day no more we'll keep, his colors can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin the wearing of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy,* and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she
stand ?"

She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
They are hanging men and women for the wearing of the
green.

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have
shed.

You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the
sod,

But 't will take root and flourish still, though under foot it's
trod.

When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they
grow,

And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not
show,

Then I will change the color that I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the
green.

* James Napper Tandy, one of the commanders of the Irish Volunteers, and afterwards an exile upon the Continent.

But if at last our color should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old isle will
part ;
I've heard a whisper of a country that lies far beyond the
sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's
day ;
O Erin, must we leave you, driven by a tyrant's hand ?
Must we ask a mother's blessing from a strange though happy
land,
Where the cruel cross of England's thralldom never shall be
seen,
And where, please God, we'll live and die still wearin' of the
green ?

THE BANTRY GIRL'S LAMENT FOR JOHNNY.

The following spirited and humorous "lament" is taken from "The Banks of the Boro," by Patrick Kennedy, a story which gives with remarkable faithfulness and minuteness the incidents of Irish country life. It is given with a number of other specimens of peasant poetry.

O, who will plough the field, or who will sell the corn ?
O, who will wash the sheep, an' have 'em nicely shorn ?
The stack that's in the haggard unthrashed it may remain,
Since Johnny went a thrashin' the dirty king o' Spain.

The girls from the *bawnoge* in sorrow may retire,
And the piper and his bellows may go home and blow the
fire ;
For Johnny, lovely Johnny, is sailin' o'er the main,
Along with other *pathriarchs*, to fight the king o' Spain.

The boys will sorely miss him, when Moneyhore comes round,
 And grieve that their bould captain is nowhere to be found ;
 The peelers must stand idle against their will and grain,
 For the valiant boy who gave them work now peels the king
 o' Spain.

At wakes or hurling-matches your like we 'll never see,
 Till you come back again to us *astore, gra-gal-machree* ;
 And won't you throunce the buckeens that shows us much
 disdain,
 Bekase our eyes are not so black as those you 'll meet in
 Spain.

If cruel fate will not permit our Johnny to return,
 His heavy loss we Bantry girls will never cease to mourn ;
 We 'll resign ourselves to our sad lot, and die in grief and
 pain,
 Since Johnny died for Ireland's pride in the foreign land of
 Spain.



WILLY REILLY.

No collection of Irish street ballads would be complete without
 "Willy Reilly," which has been a universal favorite for many years,
 and lost none of its popularity at the present day.

"O, RISE up, Willy Reilly, and come along with me,
 I mean for to go with you and leave this counterie,
 To leave my father's dwelling-place, his houses and free land,"
 And away goes Willy Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn.

They go by hills and mountains, and by yon lonesome plain,
 Through shady groves and valleys, all dangers to refrain ;

But her father followed after with a well-armed band,
And taken was poor Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn.

It's home then she was taken and in her closet bound :
Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,
Till at the bar of justice before the judge he'd stand,
For nothing but the stealing of his dear Colleen Bawn.

"Now in the cold, cold iron, my hands and feet are bound,
I'm handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the ground ;
But all the toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,
Still hoping to be succored by my dear Colleen Bawn."

The jailer's son to Reilly goes, and thus to him did say :
"O, get up William Reilly, you must appear this day,
For great Squire Foillard's anger you never can withstand :
I'm afeared you'll suffer sorely for your dear Colleen Bawn."

Now Willy's dressed from top to toe all in a suit of green,
His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most glorious to be seen :
He's tall and straight and comely as any to be found, —
He's fit for Foillard's daughter, was she heiress to a crown.

"This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did hear,
The lady's oath will hang you, or else will set you clear."
"If that be so," says Reilly, "her pleasure I will stand,
Still hoping to be succored by my dear Colleen Bawn."

The judge said, "This lady being in her tender youth,
If Reilly has deluded her, she will declare the truth."
Then like a moving beauty bright before him she did stand,
"You're welcome there, my heart's delight, and dear Colleen
Bawn."

"O gentlemen," Squire Foillard said, "with pity look on me!
This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family,
And by his base contrivances this villany was planned;
If I don't get satisfaction, I'll quit this Irish land."

The lady with a tear began, and thus replied she:
"The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame lies all on me;
I forced him for to leave his place and come along with me,
I loved him out of measure, which wrought our destiny."

Out bespoke the noble Fox, at the table he stood by:
"O gentlemen, consider on this extremity!
To hang a man for love is a murder, you may see;
So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave this counterie."

"Good my lord, he stole from her her diamonds and her
rings,
Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,
Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred
pounds:
I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand pounds."

"Good my lord, I gave them him as tokens of true love,
And when we are a-parting I will them all remove.
If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to me."
"I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to thee."

"There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,
With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair,
And as a true-love token wear it on your right hand,—
That you'll think on my poor broken heart when you're in
a foreign land."

Then outspoke noble Fox : " You may let the prisoner go, —
The lady's oath has cleared him, as the jury all may know ;
She has released her own true love, she has renewed his name.
May her honor bright gain high estate, and her offspring rise
to fame ! "

THE GLASS OF WHISKEY.

This ballad, in spite of its forced blunders and clumsy attempts at humor, has a hopeless merriment and a despairing kind-heartedness exceedingly affecting and characteristic of that element in Irish humor which is often more touching and melancholy than the profoundest lamentation of a set purpose. Its subject was an actual mendicant, whose begging station was at the bridge of Drumcondra, a small village near Dublin.

At the side of the road, near the bridge of Drumcondra,

Was Murrough O'Monaghan stationed to beg :

He brought from the wars, as his share of the plunder,

A crack on the crown and the loss of a leg.

" Oagh, Murrough ! " he 'd cry ; — " musha nothing may
harm ye !

What made you go fight for a soldier on sea ?

You fool, had you been a marine in the army,

You 'd now have a pinchun and live on full pay."

" But now I'm a cripple, — what signifies thinking ?

The past I can never bring round to the fore ;

The heart that with old age and weakness is sinking

Will ever find strength in good whiskey galore.

Oagh, whiskey, mavourneen, my joy and my jewel !

What signifies talking of doctors and pills ?

In sorrow, misfortune, and sickness so cruel,

A glass of north country can cure all our ills.

"When cold in the winter it warms you so hearty ;
 When hot in the summer it cools you like ice ;
 In trouble, false friends, without grief I can part ye ;
 Good whiskey 's my friend, and I take its advice.
 When hungry and thirsty, 't is meat and drink to me ;
 It finds me a lodging wherever I lie ;
 Neither frost, snow, nor rain any harm can do me,
 The hedge is my pillow, my blanket the sky.

"Now merry be the Christmas! success to good neighbors !
 Here 's a happy new year and a great many too !
 With a plenty of whiskey to lighten their labors,
 May sweet luck attend every heart that is true !"
 Poor Murrough then, joining his old hands together,
 High held up the glass, while he vented this prayer :
 "May whiskey, by sea or by land in all weather,
 Be never denied to the children of care !"



ON THE COLLEEN BAWN.

This is from a bunch of Dublin street ballads of the present day,
 but its date of composition is of course uncertain.

In the gold vale of Limerick,
 Beside the Shannon stream,
 The maiden lives who holds my heart,
 And haunts me like a dream,
 With shiny showers of golden hair
 And gentle as a fawn,
 The cheeks that make the red rose pale,
 My darling Colleen Bawn.

Although she seldom speaks to me,
I think on her with pride ;
For five long years I courted her,
And asked her to be my bride.
But dreary times of cold neglect
Are all from her I 've drawn.
For I am but a laboring boy,
And she the Colleen Bawn.

Her hands are whiter than the snow
Upon the mountain side,
And softer than the creamy foam
That floats upon the tide ;
Her eyes are brighter than the snow
That sparkles on the lawn ;
The sunshine of my life is she,
The darling Colleen Bawn.

To leave old Ireland far behind
Is often in my mind,
And wander for another bride
And country for to find,
But that I 've seen a low suitor
Upon her footsteps fawn,
Which keeps me near to guard my dear,
My darling Colleen Bawn.

Her beauty very far excels
All other females fine ;
She is far brighter than the sun
That does upon us shine ;
Each night she does disturb my rest,
I cannot sleep till dawn,
Still wishing her to be my bride,
My darling Colleen Bawn.

The women of Limerick take the sway
 Throughout old Erin's shore ;
 They fought upon the city walls,
 They did in days of yore.
 They kept away the enemy
 All night until the dawn :
 Most worthy of the title is
 My darling Colleen Bawn.



MY CONNOR.

There is another song with this pleasing refrain, but this is the simplest and best.

OH, weary 's on money and weary 's on wealth,
 And sure we don't want them while we have our health :
 'T was they tempted Connor far over the sea,
 And I lost my lover, my *cushla ma chree*,
 Smiling — beguiling,
 Cheering — endearing,
 O, dearly I loved him and he loved me !
 By each other delighted —
 And fondly united —
 My heart 's in the grave with my *cushla ma chree*.

My Connor was handsome, good-humored, and tall ;
 At hurling or dancing the best of them all.
 But when he came courting beneath our old tree,
 His voice was like music, — my *cushla ma chree*.
 Smiling — beguiling, etc.

So true was his heart and so artless his mind,
 He could not think ill of the worst of mankind.

He went bail for his cousin, who ran beyond sea,
And all his debts fell on my *cushla ma chree*.

Smiling — beguiling, etc.

Yet still I told Connor that I'd be his bride, —
In sorrow or death not to stir from his side.
He said he could ne'er bring misfortune on me ; —
But sure I'd be rich with my *cushla ma chree*.

Smiling — beguiling, etc.

The morning he left us I ne'er will forget ;
Not an eye in our village with tears but was wet.
“Don't cry any more, O *mavourneen*,” said he.
“For I will return to my *cushla ma chree*.”

Smiling — beguiling, etc.

Sad as I felt then, hope was mixed with my care, —
Alas ! I have nothing now left but despair.
His ship it went down in the midst of the sea,
And its wild waves roll over my *cushla ma chree*.

Smiling — beguiling, etc.



THE DEAR AND DARLING BOY.

This is from a bunch of modern ballads, but evidently, from the use of the term “French Flanders,” of considerable antiquity of composition.

WHEN first unto this town I came,
With you I fell in love,
And if I could but gain you
I'd vow I'll never rove.
There's not a girl in all this town
I love as well as thee.
I'll rowl you in my arms,
My *cushla gal ma chree*.

My love she won't come nigh me,
 Nor hear the moan I make ;
 Neither would she pity me
 Tho' my poor heart should break.
 If I was born of noble blood,
 And she of low degree,
 She would hear my lamentation,
 And surely pity me.

The ship is on the ocean,
 Now ready for to sail.
 If the wind blew from the east,
 With a sweet and pleasant gale ;
 If the wind blew from my love
 With a sweet and pleasant sound,
 It's for your sake, my darling girl,
 I'd range the nations round.

Nine months we are on the ocean,
 No harbor can we spy.
 We sailed from the French Flanders
 To harbors that were nigh.
 We sailed from the French Flanders
 To harbors that were nigh.

O, fare you well, my darling girl,
 Since you and I must part !
 It's the bright beams of your beauty
 That stole away my heart.
 But since it is my lot, my love,
 To say that I must go,
 Bright angels be your safeguard
 Till my return home.

DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH.

The peasant thus laments the drowning of his dear black cow. The ballad is quite an old one.

O, THERE was a poor man,
And he had but one cow,
And when he had lost her
He could not tell how,
But so white was her face,
And so sleek was her tail,
That I thought my poor *drimmin dubh*
Never would fail.

Agus oro, Drimmin dubh!

Oro, ah.

Oro, drimmin dubh

Miel agra.

Returning from mass,
On a morning in May,
I met my poor *drimmin dubh*
Drowning by the way.
I roared and I bawled,
And my neighbors did call,
To save my poor *drimmin dubh*,
She being my all.

Ah, neighbors! was this not
A sorrowful day,
When I gazed on the water
Where my *drimmin dubh* lay?
With a drone and a drizzen,
She bade me adieu,
And the answer I made
Was a loud pillelu.

Poor *drimmin dubh* sank,
 And I saw her no more,
 Till I came to an island
 Was close by the shore ;
 And down on that island
 I saw her again,
 Like a bunch of ripe blackberries
 Rolled in the rain.

Arrah, plague take you, *drimmin dubh* !
 What made you die,
 Or why did you leave me,
 For what and for why ?
 I would rather loose Paudeen,
 My *bouchelleen baun*,
 Than part with my *drimmin dubh*
 Now that you're gone.

When *drimmin dubh* lived,
 And before she was dead,
 She gave me fresh butter
 To eat to my bread,
 And likewise new milk
 That I soaked with my scone* ;
 But now it's black water
 Since *drimmin dubh*'s gone.

* Oaten cake baked on the griddle.

TUBBER-NA-SHIE :

OR, THE FAIRY WELL.

O, PEGGY BAWN was innocent,
And wild as any roe ;
Her cheek was like the summer rose,
Her neck was like the snow ;

And every eye was in her head
So beautiful and bright,
You'd almost think they'd light her through
Glencarrigy by night.

Among the hills and mountains,
Above her mother's home,
The long and weary summer day
Young Peggy Blake would roam.

And not a girl in the town,
From Dhua to Glenlur,
Could wander through the mountain's heath
Or climb the rocks with her.

The Lammas sun was shinin' on
The meadows all so brown ;
The neighbors gathered far and near
To cut the ripe crops down.

And pleasant was the mornin',
And dewy was the dawn,
And gay and lightsome-hearted
To the sunny fields they're gone.

The joke was passing lightly,
 And the laugh was loud and free ;
 There was neither care nor trouble
 To disturb their hearty glee.

When says Peggy, resting in among
 The sweet and scented hay,
 "I wonder is there one would brave
 The Fairy well to-day."

She looked up with her laughin' eyes,
 So soft, at Willy Rhu ;
 Och, murder ! that she did n't heed
 His warnin' kind and true !

But all the boys and girls laughed,
 And Willy Rhu looked shy ;
 God help you, Willy ! sure they seen
 The throuble in your eye.

"Now, by my faith," young Connell says,
 "I like your notion well, —
 There 's a power more than gospel
 In what crazy gossips tell."

O, my heavy hatred fall upon
 Young Connell of Slier-mast !
 He took the cruel vengeance
 For his scorned love at last.

The jokin' and the givin'
 And the banterin' went on ;
 One girl dared another,
 And they all dared Peggy Bawn.

Till, leaping up, away she flew
Down to the hollow green,
Her bright locks, floating in the wind,
Like golden lights were seen.

They saw her at the Fairy well, —
Their laughin' died away ;
They saw her stoop above its brink
With hearts as cold as clay.

O mother, mother ! never stand
Upon your cabin floor ;
You heard the cry that through your heart
Will ring for evermore ;

For when she came up from the well,
No one could stand her look ;
Her eye was wild, — her cheek was pale, —
They saw her mind was shook.

And the gaze she cast around her
Was so ghastly and so sad,
“O, Christ preserve us !” shouted all,
“Poor Peggy Blake's gone mad.”

The moon was up, the stars were out,
And shining through the sky,
When young and old stood mourning round
To see their darling die.

Poor Peggy from the death-bed rose :
Her face was pale and cold,
And down about her shoulders hung
Her lovely locks of gold.

“All you that ’s here this night,” she said,
 “Take warnin’ by my fate :
 Whoever braves the Fairies’ wrath,
 Their sorrow comes too late.”

The tear was startin’ in her eye,
 She clasped her throbbin’ head,
 And when the sun next mornin’ rose,
 Poor Peggy Bawn lay dead.



BY MEMORY INSPIRED.

A street ballad published shortly after the collapse of the insurrection of 1848. It is sung to the air of the *Cruiskeen Lawn*.

By memory inspired,
 And love of country fired,
 The deeds of men I love to dwell upon.
 And the patriotic glow
 Of my spirit must bestow
 A tribute to O’Connell that is gone, boys, gone !
 Here’s a memory to the friends that are gone !

• In October, ’ninety-seven —
 May his soul find rest in heaven ! —
 William Orr to execution was led on.
 The jury, drunk, agreed
 That Irish was his creed,
 For perjury and threats drove them on, boys, on !
 Here’s the memory of John Mitchell that is gone !

In ’ninety-eight — the month of July,
 The informer’s pay was high ;
 When Reynolds gave the gallows brave McCann.

But McCann was Reynolds' first, —
One could not allay his thirst, —
So he brought up Bond and Byrne, that are gone, boys, gone.
Here 's the memory of the friends that are gone!

We saw a nation's tears,
Shed for John and Henry Sheares,
Betrayed by Judas, Captain Armstrong.
We may forgive, but yet
We never can forget
The poisoning of Maguire, that is gone, boys, gone!
Our high star and true-apostle that is gone.

How did Lord Edward die?
Like a man without a sigh:
He left his handiwork on Major Swan!
But Sirr with steel-clad breast,
And coward heart at best,
Left us cause to mourn Lord Edward, that is gone, boys, gone!
Here 's the memory of the friends that are gone!

September, eighteen-three,
Closed this cruel history,
When Emmet's blood the scaffold flowed upon.
O, had their spirits been wise,
They might then realize
Their freedom! — But we drink to Mitchell that is gone, boys,
gone.
Here 's the memory of the friends that are gone!

THE IRISHMAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRY.

The following powerful ballad made its appearance during the time of the Fenian excitement, in 1865, when the peasants expected an expedition from the Irish in the United States.

OH ! farewell, Ireland, I am going across the stormy main,
Where cruel strife will end my life, to see you never again.
'T will break my heart from you to part, *acushla store machree* !
But I must go full of grief and woe to the shores of America.

On Irish soil my fathers dwelt since the days of Brian Boru.
They paid their rent and lived content, convenient to Carrie-
more.

But the landlord sent on the move my poor father and me :
We must leave our home far away to roam in the fields of
America.

No more at the churchyard, *store machree*, at my mother's
grave I'll kneel.

The tyrants know but little of the woe the poor man has to feel.
When I look on the spot of ground that is so dear to me,
I could curse the laws that have given me cause to depart
to America.

O, where are the neighbors, kind and true, that were once
the country's pride ?

No more will they be seen on the face of the green, nor dance
on the green hillside.

It is the stranger's cow that is grazing now, where the people
we used to see.

With notice they were served, to be turned out or starved, or
banished to America.

O, Erin *machree*, must our children be exiled all over the earth?

Will they evermore think of you, *astore*, as the land that gave them birth?

Must the Irish yield to the beasts of the field? O, no, *acushla store machree!*

They are coming back in ships with vengeance on their lips from the shores of America.



PATRICK SHEEHAN.

This ballad, exactly in the style of the street poets, was written by Charles J. Kickham for the purpose of discouraging enlistments in the British army, and immediately became very popular.

My name is Patrick Sheehan,

My years are thirty-four,

Tipperary is my native place,

Not far from Galtymore ;

I came of honest parents, —

But now they're lying low, —

And many a pleasant day I spent

In the glen of Aherlow.

My father died : I closed his eyes

Outside our cabin door ;

The landlord and the sheriff too

Were there the day before ;

And there my loving mother

And sisters three also

Were forced to go with broken hearts

From the glen of Aherlow.

For three long months in search of work
 I wandered far and near ;
 I went then to the poor-house
 For to see my mother dear ;
 The news I heard nigh broke my heart ;
 But still, in all my woe,
 I blessed the friends who made their graves
 In the glen of Aherlow.

Bereft of home and kith and kin,
 With plenty all around,
 I starved within my cabin,
 And slept upon the ground.
 But cruel as my lot was,
 I ne'er did hardship know,
 Till I joined the English army,
 Far away from Aherlow.

“ Rouse up, there,” says the corporal,
 “ You lazy Hirish ’ound !
 Why don’t you hear, you sleepy dog,
 The call to arms sound ! ”
 Alas ! I had been dreaming
 Of days long, long ago :
 I woke before Sebastopol,
 And not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket, —
 How dark I thought the night !
 O blessed God ! it was not dark,
 It was the broad daylight.
 And when I found that I was blind,
 My tears began to flow :

I longed for even a pauper's grave
In the glen of Aherlow.

O blessed Virgin Mary,
Mine is a mournful tale :
A poor blind prisoner here I am,
In Dublin's dreary jail,
Struck blind within the trenches,
Where I never feared the foe ;
And now I'll never see again
The glen of Aherlow.

A poor neglected mendicant
I wandered through the street ;
My nine months' pension now being out,
I beg from all I meet.
As I joined my country's tyrants,
My face I'll never show
Among the kind old neighbors
In the glen of Aherlow.

Then Irish youths, dear countrymen !
Take heed of what I say ;
For if you join the English ranks
You'll surely rue the day.
And whenever you are tempted
A soldiering to go,
Remember poor blind Sheehan
Of the glen of Aherlow.

MY ULICK.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

MY ULICK is sturdy and strong,
 And light is his foot on the heather,
 And truth has been wed to his tongue
 Since first we were talking together.
 And though he is lord of no lands,
 Nor castle, nor cattle, nor dairy,
 My Ulick has health and his hands,
 And a heart-load of love for his Mary, —
 And what could a maiden wish more?

One night at the heel of the eve, —
 I mind it was snowing and blowing, —
 My mother was knitting, I b'leeve,
 For me I was sitting and sewing;
 My father had read o'er the news,
 And sat there a humming, "We'll wake him,"
 When Ulick stepped in at the door,
 As white as the weather could make him: —
 True love never cooled with the frost.

He shook the snow out from his frieze,
 And drew a chair up to my father,
 My heart lifted up to my eyes
 To see the two sitting together;
 They talked of our isle and her wrongs
 Till both were as mad as starvation:
 Then Ulick sang three or four songs,
 And closed with "Hurra for the Nation!" —
 O, Ulick, an Irishman still!

My father took him by the hand,
 Their hearts melted into each other ;
 While tears that she could not command
 Broke loose from the eyes of my mother.
 "Ah, Freedom !" she cried, "wirra sthrue,
 A woman can say little in it ;
 But were it to come by you two,
 I've a guess at the way you would win it, —
 It would not be by weeping, I swear."



THE IRISH GRANDMOTHER.

The following spirited ballad made its appearance during the agitation and distress of the winter of 1879. It was first published in the *Dublin Nation* over the signature *In Fide Fortis*, and afterward printed as a street ballad.

PADDY agra, run down to the bog, for my limbs are beginning to tire,
 And see if there's ever a sod at all that's dry enough for a fire :
 God be praised ! it's terrible times, and granny is weak and old,
 And the praties black as the winter's face, and the nights so dark and cold !
 It's many a day since I seen the like, but I did one, Pat, *asthore*,
 And I prayed to God on my bended knees I might never see it more.
 'Twas the year before the Risin' of Smith O'Brien, you know,
 Thirty-two years ago, Paddy, — thirty-two years ago.

Your grandfather — God rest his soul ! — went out with the
 boys to fight ;
 For the bailiffs came with the crowbars, and the sickness
 came with the blight,
 An' he said it was better to die like a man, though he held
 but a rusty pike,
 Than starve on the roadside, beggin' for food, an' be thrown
 like a dog in the dike.

Ochone, ochone! it's a sorrowful tale, but listen afore you
 go,
 For Tim he never came back to me, but I'll see him soon, I
 know.
 Tim Ryan he held a decent farm in the glen o' Cahir-
 more,
 And he tilled the lands the Ryans owned two hundred years
 before ;
 An' it's many a time, by the blazing fire, I heard from the
 priest, Father John
 (He was my husband's cousin, *agra*, and he lived to be
 ninety-one),
 That the Ryans were chiefs of the country round till Crom-
 well, the villain, came,
 And battered the walls of the castle and set all the houses
 aflame ;
 He came an' he stabled his horses in the abbey of St. Col-
 umkille,
 An' the mark of his murderin' cannon you may see on the
 old wall still.
 An' he planted a common trooper where the Ryans were
 chieftains of yore,
 An' that was the first o' the breed of him that's now Lord
 Cahirmore.

Old Father John, — he was ninety-one, — it was he that
could tell you the story,

An' every name of his kith and kin, — may their souls now
rest in glory !

His father was shot in '98 as he stood in the chapel door ;
His grandfather was the strongest man in the parish of
Cahirmore ;

An' thin there was Donough, Donal More, and Turlough on
the roll,

An' Kian, boy, that lost the lands because he'd save his
soul.

Ochone, machree, but the night is cold, and the hunger in
your face.

Hard times are comin', avic ! God help us with his grace !
Three years before the famine came the agent raised the
rent,

But then there was many a helpin' hand, and we struggled
on content.

Ochone, ochone ! we're lonely now, — now that our need is
sore,

For there 's none but good Father Mahony that ever comes
inside our door.

God bless him for the food he brings an' the blankets that
keep us warm !

God bless him for his holy words that shelter us from harm !

This is the month an' the day, Paddy, that my own colleen
went,

She died on the roadside, Paddy, when we were drove out
for the rent ;

An' it's well that I remember how she turned to me an'
cried,

"There 's never a pain that may n't be a gain," and crossed
herself and died.

For the Soupers were there with shelter and food if we'd
 only tell the lie,
 But they fled like the wicked things they were when they
 saw poor Kathleen die.
 She's prayin' for all of us now, Paddy, — her blessing I
 know she's givin'!
 An' they that have little here below have much, *asthore*, in
 heaven!



BELLEWSTOWN RACES.

This street ballad has much more finish and humor than most, but is a genuine one.

IF a respite ye'd borrow from turmoil or sorrow,
 I'll tell you the secret of how it is done;
 'Tis found in this version of all the diversion
 That Bellewstown knows when the races comes on.
 Make one of a party whose spirits are hearty,
 Get a seat on a trap that is safe not to spill,
 In its well pack a hamper, then off for a scamper,
 And hurroo for the glories of Bellewstown Hill!

On the road how they dash on, rank, beauty, and fashion!
 It Banagher bangs by the table o' war;
 From the coach of the quality, down to the jollity
 Jogging along on an ould low-backed car.
 Though straw cushions are placed, two feet thick at laste,
 It's concussive jollity to mollify still;
 O, the cheeks of my Nelly are shaking like jelly
 From the jolting she gets as she jogs to the Hill.

Arrived at its summit the view that you come at,
 From etherealized Mourne to where Tara ascends,

There's no scene in our sireland, dear Ireland, old Ireland !
To which nature more exquisite loveliness lends.
And the soil 'neath your feet has a memory sweet,
The patriots' deeds they hallow it still ;
Eighty-two's volunteers (would to-day saw their peers !)
Marched past in review upon Bellewstown Hill.

But hark ! there's a shout, — the horses are out, —
'Long the ropes, on the stand, what a hullabaloo !
To old *Crock-a-Fotha*, the people that dot the
Broad plateau around are all for a view.
“Come, Ned, my tight fellow, I'll bet on the yellow !”
“Success to the green ! faith, we'll stand by it still !”
The uplands and hollows they're skimming like swallows,
Till they flash by the post upon Bellewstown Hill.

In the tents play the pipers, the fiddlers and fifers,
Those rollicking lilts such as Ireland best knows ;
While Paddy is prancing, his colleen is dancing,
Demure, with her eyes quite intent on his toes.
More power to you, Micky ! faith, your foot is n't sticky,
But bounds from the boards like a pay from the quill.
O, 't would cure a rheumatic, — he'd jump up ecstatic
At “Tatter Jack Walsh” upon Bellewstown Hill.

O, 't is there neath the haycocks, all splendid like paycocks,
In chattering groups that the quality dine ;
Sitting cross-legged like tailors the gentlemen dealers
In flattery spout and come out mighty fine.
And the gentry around from Navan and Cavan are “having,”
'Neath the shade of the trees, an exquisite quadrille.
All we read in the pages of pastoral ages
Tell of no scene like this upon Bellewstown Hill.

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED.

The authorship of "The Night before Larry was Stretched" has been ascribed by Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout), who translated it into French under the title of "*La Morte de Socrate*," to Rev. Robert Burrowes, Anglican Dean of Saint Finbar's Cathedral, Cork. Mahony was a native of Cork, and ought to have known if the story was true; but, like Dr. Maginn and other writers in the *Blackwood* and *Fraser's Magazines* of that day, he thought it a good joke to father some utterly incongruous article upon a notable person. It has also been ascribed to no less a person than John Philpot Curran, and he had both the wit and the knowledge of low life to have written it. But there is no reason why he should not have acknowledged it, as it is quite as moral and edifying as the song of "*The Monks of the Screw*," which he did acknowledge. It has also been credited to Ned Lysaght, a hanger on of the viceregal court in the times of the Union, and the author of "*The Sprig of Shillelah*"; but, if his published verse is to be taken as evidence, he had neither the strength nor the understanding of low life required for its production. The internal evidence would go to show that it is the production of one of the class which it commemorates; and, if it has a more compact form and more accuracy in metre and rhyme than they usually have, it is merely an extraordinary specimen. It was claimed during his life by one William Maher, of Waterford, — a shrewd vagabond with a distorted ankle, and therefore called "*Hurlfoot Bill*." He was the author of other such verses, and his claim was not disputed during his lifetime. It is upon him that the authorship is most probably fixed.

The slang terms are easily understood from their metaphoric meaning, and require no glossary. In former times it was customary to allow the friends of the condemned to spend the last night with him in his cell, and they frequently did in the fashion depicted in the ballad. The coffin was placed in the cell, in this instance utilized as a card table, and the victim joined in his own wake. The hero of the ballad has been described as one Lambert, an outcast of a respectable family in Dublin, who spent the last night of his life in this manner, but, to the disgust of his associates, played the coward at the gallows.

THE night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit;

A bit in their sacks too they fetched,
They sweated their duds till they riz it ;
For Larry was always the lad,
When a friend was condemned to the squeezer,
But he 'd fence all the togs that he had
Just to help the poor boy to a sneezer,
And moisten his gob 'fore he died.

“ 'Pon my conscience, dear Larry,” says I,
“ I 'm sorry to see you in trouble,
Your life's cheerful noggin run dry,
And yourself going off like its bubble.”
“ Hould your tongue in that matter,” says he ;
“ For the neckcloth I don't care a button,
And by this time to-morrow you 'll see
Your Larry will be dead as mutton :
All for what ? 'Kase his courage was good.”

The boys they came crowding in fast ;
They drew their stools close round about him.
Six glims round his coffin they placed ;
He could n't be well waked without 'em.
I axed if he was fit for to die,
Without having duly repented ?
Says Larry, “ That 's all in my eye,
And all by the clergy invented
To make a fat bit for themselves.”

Then the cards being called for, they played,
Till Larry found one of them cheated.
Quick ! he made a hard rap at his head, —
The lad being easily heated.
“ So ye chates me because I 'm in grief ;
O, is that, by the Holy, the rason ?

Soon I 'll give you to know, you d——d thief,
 That you 're cracking your jokes out of sason,
 And scuttle your nob with my fist."

Then in came the priest with his book,
 He spoke him so smooth and so civil,
 Larry tipped him a Kilmainham look,
 And pitched his big wig to the divil.
 Then raising a little his head
 To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
 And pitiful sighing, he said,
 "O, the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
 And choke my poor windpipe to death !"

So mournful these last words he spoke,
 We all vented our tears in a shower ;
 For my part I thought my heart broke
 To see him cut down like a flower.
 On his travels we watched him next day ;
 O, the hangman, I thought I could kill him !
 Not one word did our poor Larry say,
 Nor changed till he came to " King William."
 Och, my dear, thin his color turned white.

When he came to the nubbling chit,
 He was tucked up so neat and so pretty ;
 The rumbler jogged off with his feet,
 And he died with his face to the city.
 He kicked, too, but that was all pride,
 For soon you might see 't was all over ;
 And as soon as the noose was untied,
 Then at darky we waked him in clover,
 And sent him to take a ground sweat.

LUKE CAFFREY'S KILMAINHAM MINIT.

Luke Caffrey's Kilmainham Minit, or Minuet, his last dance on the gallows, is not less horribly graphic, but is more recondite and obscure in its language, and requires some interpretation.

WHEN to see Luke's last jig we agreed,
We tipped him our gripes in a tangle,
Den mounted our trotters wid speed
To squint at de snub as he 'd dangle.
For Luke was ever de chap
To boozle de bulldogs and pinners,
And when dat he milled a fat slap
He merrily melted de winners,
To snack with the boys of the pad.

The meaning of the "last jig" is obvious; "We tipped him our gripes in a tangle" is Homeric for a hearty and feeling shake of the hand. "Den mounted our trotters with speed" is equivalent to riding shanks' mare. To "boozle" is an evident corruption of puzzle, and the "bulldogs" and "pinners" are the officers of the law, as Mr. W. Steuart Trench, in his "Realities of Irish Life," says his process-servers were called "grippers." "Milled a fat slap" means captured a good booty, the "winners" being a corruption of winnings.

Along the sweet Combe den we go,
Slap dash through the Poddle we lark it,
And when dat we came to de Row,
O, dere was no meat in de market.
De boys dey had travelled before,
Like rattlers we after him pegged it;
To miss him would grieve us full sore
Because as a favor he begged it,
We 'd tip him de fives fore his det.

They come up with him before his cart reaches the gallows, and he speaks as follows :—

“Your sowl I’d fight blood to de eyes,
 You know it I would to content ye,
 But foul play I always despise
 Dat’s for one to fall before twenty.”
 Says he, “’T is my fate for to die,
 I knowed it when I was committed ;
 But if dat de slang you run sly,
 De scrag boy may yet be outwitted,
 And I scout again on de lay.

“De slang to run sly” is to talk so as not to be understood by the officers of the law. “De scrag boy” is the hangman ; and to “scout on the lay” is to go robbing.

“When I dance ’tween de ert and de skies,
 De clargy may plead for the struggler,
 But when on de ground your friend lies,
 O, tip him a snig in de juggler.
 You know dat is all my last hope,
 As the surgents of ottamy tell us,
 Dat when I’m cut down from de rope
 You’d bring back de puff to my bellows
 And set me once more on my pins.”

To “tip him a snig in de juggler” was to bleed the jugular vein, and the “surgents of ottamy” signifies the surgeons of anatomy. It was a current hope among criminals that they could be revived by bleeding after they had been hung, such a case having occurred to one Lanagan, who was hung for the murder of his master in Dublin, as related in the memoirs of Sir Jonah Barrington. He was taken to the dissecting-table, and the circulation of the blood was restored by the incisions of the surgeon’s knife.

Dese last words he spoke with a sigh,
 We saw de poor fellow was funkin ;

De drizzle stole down from his eye,
Dat we thought had got better spunk in.
Wid a tip of de slang we replied
And a blinker dat nobody noted ;
De clargy stepped down from his side,
And de dust cart from under him floated,
And left him to dance on de air.

The "dust cart" was the platform car on which he had been taken to the gallows, and which was drawn from under him. The "dust cart" has a touch of graphic horror.

Pads foremost he dived and den round
He capered de Kilmainham minit,
And when dat he lay on the ground,
Our business we thought to begin it.
Wid de stiff to de sheebien we hied,
But det had shut fast every grinder,
His brain-box hung all a one side,
And no distiller's pig could be blinder.
But dat 's what we all must come to.

The first two lines, as describing the gyrations of the criminal at the end of the rope, are horribly graphic, as indeed is the whole verse.



TRUST TO LUCK.

This has for years been a favorite with the street singers and the people, and its refrain has been sung by more than one notable criminal before his execution, as a sort of *Nunc dimittis*.

TRUST to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right place ;
Let the world wag away, let your friends turn to foes,
Let your pockets run dry and threadbare be your clothes ;

Should woman deceive, when you trust to her heart,
Never sigh, — 't wont relieve it, but add to the smart.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be aisy when it 's in the right place.

Be a man, be a man, wheresoever you go,
Through the sunshine of wealth or the teardrop of woe.
Should the wealthy look grand and the proud pass you by
With the back of their hand and the scorn of their eye,
Snap your fingers and smile as you pass on your way,
And remember, the while, every dog has his day.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be aisy, when it 's in the right place.

In love as in war sure it 's Irish delight,
He 's good-humored with both, the sweet girl and a fight ;
He coaxes, he bothers, he blarneys the dear,
To resist him she can't, and he 's off when she 's near,
And when valor calls him, from his darling he 'd fly,
And for liberty fight and for ould Ireland die.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
The heart must be aisy if it 's in the right place.



JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YE.

The following is a modern street ballad, as will be seen from the use of the word "skedaddle," which was one of the inventions of the American war, and has a strong and graphic humor in spite, or perhaps for the reason, of its uncouth rudeness.

WHILE going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo ! hurroo !

While going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo ! hurroo !

While going the road to sweet Athy,
A stick in my hand and a drop in my eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
 Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

CHORUS.

With your drums and guns and guns and drums,
The enemy nearly slew ye,
O darling dear, you look so queer,
 Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye !

Where are your eyes that looked so mild ?
 Hurroo ! hurroo !

Where are your eyes that looked so mild ?
 Hurroo ! hurroo !

Where are the eyes that looked so mild,
When my heart you did beguile ?
Why did you skedaddle from me and the child ?
 Why, Johnny, I hardly knew ye !
 With your guns, etc.

Where are the legs with which you run ?
 Hurroo ! hurroo !

Where are the legs with which you run ?
 Hurroo ! hurroo !

Where are the legs with which you run,
When you went to carry a gun, —
Indeed, your dancing days are done !
 Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye !
 With your guns, etc.

It grieved my heart to see you sail,
 Hurroo ! hurroo !
It grieved my heart to see you sail,
 Hurroo ! hurroo !

It grieved my heart to see you sail,
 Though from my heart you ran away,—
 Like a cod you're doubled up head and tail.

Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
 With your guns, etc.

I'm happy for to see you home,
 Hurroo! hurroo!

I'm happy for to see you home,
 Hurroo! hurroo!

I'm happy for to see you home,
 All from the island of Sulloon, (?)
 So low in flesh, so high in bone,
 Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
 With your guns, etc.

CONVIVIAL AND HUMOROUS SONGS.

IN the hard-drinking days of the last century it was acknowledged that the Irish were superior in the depth of their potations to even the capacious English, and carried off their liquor more handsomely than even the hard-headed Scotch. The stories that are told, not only of the occasional bouts at drinking, but of the regular habits of good society, are almost incredible. The fathers instructed their boys to "make their head" when young, that is, acquire the power of drinking great quantities of liquor without getting drunk, and not even the clergy of the Established Church, or the judges, avoided or discouraged the bowl. Drinking was a fashionable accomplishment among the upper classes, and they devoted themselves to it as to a proper pastime and enlightened occupation. A gallon of claret was considered not more than a fair allowance per man, and there were various devices to hasten the circulation of the glass and prevent shirking or desertion. No "heeltaps," no "skylights," were allowed, — that is to say, any remainder in the glass, or space between the liquor and the rim. The bottoms of the decanters were frequently rounded so that they could not be set upright, and therefore had to be kept in constant circulation. Another custom was to break off the stems of the glasses so that they must be emptied as soon as filled. It was sometimes customary to take away the shoes of the guests, and strew broken glass along the entry to prevent anybody's

escape. A huge glass called a "constable" was inflicted as a fine for any recalcitrance or fraud in drinking; and when any one left the table bits of paper were dropped in his glass to count the rounds of the bottle in his absence, which he was obliged to make up on his return or be fined so many bumpers of salt and water. There were astounding individual feats of drinking, and Jack Gallaspy,* a noted buck of those days, was celebrated for drinking a "full hand," that is from five glasses held between his fingers so that each one emptied into the first glass in turn. The custom of celebrating marriages before noon was to avoid the probable obfuscation of the bridegroom and possible fraud upon him, and there were other arrangements adapted to a society in which everybody was expected to be drunk after dinner.

Some of the anecdotes of extraordinary bouts of drinking are recorded in Sir Jonah Barrington's "Sketches of his own Time," which, although accused of some exaggeration, and not always true in particular details, give an extraordinarily vivid description of society as it existed at that time. In one, which took place on his father's estate in his youth, and which he attended for the first day, nine gentlemen shut themselves up in the huntsman's lodge on St. Stephen's day with a hogshead of claret and the carcass of a fat cow hung up by the heels. An anteroom was spread with straw for a bed and the windows closed against the light of day. Two pipers and a fiddler furnished the music, and a couple of hounds were taken in to add to the vigor of the hunting choruses. The sports consisted of cock-fighting and card-playing, but the main business was to carouse. There they remained for a week, until the hogshead of claret was upon the stoop and the last steak cut from the cow, and in a gallon of mulled claret they drank to their next merry meeting. On another occasion a clergyman on a visit to a country

* "Streets of Dublin," in *Irish Quarterly Review*.

house escaped from a convivial party and fled into the park, where he was pursued by the revellers with cries of "stole away." He passed the night on the ground with the deer, and in the morning on returning to the house he witnessed an extraordinary procession. Such of the party as were in possession of their legs had procured a low-backed car, and, piling the bodies of their insensible friends within it, covering them with a sheet and illuminating them with candles after the fashion of a wake, they drew them to their respective homes, singing a *keen*, or lamentation, by the way. These orgies have long passed out of date in Ireland, as they have in the rest of Great Britain, and were only a little more extravagant than those in England and Scotland at the same time.

The chief persons in the kingdom at one time formed themselves into a society called the "Monks of the Screw," whose title was significant of its purpose, and whose ranks included the Marquis of Townsend (Viceroy of Ireland), the Earl of Charlemont (the leader in the Volunteer movement), Hussey Burgh (Chief Baron), Lord Avonmore and Lord Kilwarden (judges), Henry Grattan, John Philpot Curran, Rev. Arthur O'Leary, and others of the most distinguished persons in Ireland. They were accustomed to meet at a tavern in St. Kevin Street, Dublin, which they called the Convent, and to indulge in a grand festival and "high jinks," at which there was probably more wit, as well as conviviality, than at any meetings held in Great Britain since those of Shakespeare, Jonson, and their associates, at the Mermaid. That period was the golden age of Irish society, when it had recovered from the ages of turmoil and bitterness, and had peace and leisure to gather and flourish, and before the absorption of the Irish Parliament into the English extinguished its most powerful nucleus, and drew more and more of its highest elements to London. It was the period when eloquence as

eloquence reached its highest point of cultivation in Great Britain, and which was almost equally distinguished by a brilliancy of wit and humor. Not even French society can show a richer collection of jests and *bon mots* at any period than were uttered by the leaders of the Irish bar in the period of the Union. It can be easily imagined what the convivial meetings of such a party would be.

An accompaniment of drinking was very naturally singing, and convivial songs celebrating whiskey and wine, the delights of good-fellowship, and the prowess of drinkers, were composed in great abundance. There is perhaps no bacchanalian poet among the Irish who equalled in number and variety the happy verses of Captain Morris in praise of the bowl, or rivalled the quality of one or two of Burns's lyrics; but there were individual songs quite entitled to rank in sincere joviality and spirit with Bishop Ritson's "Back and Syde, Goe Bare, Goe Bare," and Walter De Mapes's "The Jolly Priest's Confession," so effectively rendered from the Latin by Leigh Hunt, or any of the celebrated drinking anthems and shoeing-horns of poetry which have descended to us from all time. "Bumpers, Squire Jones," by Baron Dawson of the Exchequer, is unique in its spirit and melody. The fashion went out of date with Moore, as the habit had done before, and in his bacchanalian verses there was an element of insincerity, of classical compliment and elaborate fancy, quite different from the real delight in drinking and vivid experience displayed in the earlier songs. After his time there was no more singing of the delights of getting drunk than of gluttony, and perhaps the old songs may not be pleasant to a more refined and temperate taste; but in a view of the poetry of Ireland some specimens of them cannot well be omitted.

As to the Irish poetry of a comic or humorous cast, the statement will be considered a little strange that the great

bulk of what passes for such was not written by Irishmen. The songs full of bulls and blunders, and drawing their humor from brogue and horse-play, are almost without exception the production of English writers, who as a general thing give little more than a coarse caricature, without truth or faithfulness. It was the custom of the dramatists of the time of Garrick and Foote to introduce Irish characters into their farces to raise a laugh by broad brogue and blunders; and songs were written by George Colman the Younger, and others, in the same vein, which were not only vulgar and stupid, but had not the slightest real flavor of Irish life. For many years they were the stock "Irish" songs, and their successors to-day in the London music-halls and in the variety theatres of the United States are the composition of the poets of the negro minstrels, and where they have any strength or flavor at all it is as caricatures of Anglo-Irish, or Irish-American, rather than Irish life. An exception is to be made in favor of the Irish ballads of Thackeray, who thoroughly understood and appreciated Irish character, and reproduced it in kindly and faithful caricature; but even in these Mr. Anthony Trollope complains that the brogue is at fault in some minor particulars. The general impression is that there is a great quantity of Irish comic poetry; but the larger portion of it will be found on examination to have been written by English writers, and to be as uncharacteristic as it is worthless. The really Irish poetry of a humorous cast is quite limited in amount in comparison with the English and Scotch.

It is not for the want of humor in the race, for that, we know, is superabundant; and if we cast about for a reason, it may possibly be found in the fact, that the Irish, like the Americans, for several generations, were quite sensitive to ridicule, and did not feel that assurance in their position among nations to like to present their ridiculous aspects even to

themselves. It is a significant confirmation of this theory, that O'Connell once attacked Lever, in a public speech, for bringing ridicule upon his native country by sketches of comic and undignified figures and scenes, and that the Young Ireland party blamed Lover's comic songs for the same reason. However this may be, humorous poetry is not abundant in genuine Irish literature, and is misrepresented to the ordinary conception by the coarse and poor imitations of persons who never saw the country. Moore wrote some very keen and witty political satires, perhaps the most so of any modern poet ; but they related entirely to English politics, and had no Irish flavor of dialect or form. There are hardly more than four native writers of humorous verse of any prominence, or who wrote any amount, — Richard Milliken, Dr. William Maginn, Charles Lever, and Samuel Lover, — and there is not a single long humorous poem or satire in Irish literature in the English language.

Richard Alfred Milliken, the author of "The Groves of Blarney," which by its curious felicity of humor and imitation of the unconscious exaggeration of ignorance has taken the world's ear, was born in Cork in 1767, and died in 1815. He was a barrister by profession, but an amateur artist and literateur by inclination, witty, convivial, and improvident, and known among his associates as "honest Dick Milliken." The circumstances of the composition of "The Groves of Blarney" were, that he was visiting the house of a wealthy lady in the country, when one of the wandering ballad-singers made his appearance at the lodge, and sent in a petition to be allowed to sing her praises. He was admitted into the parlor, where he recited his verses, which were of the highest incongruity and most platitudinous eloquence. Some one of the guests bantered Milliken to produce their equal, and the result was "The Groves of

Blarney," which is not only in exact imitation of the style of the begging poets, but a close parody upon the original, which was entitled "Sweet Castle-Hyde," and is still sold as a street ballad. The following is a verse from the original : —

"There are fine walks in those pleasant gardens,
And spots most charming in shady bowers;
The gladiator, who is bold and daring,
Both night and morning to watch the flowers."

Besides representing with happy felicity this phase of Irish humor, Milliken did little else of importance in literature. He wrote a poem in blank verse, called "The Riverside," and a tale called "The Slave of Surinam," both in the vein of polite literature, and without flavor or strength; but there are one or two other occasional poems of his which have something of a grace and humor not unworthy of the author of "The Groves of Blarney."

Dr. William Maginn is a much more important and better known author, and was in some respects among the most remarkable literary men that Ireland has produced, although he frittered away his genius in magazine writing, and left no permanent work behind him. He was, however, one of the leading magazine writers and journalists in the days when Wilson, Lockhart, De Quincey, Lamb, and others gave the most of their writing to magazines; and his fragments, in spite of their contemporaneous object, retain their interest by the sheer force and vividness of the style. He was born in Cork in 1793, and died at Walton-on-Thames in 1842, aged forty-nine years. His early manhood he spent in conducting a classical school in Cork, having been remarkable for the facility with which he acquired languages, and having received the degree of LL. D. from Trinity College when but twenty-three years of age. The success of some early con-

contributions to Blackwood's Magazine, translations of English verse into Latin and Greek, which was a favorite exercise for scholars at that time, induced him to abandon his school and take himself to London, where he thenceforth lived by literature and journalism. He was a most accomplished, forcible, and rapid journalist, being connected with several of the leading Tory newspapers in positions which did not require trust in his habits. He was the original of the "Captain Shandon" of Pendennis; and although Thackeray represents him as he was in his later days and with the worse side of his habits, intimating also a political venality of which he was never guilty, it is evident also that he regarded him as a very accomplished and important figure in the world of letters. His contributions to literature were stinging political satires in prose and verse, written with a force, vigor, and abandon unrivalled by any of his contemporaries, and, although sometimes coarse and virulent, less (rather than more) so than those of his contemporaries, Theodore Hook, Lockhart, and others. His "Panegyric on Colonel Pride," a philippic of a couple of pages or so, as a piece of prose writing is unique, and as forcible in its way as any English satire since Swift. To these were added rollicking sketches, in the character of Sir Morgan Odoherty, who was the legitimate parent of the military and hard-drinking novel of Maxwell and Lever, and a frequent interlocutor in the famous "Noctes Ambrosianæ," to which Dr. Maginn contributed. He also wrote a series of translations from Homer in ballad form, and some criticisms on Shakespeare, which show a good deal of acuteness with a fatal fondness for paradox. His strength was in his humorous and satirical writing. He was of a very kindly and generous nature in spite of the severity of his satire, and his scholarship was very remarkable considering his habits of life, although it may be said that he did not become a drunkard until his later years,

and was of a temperament easily affected and strongly tempted by wine. All his writing was poured out with the greatest rapidity and without effort, and it is a wonder that it should show so much finish and sparkle. In person he was slight and vivacious, with prematurely gray hair, brilliant eyes, and a countenance of refined conviviality. His last days were spent in destitution, relieved, like those of so many of his contemporaries, by the munificence of Sir Robert Peel, whom he had most bitterly satirized. The first of his humorous Irish songs were written in order to show the unfaithfulness and stupidity of the ordinary "Irish" songs, and to ridicule what he called the finikin bacchanalianism of Moore, and were entitled the "Genuine Irish Melodies."

Charles Lever, who is one of the chief Irish novelists, was born in Dublin in 1809 and died in 1872, after a long and varied career in authorship, and some social and diplomatic prominence. His earlier novels, "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," "Tom Burke of Ours," and others, were written in a boyish vein of extraordinary adventure and broad farce, and with a very considerable freedom in introducing historical characters of the Napoleonic era, if not exactly accurate in portraiture, yet with remarkable spirit and vividness. They were always amusing, and, if not always correct in all their details, have been accepted as the novels of the British military service. In his later novels he affected diplomatic plots and the characters of accomplished Continental society, who were frequently represented with much cleverness, but with an air of exaggeration in the way of finesse and mystery as marked as the extravagant exploits of his earlier heroes. All his works give the impression of having been written in haste, and, in spite of the spirit of the first series and the cleverness of the second, they do not convey the idea that he did full justice to his real ability. Lever, however, was

capable of some very admirable writing, and the old huntsman's lament in "Tom Burke," and the scene in the Dutch summer-house in "Arthur O'Leary," are only examples of many distinct and powerful paintings. In his earlier novels he introduced a number of songs, which, although showing signs of haste and carelessness, have a real comic spirit.

Samuel Lover, who was born in Dublin in 1797 and died in 1868, enjoyed great popularity in his day as the author of humorous Irish stories and dramas, and comic and sentimental songs. His "Handy Andy" and "Rory O'More" have probably been more widely read than any other Irish novels, and some of his songs attained a universal popularity. His novels present the broadly humorous vein of Irish character with a close realism in dialect, copied, however, from extraordinary rather than normal specimens, and with some exaggerations of blunder, but with a power of amusement that still keeps them popular. His sentimental songs were in the vein of Moore in elaborate and sometimes happy fancy, and his humorous verses of considerable comic spirit, although not accepted by the Irish people as the thoroughly faithful or natural voice of the peasant muse, owing to an evident artificiality in metaphor and measure. They were above the quality of the pseudo-Irish songs, which they succeeded, but hardly the genuine thing.

BUMPERS, SQUIRE JONES.

“Bumpers, Squire Jones,” was written by Arthur Dawson, Chief Baron of the Exchequer. The legend is that he and Carolan were guests of Squire Jones at the hospitable mansion of Moneyglass, and on the breaking up of the company at night occupied adjacent rooms. The bard employed himself with his harp in composing the air, to which he adapted some very clumsy English words. Baron Dawson, having caught the air through the partition, wrote the song, and in the morning claimed both it and the music, to the discomfiture of Carolan. Whether this is true or not, the air is the composition of Carolan, and the song, if in any sense a paraphrase of his verses, a very free one.

YE good fellows all,
 Who love to be told where good claret's in store,
 Attend to the call
 Of one who's ne'er frightened,
 But greatly delighted
 With six bottles more.
 Be sure you don't pass
 The good house, Moneyglass,
 Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns,
 'T will well suit your humor,
 For pray what would you more,
 Than mirth with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones?

Ye lovers who pine
 For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
 Who whimper and whine
 For lilies and roses,
 With eyes, lips, and noses,
 Or tip of an ear!
 Come hither, I'll show ye
 How Phillis and Chloe

No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans ;
 For what mortal's so stupid
 As not to quit Cupid,
 When called to good claret and bumpers, Squire Jones ?

 Ye poets who write,
 And brag of your drinking famed Helicon's brook, —
 Though all you get by 't
 Is a dinner, oft-times,
 In reward for your rhymes,
 With Humphrey the Duke, —
 Learn Bacchus to follow
 And quit your Apollo,
 Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old crones :
 Our jingling of glasses
 Your rhyming surpasses,
 When crowned with good claret and bumpers, Squire Jones.

 Ye soldiers so stout,
 With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,
 Who make such a rout
 Of all your commanders,
 Who served us in Flanders,
 And eke at the Boyne, —
 Come, leave off your rattling
 Of sieging and battling,
 And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones ;
 Were you sent to Gibraltar,
 Your notes you'd soon alter,
 And wish for good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

 Ye clergy so wise,
 Who mysteries profound can demonstrate so clear,
 How worthy to rise !
 You preach once a week,

But your tithes never seek
 Above once in a year !
 Come here without failing,
 And leave off your railing
 'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones ;
 Says the text so divine,
 " What is life without wine ? "
 Then away with the claret, — a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,
 Be the cause what it will you so learnedly plead,
 How worthy of trust !
 You know black from white,
 You prefer wrong to right,
 As you chance to be feed ;
 Leave musty reports
 And forsake the kings' courts
 Where dulness and discord have set up their thrones ;
 Burn Salkeld and Ventris,*
 And all your damned entries
 And away with the claret, — a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,
 Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace
 Whene'er you prescribe,
 Have at your devotion
 Pills, bolus, or potion,
 Be what will the case ;
 Pray where is the need
 To purge, blister, and bleed ?
 When, ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns
 That the forms of old Galen
 Are not so prevailing
 As mirth with good claret — and bumpers, Squire Jones.

* Law commentators of the time.

Ye fox-hunters eke,
 That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
 Who your ladies forsake
 Before they 're awake
 To beat up the brake
 Where the vermin is found :
 Leave piper and Blueman,
 Shrill Duchess and Trueman, —
 No music is found in such dissonant tones !
 Would you ravish your ears
 With the songs of the spheres,
 Hark away to the claret, — a bumper, Squire Jones !



THE CRUISKEEN LAWN.

“The Cruiskeen Lawn” — the little jug — is probably the most popular of all the Irish drinking-songs, and is still to be heard at convivial meetings and in music halls.

LET the farmer praise his grounds,
 Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
 The farmer his sweet-scented lawn ;
 While I, more blest than they,
 Spend each happy night and day
 With my smiling little *cruiskeen lawn*.
Gra-ma-chree ma cruiskeen
Slainte geal ma vourneen,
Gra-ma-chree a coolin bawn bawn bawn,
*Gra-ma-chree a coolin bawn.**

* My heart's love is my little jug,
 Bright health to my darling,
 My heart's love, her fair locks.

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, god of wine,
Create me by adoption your son.
In hope that you'll comply,
That my glass shall ne'er run dry,
Nor my smiling little *cruiskeen lawn*,
Gra-ma-chree, etc.

And when grim Death appears,
After few but happy years,
And tells me my glass it is run,
I'll say, Begone, you slave !
For great Bacchus gives me leave
Just to fill another *cruiskeen lawn*.
Gra-ma-chree, etc.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips adry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn.
And since we can't remain
May we shortly meet again,
To fill another *cruiskeen lawn*.
Gra-ma-chree, etc.

GARRYOWEN.

The air of Garryowen is familiar as one of the most inspiring of marching tunes, and the old song itself has been preserved as an archaic favorite at the gatherings of Bohemians. It will be remembered that Thackeray frequently speaks of it, and makes it the favorite song of Philip Firmin.

LET Bacchus' sons be not dismayed
But join with me each jovial blade :
Come booze and sing and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus.

Instead of Spa we'll drink brown ale,
 And pay the reckoning on the nail ;
 No man for debt shall go to jail
 From Garryowen * *na gloria*.

We are the boys that take delight in
 Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting,
 Through the streets like sporters fighting,
 And tearing all before us.
 Instead of, etc.

We'll break windows, we'll break doors,
 The watch knock down by threes and fours ;
 Then let the doctors work their cures,
 And tinker up our bruises.
 Instead of, etc.

We'll beat the bailiffs, out of fun,
 We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run ;
 We are the boys no man dares dun,
 If he regards a whole skin.
 Instead of, etc.

Our hearts so stout have got us fame,
 For soon 't is known from whence we came ;
 Where'er we go, they dread the name
 Of Garryowen in glory.
 Instead of, etc.

Johnny Connell's tall and straight,
 And in his limbs he is complete ;
 He'll pitch a bar of any weight
 From Garryowen to Thomond gate.
 Instead of, etc.

* Garryowen *na gloria*, Garryowen in glory. Garryowen, or Owen's Garden, was a pleasure resort near Limerick.

Garryowen is gone to wrack
 Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,
 Though Darby O'Brien leaped over the dock,
 In spite of all the soldiers.
 Instead of, etc.



THE RAKES OF MALLOW.

“The Rakes of Mallow” was almost equally a favorite with Garryowen. Mallow, in the County Cork, was a favorite watering-place, where there were some medicinal springs.

BEAUNG, belleing, dancing, drinking,
 Breaking windows, damning, sinking,*
 Ever raking, never thinking,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
 Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
 Bacchus' true-begotten sons,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

One time naught but claret drinking,
 Then like politicians thinking
 To raise the sinking funds when sinking,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

When at home with dadda dying,
 Still for Mallow water crying ;
 But where there is good claret plying
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

* “Sinking,” damning to hell and sinking him farther.

Living short but merry lives,
 Going where the Devil drives,
 Having sweethearts but no wives,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
 Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
 Wishing to spend all their days in
 Raking as in Mallow.

Then to end this raking life
 They get sober, take a wife,
 Ever after live in strife,
 And wish again for Mallow.



ONE BOTTLE MORE.

Assist me, ye lads, who have hearts void of guile,
 To sing out the praises of ould Ireland's isle ;
 Where true hospitality opens the door,
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more.
 One bottle more, arrah, one bottle more ;
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Old England your taunts on our country forbear ;
 With our bulls and our brogues we are true and sincere ;
 For if but one bottle remains in our store,
 We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.
 One bottle more, etc.

At Candy's, in Church Street, I'll sing of a set
 Of six Irish blades who together had met ;

Four bottles apiece made us call for our score,
For nothing remained but just one bottle more.
One bottle more, etc.

Our bill being brought, we were loath to depart,
For friendship had grappled each man by the heart,
Where the least touch, you know, makes an Irishman roar,
And the whack from shillelah brought six bottles more.
Six bottles more, etc.

Swift Phœbus now shone through our window so bright,
Quite happy to view his glad children of light ;
So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.
Twelve bottles more, etc.



THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

The edifying song of "The Monks of the Screw" was written by John Philpot Curran, who was Prior of the order.

WHEN St. Patrick this order established,
He called us "The Monks of the Screw."
Good rules he revealed to our Abbot
To guide us in what we should do ;
But first he replenished our fountain
With liquor the best in the sky,
And pledged on the faith of his saintship
That the fountain should never run dry.

Each year, when your octaves approach,
In full chapter convened let me find you ;
And when to the Convent you come,
Leave your favorite temptation behind you.

And be not a glass in your Convent
 Unless on a festival found ;
 And this rule to enforce, I ordain it
 A festival all the year round.

My brethren, be chaste, till you 're tempted ;
 While sober, be grave and discreet ;
 And humble your bodies with fasting
 As oft as you get nothing to eat.
 Yet in honor of fasting one lean face
 Among you I 'd always require :
 If the Abbot* should please, he may wear it,
 If not, let it come to the Prior.

Come, let each take his chalice, my brethren,
 And with due devotion prepare,
 With hands and with voices uplifted,
 Our hymn, to conclude with a prayer.
 May this chapter oft joyously meet,
 And this gladsome libation renew,
 To the Saint and the Founder, and Abbot,
 And Prior, and Monks of the Screw.



BARRY OF MACROOM.

The hero whose drinking exploits are thus recorded is otherwise unknown to fame. Macroom is a small village in the county of Cork.

O, WHAT is Dan MacCarty, or what is old Jem Nash,
 Or all who e'er in punch-drinking by luck have cut a dash,
 Compared to that choice hero, whose praise my rhymes per-
 fume, —

I mean the boast of Erin's isle, bold Barry of Macroom ?

* William Doyle, Master in Chancery, was the Abbot, and had a broad, beaming countenance, while Curran's was thin.

'T was on a summer's morning bright that Barry shone most
 gay,
 He had of friends a chosen few, to dine with him that day;
 And to himself he coolly said (joy did his eyes illume),
 I'll show my guests there's few can match bold Barry of
 Macroom.

The dinner was despatched, and they brought six gallon jugs
 Of whiskey-punch; and after them eight huge big-bellied
 mugs;
 And soon all 'neath the table lay, swept clean as with a
 broom,
 Except the boast of Erin's isle, bold Barry of Macroom.

Now Barry rose, and proudly cried, "By Judy, I'll go down,
 And call into each whiskey shop that decorates our town;
 For lots of whiskey punch is here for master and for groom,
 If they'll come up and drink it with bold Barry of Macroom."

Thus Barry soon he brought with him a choice, hard-drinking
 set
 As ever at a punch table on Patrick's day had met;
 Yet soon upon the floor they lay,—a low, disgraceful doom,—
 While like a giant fresh and strong rose Barry of Macroom!

Then Barry went unto his wife, and to his turtle said,
 "My dear, I now have had enough, therefore I'll go to bed;
 But as I may be thirsty soon, just mix it in the room
 A gallon-jug of punch, quite weak, for Barry of Macroom."

THE NIGHTCAP.

The author of this clever imitation of the classical form was Thomas Hamblin Porter, a scholar of Trinity College in 1817.

JOLLY Phœbus his car to the coach-house had driven,
And unharnessed his high-mettled horses of light ;
He gave them a feed from the manger of heaven,
And rubbed them and littered them down for the night.

Then down to the kitchen he leisurely strode,
Where Thetis, the housemaid, was sipping her tea ;
He swore he was tired with that damned up-hill road,
He 'd have none of her slops and hot water, not he.

So she took from the corner a little cruiskeen
Well filled with the nectar Apollo loves best ;
From the near bog of Allen, some pretty potteen,
And he tippled his quantum and staggered to rest.

His many-caped box coat around him he threw,
For his bed, faith, 't was dampish and none of the best ;
All above him the clouds their bright fringed curtains drew,
And the tuft of his nightcap lay red in the west.



ST. PATRICK.

DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.

A FIG for St. Dennis of France,
He 's a trumpery fellow to brag on ;
A fig for St. George and his lance,
Which spitted a heathenish dragon ;

And the saints of the Welshman or Scot
Are a couple of pitiful pipers,
Both of whom may just travel to pot,
Compared to the patron of swipers,
St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear.

He came to the Emerald isle
On a lump of a paving-stone mounted ;
The steamboat he beat to a mile,
Which mighty good sailing was counted.
Says he, "The salt water I think
Has made me most bloodily thirsty,
So bring me a flagon of drink
To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye,
Of drink that is fit for a saint."

He preached then with wonderful force,
The ignorant natives a-teaching ;
With a pint he washed down his discourse,
"For," says he, "I detest your dry teaching."
The people, with wonderment struck
At a pastor so pious and civil,
Exclaimed, "We're for you, my old buck,
And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,
Who dwells in hot water below."

This ended, our worshipful spoon
Went to visit an elegant fellow,
Whose practice each cool afternoon
Was to get most delightfully mellow.
That day, with a black-jack of beer,
It chanced he was treating a party ;
Says the saint, "This good day do you hear,
I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty,
So give me a pull at the pot."

The pewter he lifted in sport,
 (Believe me, I tell you no fable,)
 A gallon he drank from the quart
 And planted it full on the table.
 "A miracle," every one said,
 And they all took a haul at the stingo.
 They were capital hands at the trade
 And drank till they fell ; yet, by jingo !
 The pot still frothed over the brim.

Next day, quoth his host, "'T is a fast,
 But I've naught in my larder but mutton,
 And on Fridays who'd make such a repast
 Except an unchristian-like glutton ?"
 Says Pat, "Cease your nonsense, I beg,
 What you tell me is nothing but gammon ;
 Take my compliments down to the leg,
 And bid it come hither a salmon !"
 And the leg most politely complied.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,
 How the snakes in a manner most antic
 He marched to the County Mayo,
 And tumbled them into the Atlantic.
 Hence not to use water for drink
 The people of Ireland determine ;
 With mighty good reason, I think,
 Since St. Patrick has filled it with vermin,
 And vipers, and other such stuff.

O, he was an elegant blade
 As you'd meet from Fair Head to Kilcrumper,
 And though under the sod he is laid,
 Yet here goes his health in a bumper !

I wish he was here, that my glass
 He might by art magic replenish ;
 But as he is not, why, alas !
 My ditty must come to a finish,
 Because all the liquor is out.



THE GATHERING OF THE MAHONYS.

DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.

JERRY Mahony, arrah, my jewel ! come, let us be off to the fair,
 For the Donovans all in their glory most certainly mean to be
 there ;

Says they, "The whole Mahony faction we'll banish 'em out
 clear and clean,"

But it never was yet in their breeches their bullaboo words
 to maintain.

There's Darby to head us, and Barney, as civil a man as yet
 spoke,

'Twould make your mouth water to see him, just giving a bit
 of a stroke.

There's Corney, the bandy-legged tailor, a boy of the true
 sort of stuff,

Who'd fight though the black blood was flowing like butter-
 milk out of his buff.

There's broken-nosed Bat from the mountain, — last week he
 burst out of jail, —

And Murty, the beautiful Tory, who'd scorn in a row to turn
 tail ;

Bloody Bill will be there like a darling, and Jerry, och, let
 him alone,
 For giving his black-thorn a flourish or lifting a lump of a
 stone.

And Tim, who served in the militia, has his bayonet stuck on
 a pole ;
 Foxy Dick has his scythe in good order, a neat sort of tool on
 the whole ;
 A cudgel I see is your weapon, and never I knew it to fail ;
 But I think that a man is more handy who fights, as I do,
 with a flail.

We muster a hundred shillelahs, all handled by elegant men,
 Who battered the Donovans often, and now will go do it again ;
 To-day we will teach them some manners, and show that, in
 spite of their talk,
 We still, like our fathers before us, are surely the cocks of the
 walk.

After cutting out work for the sexton by smashing a dozen
 or so,
 We'll quit in the utmost of splendor, and down to Peg Slat-
 tery's go ;
 In gallons we'll wash down the battle, and drink to the next
 merry day,
 When, mustering again in a body, we all shall go leathering
 away.

CORK IS THE EDEN FOR YOU, LOVE, AND ME.

DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.

THEY may rail at the city where I was first born,
 But it's there they've the whiskey and butter and pork,
 An' a nate little spot to walk in each morn, —
 The place is Daunt's Square, and the city is Cork !
 The square has two sides, why, one east and one west ;
 And convanient's the region for frolic and spree,
 Where salmon, drisheens, and beefsteaks are cooked best,
 Och, Fishamble ! the Aiden for you, love, and me !

If you want to behold the sublime and the beauteous,
 Put your toes in your brogues and see sweet Blarney Lane,
 Where the parents and childer is comely and duteous,
 And dry lodging both rider and beast entertain ;
 In the cellars below dines the slashin' young fellows
 What comes with the butter from distant Tralee ;
 While the landlady chalking the score on the bellows
 Sings Cork is an Aiden for you, love, and me.

Blackpool is another sweet place of that city,
 Where pigs, twigs, and wavers they all grow together,
 With its small little tanyards — och, more is the pity ! —
 To trip the poor beasts to convert them to leather !
 Farther up to the east is a place great and famous,
 It is called Mallow Lane : antiquaries agree
 That it holds the shebeen that once held King Shamus.*
 O, Cork is an Aiden for you, love, and me !

* King James II., who landed in Cork with the French expedition.

Then go back to Daunt's bridge, though you'll think it is quare
 That you can't see the bridge :—faix, you ne'er saw the like
 Of that bridge, nor of one-sided Buckingham Square,
 Nor the narrow Broad Lane that leads up to the Dyke,*
 Where turning his wheel sits that saint, "Holy Joe,"
 And numbrellas are made of the best quality,
 And young vargints sing, "*Colleen dhas croothern a mo*,"†
 And Cork is an Aiden for you, love, and me.

When you gets to the Dyke there's a beautiful prospect
 Of a long gravel walk between two rows of trees ;
 On one side, with a beautiful southern aspect,
 Is Blair's castle, that trembles above in the breeze ;
 Far off to the west lies the lakes of Killarney,
 Which some hills intervening prevents you to see ;
 But you smell the sweet wind from the wild groves of Blarney,
 Och, Cork is the Aiden, for you, love, and me !

Take the road to Glanmire, the road to Blackrock, or,
 The sweet Boreemanah to charm your eyes ;
 If you doubt what is wise, take a dram of Tom Walker,
 And if you're a walker, toss off Tommy Wise.‡
 I give you my word they are both lads of spirit ;
 But if a raw chaw with your gums don't agree,
 Beamish, Crawford, and Lane brew some porter of merit,
 Tho' potheen § is the nectar for you, love, and me.

O, long life to you, Cork, with your pepper-box steeple, ||
 Your girls, your whiskey, your curds and sweet whey,

* The Mardyke walk, a beautiful elm-tree walk in Cork.

† *Colleen dhas croothern a mo*, The pretty girl milking her cow, — a favorite Irish song.

‡ Walker and Wise were rival whiskey-distillers in Cork at that time.

§ Potheen, the illicit whiskey of Ireland.

|| The steeple of Shandon church, built of alternate red and white stone sides.

Your hill of Glanmire, and shops where the people
 Gets decent new clothes down beyant the coal quay !
 Long life to sweet Fair Lane, its pipers and jigs,
 And to sweet Sunday's Wells and the banks of the Lee !
 Likewise to your court-house, where judges in wigs
 Sing Cork is an Aiden for you, love, and me !



THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The following is vouched for by T. Crofton Croker as the original and correct version of "The Groves of Blarney," as written by Milliken.

THE groves of Blarney, they are so charming,
 All by the purling of sweet silent streams ;
 Being banked by posies that spontaneous grow there,
 Planted in order by the sweet rock close.
 'T is there 's the daisy and the sweet carnation,
 The blooming pink and the rose so fair ;
 The daffydowndilly besides the lily, —
 Flowers that scent the sweet, fragrant air.
 Oh, Ullagoane.

'T is Lady Jeffreys that owns this station,
 Like Alexander or Queen Helen fair ;
 There 's no commander throughout the nation
 For emulation can with her compare.
 She has castles round her that no nine-pounder
 Could dare to plunder her place of strength ;
 But Oliver Cromwell he did her pummel,
 And made a breach in her battlement.
 Oh, Ullagoane.

There's gravel walks there for speculation,
 And conversation in sweet solitude ;
 'T is there the lover may hear the dove, or
 The gentle plover, in the afternoon,
 And if a young lady should be so engaging
 As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
 'T is there her courtier he may transport her
 In some dark fort or under ground.
 Oh, Ullagoane.

For 't is there's the cave where no daylight enters,
 But bats and badgers are forever bred ;
 Being mossed by nature, that makes it sweeter
 Than a coach and six, or a feather bed.
 'T is there's the lake that is stored with perches,
 And comely eels in the verdant mud ;
 Besides the leeches, and groves of beeches,
 All standing in order for to guard the flood.
 Oh, Ullagoane.

'T is there's the kitchen hangs many a flitch in,
 With the maids a stitching upon the stair ;
 The head and biske, the beer and whiskey,
 Would make you frisky if you were there.
 'T is there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter,
 A washing praties forenent the door,
 With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,
 All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.
 Oh, Ullagoane.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,
 All heathen goddesses so fair, —
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
 All standing naked in the open air.

So now to finish this brave narration,
Which my poor geni could not entwine,
But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,
In every feature I'd make it shine.
Oh, Ullagoane.



THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

There is a quaint grace about this little song which has always made it a favorite. Croker thinks it may have been written by Moore, who took part in the amateur theatricals at Kilkenny, which were attended and shared in by some of the most brilliant society in Ireland of the time, and where Miss O'Neill, the famous actress, was won by her husband, Sir Thomas Wrixon Becher.

O, THE boys of Kilkenny are nate roving blades,
And whenever they meet with the nice little maids,
They kiss them and coax them, and spend their money free!
O, of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me!

Through the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a fair dame;
Her cheeks are like roses, and her lips much the same,
Or a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,
And 't is they through my poor heart have burned a big hole;
Her mind, like its river, is deep, clear, and pure,
And her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

O, Kilkenny's a fine town, that shines where it stands,
And the more I think on it the more my heart warms!
If I was in Kilkenny I'd feel quite at home,
For it's there I'd get sweethearts, but here I get none.

PURTY MOLLY BRALLAGHAN.

This very spirited comic song was written by a "lady of quality," who was, however, unwilling that her name should be attached to this vagary of her muse.

AH, then, ma'am dear, did you never hear of purty Molly
Brallaghan?

Troth, dear, I've lost her and I'll never be a man again,
Not a spot on my hide will another summer tan again,
Since Molly she has left me all alone for to die.

The place where my heart was you might aisy rowl a turnip in,
It's the size of all Dublin and from Dublin to the Devil's glen;
If she chose to take another, sure she might have sent mine
back agin,

And not to leave me here all alone for to die.

Ma'am dear, I remember when the milking time was past and
gone,

We went into the meadows, where she swore I was the only
man

That ever she could love; yet, O the base and cruel one,
After all that to leave me here alone for to die!

Ma'am dear, I remember as we came home the rain began,
I rowled her in my frieze coat, though the devil a waistcoat
I had on,

And my shirt was rather fine drawn, yet, O the base and cruel
one,

After all that to leave me here all alone for to die!

I went and towld my tale to Father McDonnell, ma'am,
And then I wint and axed advice of Counsellor O'Connell,
ma'am.

He towld me promise-breaches had been ever since the world
began.

Now I have but the one pair, ma'am, and they are corduroy.
Arrah, what could he mean, ma'am? or what would you
advise me to?

Must my corduroys to Molly go? In troth I'm bothered what
to do:

I can't afford to lose both my heart and my breeches too.

Yet what need I care, when I've only to die?

O, the left side of my carcass is as wake as water-gruel,
ma'am!

The devil a bit upon my bones since Molly's proved so cruel,
ma'am.

I wish I had a carabine, I'd go and fight a duel, ma'am:

Sure it's better far to kill myself than stay here to die.

I'm hot and detarmined as a live salamander, ma'am.

Won't you come to my wake, when I go my long meander,*
ma'am?

O, I'll feel myself as valiant as the famous Alexander,
ma'am,

When I hear yez cryin' round me, Arrah, why did ye die?



RORY O'MORE.

SAMUEL LOVER.

"Rory O'More" and "The Low-backed Car" were two of the most popular of Lover's Irish songs, and once enjoyed a vogue equal to any of the airs that are the common property of the people until they are utterly worn out.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as the hawk, she soft as the dawn;

* The long meander is very descriptive of an Irish funeral procession in the country.

He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
 "Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye ;
 "With your tricks I don't know in troth what I'm about,
 Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out !"
 "Och, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
 You've thrated my heart this many a day,
 And 't is plased that I am, and why not, to be sure ?
 For it's all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
 For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike,
 For the ground that I walk on, *he* loves, I'll be bound."
 "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
 "Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go ;
 Sure I dhrame every night that I'm hating you so."
 "Och," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear ;
 For dhrames always go by contraries, my dear.
 So, jewel, keep dhramin' that same till you die,
 And bright mornin' will give dirty night the black lie ;
 And 't is plased that I am, and why not, to be sure ?
 Since 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tased me enough,
 Sure I've thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,
 And I've made myself drinking your health quite a baste,
 So I think after that I may talk to the priest."
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck ;
 And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
 And he kissed her sweet lips. Don't you think he was right ?
 "Now, Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more,
 That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure ;
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

SAMUEL LOVER.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
 'T was on a market day,
 A low-backed car she drove, and sat
 Upon a truss of hay.
 And when that hay was blooming grass,
 And decked with flowers of spring,
 No flower was there that could compare
 With the blooming girl I sing.
 As she sat in the low-backed car,
 The man at the turnpike bar
 Never asked for the toll,
 But just rubbed his ould poll
 And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
 The proud and mighty Mars
 With hostile scythes demands his tithes
 Of death — in warlike cars ;
 While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
 Has darts in her right eye,
 That knock men down in the market town,
 As right and left they fly, —
 While she sits in her low-backed car,
 Than battle more dangerous far,
 For the doctor's art
 Cannot cure the heart
 That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
 Has strings of ducks and geese,

But the scores of hearts she slaughters
 By far outnumber these,
 While she among her poultry sits,
 Just like a turtle dove,
 Well worth the cage, I do engage,
 Of the blooming god of love !
 While she sits in the low-backed car
 The lovers come near and far,
 And envy the chicken
 That Peggy is pickin'
 As she sits in the low-backed car.

O, I'd rather own that car, sir,
 With Peggy by my side,
 Than a coach and four, and gold *galore*,*
 And a lady for my bride.
 For the lady would sit fornenst me
 On a cushion made with taste,
 And Peggy would sit beside me
 With my arm around her waist, —
 While we drove in the low-backed car
 To be married by Father Maher.
 O, my heart would beat high
 At her glance and her sigh,
 Though it beat in a low-backed car !

* *Galore*, plenty.

DARBY, THE BLAST.

CHARLES LEVER.

O, MY name it is Darby, the Blast!
 My country is Ireland all over;
 My religion is never to fast,
 But live, as I wander, in clover;
 To make fun for myself every day,
 The ladies to plase when I'm able,
 The boys to amuse as I play,
 And make the jug dance on the table.
 O, success to the chanter, my dear!

Your eyes on each side you may cast,
 But there is n't a house that is near you
 But they're glad to have Darby, the Blast,
 And they'll tell ye that 't is he that can cheer you.
 O, 't is he can put life in a feast!
 What music lies under his knuckle,
 As he plays "Will I send for the Priest?"
 Or a jig they call "Cover the Buckle!"
 O, good luck to the chanter, your sowl!

But give me an audience in rags,
 They're ilegant people for listening;
 'T is they that can humor the bags
 As I rise a fine tune at a christening.
 There's many a wedding I make
 Where they never get further nor sighing,
 And when I performed at a wake,
 The corpse looked delighted at dying.
 O, success to the chanter, your sowl!

LARRY McHALE.

CHARLES LEVER.

O, LARRY McHALE he had little to fear,
 And never could want, when the crops did n't fail;
 He'd a house and demesne, and eight hundred a year,
 And a heart for to spend it, had Larry McHale.

The soul of a party, the life of a feast,
 And an ilegant song he could sing I'll be bail;
 He would ride with the rector and drink with the priest,
 O, the broth of a boy was old Larry McHale!

It's little he cared for the judge or recorder,
 His house was as big and as strong as a jail;
 With a cruel four-pounder* he kept all in great order:
 He'd murder the country, would Larry McHale.

He'd a blunderbuss too, of horse-pistols a pair;
 But his favorite weapon was always a flail;
 I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,
 For he handled it nately did Larry McHale.

His ancestors were kings before Moses was born,
 His mother descended from the great Granna Uaile;
 He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenches to scorn,
 They were mushrooms compared to old Larry McHale.

* "The cruel four-pounder" is not altogether an exaggeration for a Con-naught gentleman "on his keeping." It is related in the memoirs of the celebrated "Fighting Fitzgerald," that he had on his estate in the County Mayo a regular fort, defended by cannon from a wrecked Danish ship, and only a detachment of regular troops from the Castle in Dublin compelled him to abandon it.

He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,
With cousins and uncles enough for a tail ;
And, though loaded with debt, O, the devil a thinner
Could law or the sheriff make Larry McHale !

With a larder supplied and a cellar well stored,
None lived half so well from Fair Head to Kinsale,
And he piously said, "I've a plentiful board,
And the Lord he is good to old Larry McHale."

So fill up your glass and a high bumper give him,
It's little we'd care for tithes or repale ;
Ould Erin would be a fine country to live in,
If we only had plenty like Larry McHale.



KITTY OF COLERAINE.

"Kitty of Coleraine," by an unknown author, was one of the most popular songs of its time, and has perhaps even now not altogether passed from tradition.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk for the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.
"O, what shall I do now ! 't was looking at you now,
I'm sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er see again.
'T was the pride of my dairy ; O Barney McCleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
That such a misfortune should give her such pain ;

A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her
 She vowed for such pleasure she 'd break it again.
 'T was haymaking season, I can't tell the reason,
 Misfortunes will never come single, 't is plain,
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.



POH, DERMOT! GO ALONG WITH YOUR GOSTER.

THOMAS MOORE.

This only attempt by Moore to deal with the national dialect has been left out of his later and more fastidious collection of poetry.

POH, Dermot! go along with your goster.
 You might as well pray at a jig,
 Or teach an old cow Pater Noster,
 Or whistle Moll Roe to a pig.
 Arrah, child! do you think I'm a blockhead,
 And not the right son of my mother,
 To put nothing at all in one pocket,
 And not half so much in the other?
 Poh, Dermot, etc.

Anything else I can do for you,
Kead mille failthe,* and welcome,
 Put up an ave or two for you,
 Feared that you 'd ever to hell come.
 If you confess you 're a rogue,
 I will turn a deaf ear, and not care for 't,

* *Kead mille failthe*, A hundred thousand welcomes.

Bid you put peas in your brogue,
But just tip you a hint to go barefoot.
Poh, Dermot, etc.

If you 've the whiskey in play,
To oblige you I'll come take a smack of it;
Stay with you all night and day,
Ay, and twenty-four hours to the back of it.
O, whiskey's a Papist, God save it!
The beads are upon it completely;
But I think before ever we'd leave it,
We'd make it a heretic neatly.
Poh, Dermot, etc.

If you are afeared of a Banshee,
For Leprechauns are not so civil, dear,
Let Father Luke show his paunch, he
Will frighten them all to the Devil, dear.
It's I that can hunt them like ferrets,
And lay them without any fear, 'gra;
But for whiskey and that sort of spirits
Why then — I would rather lay them here, gra!*

Poh, Dermot, etc.

* Laying his hand on his stomach.

VIC MACHREE.

T. HUGHES.

The following song, addressed to Queen Victoria on her accession, and embodying the arguments for repeal, was written by T. Hughes, one of the many brilliant journalists that Ireland has contributed to the English press. He was a member of the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, and for some years its Spanish correspondent. He died in 1849. The song was a great favorite in the Cider Cellars at the Bohemian gatherings of the members of the press.

O, THE devil a wink I slept last night
 For thinking of the Queen !
 Sure a purtier by this blessed light
 Was never seen.
 'T was Father Kearney from Killarney
 Her picthur showed to me, —
 My blessin's on your purty face,
 Vic Machree.

Her faytures all is like a doll,
 So genteel and so nate,
 If there's deception in her at all,
 Faith, she's a chate.
 She has such schoolin' in her rulin',
 She holds bright larnin's key,
 My blessin's on your purty face
 Vic Machree.

There's Melbourne, Peel, and Wellington
 Is doin' all they can ;
 But troth there's not a mother's son
 She loves like Dán,

That glory of the Emerald Gim :

O, if 't was only free,

How it would grace your diadem,

Vic Machree !

Don't mind the thievin' Parliament,

Whatever they say,

But the Liberator's speeches

Read at your tay.

'T is they will introduce to you

Our case without a fee, —

O, read them at your coffee too,

Vic Machree.

'T is there our wrongs are tould in style,

And how we're fixed

Since first they seized on our own Green Isle

With Tory thricks.

An' how they won't concayde our rights,

Tho' Wellington an' we

Like hayroes fought to guard your throne,

Vic Machree.

Now would you like the king of France

To ax you for to wear

A dingy blanket, while you dance,

An' you so fair ?

Or would you like the king of Spain,

Who is, I hear, a she,

Should make you pay her tailor's bills

Vic Machree ?

In troth you'd kick up, if they did,

A rumpus an' a row,

An' your army an' your navy, faith,

Would make them bow.

Now we must pay the sows to save
 Of every Rapparee.
 O, to Ould Nick the rint charge send,
 Vic Machree !

There's two bad Houses near your nose,
 In ould Westminster ;
 O, can't you then be done with those,
 My royal spinster ?
 We'd scorn to ax them, — so should you ;
 Then grant us for to see
 Our Parliament at home again,
 Vic Machree.



SONG OF SPRING.

BY METRODORUS O'MAHONY.

The following clever imitation of the style of the hedge schoolmaster and poet in love is by Thomas Irwin.

OULD ancient Hyems departing
 Permits rosy Spring to draw near ;
 Now Favonius wafts through the azure
 The clouds beyand sunny Cape Clear ;
 And Love over boreen and cottage
 Has spread his bright pinions, by dad,
 So that colleens and puers are courting
 From Galway to Ballinafad.

Come, Chloe, beloved of my heart-strings,
 And seat yourself close to my left ;
 Spes vivat in mœstum, — no matter
 Of what other joys we're bereft ;

For what though the pig is n't purchased,
And potato seed's riz, as I hear,
Is that any reason in logic
Why we should n't marry, my dear?

Naboclish! when beautiful Flora
Produces her blossoms anew,
And the wide awake goddess Aurora
Palavers the mountains with dew, —
When the heathen mythology, Chloe,
Drops down from the regions above, —
Half an eye must be blind in concluding
If't is n't the season for Love.

Just look at the fowls and the ganders,
Just look at the birds on the spray;
Why, Mars could n't utter his feelings
In a manner much stronger than they!
All nature adjacent is courting,
And whispering, and winking, you rogue,
From the midge in the atmosphere sporting
To the ditch that contains the kerogue.

In the paddock the ould ass is sighing,
Poor sowl! and the sheep who reside
In the presence of great Lugnaquilla*
Are thinking of nothing beside;
Amor vincit all things in creation,
As the least classic knowledge may see;
So come, dear, and learn education,
Chloe, bawn asthore, cushla ma chree.

* A mountain in the county of Wicklow.

A LAMENT FOR DONNYBROOK.

A LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL OF THE LIBERTY.

THOMAS IRWIN.

JIMMY, aghar, hand me my pipe,
 In troth I'm as wearied as man can be ;
 My eye is as dim as the winter sea,
 And my nose as sharp as the bill of a snipe ;
 For here for a week, a week and more,
 I have been laboring body and sowl,
 Just sustained by whiskey and sassages
 While I touched the finishing passages
 Of my Donnybrook rigmarole.

Saints be about us ! what are they driving at ?
 All sorts of people are taking their share —
 All have their heads together conniving at —
 At the destruction of Donnybrook Fair.
 Once in the good ould times of the city,
 M. P.'s, farmers, the rich and the rare,
 Gentlemen, nobles, the wise and the witty,
 Went for a trifle of element there.
 Then was the rail indulgement in jollity, —
 Devil a one of them cared who was who !
 All took their glass of the old mountain dew,
 And their hop in the tent on the ground of equality.
 But now it is over, — this is the last of them, —
 This is the last ould fair that we'll see ;
 Now we must live as we can on the past of them, —
 Such is the Corporation's decree.

Ah, never again in this isle shall be seen
The rail boys up to the sweet oaken science !
Trailing their coats in courageous defiance,
And shouting the pillelu over the green.
Never again shall we see the shillelagh
Joyously splintering forehead and limb,
Or hear Molly Finucane crying, " Oh, mela
Murder ! what have you done wid my Jim ? "
Never again 'mid the turmoil or rattle
Shall we assemble to shoulder the door,
Bearing dear friends, through the thick of the battle,
Faithfully home to their widows, ashore :
Leaving the pleasant old ground, when the short night
Of August was melting in matinal dew,
With a rib or two dinged or an eye black and blue,
Or a wound that would lay us up snug for a fortnight ;
While a rattle of sticks in the distance behind
Made old Donnybrook look like a wood in a wind.
Now all is over, — this is the last of them, —
This is the last ould fair that we'll see ;
Now we must live as we can on the past of them, —
Such is the Corporation's decree.

THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE, who holds the same position as the representative poet of his country that Burns does to Scotland and Béranger to France, was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779, and died at Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, England, February 25, 1852. The incidents of his life may be briefly stated. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where his youthful talents in verse were early manifested. At the age of twenty he published his first volume, a translation of the Odes of Anacreon, and in the next year a volume of youthful and amatory poetry under the pseudonym of "Thomas Little." In 1803 he was appointed, through the influence of Lord Moira, Registrar of the Admiralty at Bermuda, where he remained but a short time, resigning the administration of his office to a deputy, by whose misconduct he was afterward involved in serious pecuniary difficulties, which were honorably met. Returning by way of the United States, whose then inchoate condition of society offended his tastes and caused some sharp satires, he devoted himself to literature by profession, and during a long and industrious career produced some of the most popular works in verse and prose of an era notable in great writers, and was one of the best known of the group of men of literary genius which has no rival in English history except that of the Elizabethan era. He was equally prominent in society as in literature, a favorite in the most accomplished coteries, and respected for his

honorable life, his manly spirit, patriotism, and devoted family affection, as well as admired for his genius. His life is a part of the literary history of the time, as well as of the political emancipation of his country, to which he contributed by the illumination of his genius, and his character as well as his fame is worthy of the place which he holds in the affections of the Irish people.

In regard to that portion of his poetry which is strictly national, it may be said that it was the first real representation of his country in English literature. Up to his time almost all notable Irishmen of genius who used the English language wrote as though they considered their birthplace a disqualification rather than otherwise, and devoted themselves to English subjects almost exclusively. Swift, Burke, Sterne, and Goldsmith were of the English colony in Ireland rather than Irishmen, and, although their education and lineage showed some of its characteristics in the product of their genius, and all except Sterne exhibited some of the instincts of patriotism to their native land, there was no flavor of nationality in their writings, and they were wholly English in the literary sense.

With Moore the time was propitious for the assertion of nationality. The spirit of the native population had risen after the long period of oppression, as the intensity of proscription had worn itself out in a degree, and the descendants of the English colonists, with the cessation of strife with the Celtic inhabitants, had begun to feel the influence of nativity, and to identify themselves as Irishmen. In his youth the national spirit asserted itself in the organization of the Volunteers, and the struggles for national independence headed by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, and other Protestants and descendants of the English colonists. Robert Emmet was his friend at college, and he was once himself summoned before a board of inquisition headed by Lord

Chancellor Clare, when he was a student. The independent position of Ireland was asserted by Grattan and Curran, with fervid eloquence, and the era of the brilliant defence of the liberties of the country against the Union was one of the most remarkable for eloquence ever known in the history of Great Britain. The society in Dublin was that of a national centre rather than of a province, and felt and expressed a strong pride in its nationality. The attention of the rest of Great Britain was drawn to it, and there was a respect and interest in its condition never manifested before, partly the result of the brilliancy of its intellectual efflorescence, and partly of a feeling of commiseration for its long misfortune, and a sincere, if tardy and temporary shame, at the system of oppression identified with English rule.

In 1813, when Moore, known up to that time rather as a brilliant and witty society versifier than as a serious poet, published the first number of the "Irish Melodies," they were received with extraordinary enthusiasm, which was a tribute to the vindication of nationality which they contained, as well as to their power as poetry, the graceful lyric melody of their versification, and the brilliancy of their fancy. They were joined to the beautiful national airs of Ireland, which, although their strength and purity were not entirely preserved in the settings of Sir John Stevenson, had never been introduced to the world before in attractive shape, and had a power in their exquisite sweetness, pathos, and originality to take captive its ear. The songs expressed as had never before been done in the English language an Irish and national feeling and patriotism, celebrated the beauties of Irish scenery, and paid tribute in a distinct manner, although names were not mentioned, to patriots like Emmet, who had suffered for treason according to the English law. Its history was illuminated and its beautiful legends presented in the most attractive form. The "Melodies" were a revelation

to English readers of the wealth of beauty and interest in a country they had so long despised, and a glorious awakening of self-respect and national pride to a people long oppressed, and compelled to cherish their national feelings in secret, and celebrate their glories in an unknown tongue. The magnitude and effect of that work are not fully realized in the merely literary estimate of the "Melodies" in modern times, but it would have itself entitled Moore to the place of the representative poet of Ireland, even if it had not been maintained by the force of his yet unrivalled fame.



O, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR. — *The Brown Maid.*

O, BREATHE not his name ! let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid ;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head !

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.*

* This song relates to the unfortunate Robert Emmet.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

AIR. — *The Fox's Sleep.*

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 O, say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resigned?
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 My tears shall efface their decree;
 For heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love, —
 Every thought of my reason was thine;
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
 O, blest are the lovers and friends, who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see!
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.



THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

AIR. — *Grammachree.*

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul had fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells ;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.



THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

AIR. — *The Old Head of Denis.*

THERE'S not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.*
O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart !

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green, —
'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or hill, —
O, no, it was something more exquisite still !

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

* The streams Avon and Avoca, in the County Wicklow.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace !



SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR — *Open the Door.*

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 And lovers around her are sighing ;
 But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he loved awaking.
 Ah, little they think, who delight in her strains,
 How the heart of the minstrel is breaking !

He had lived for his love, for his country he died, —
 They were all that to life had entwined him ;
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

O, make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
 When they promise a glorious morrow ;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
 From her own loved island of sorrow !*

* This relates to Sarah Curran, daughter of John Philpot Curran, and the betrothed of Robert Emmet, who died of a broken heart, in Italy.

'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR. — *The Groves of Blarney.*

'T IS the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem ;
Since thy loved ones are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away ;
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown,
O, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

THE MINSTREL BOY.

AIR. — *The Moreen.*

THE minstrel boy to the war has gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 "Land of 'song," cried the warrior bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under!
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder,
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were meant for the brave and free,
 And never shall sound in slavery."



DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

AIR. — *New Langoole.*

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy loveliest thrill ;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country ! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine !
Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover
Have throbbed at our lay, 't is thy glory alone ;
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thine own.

CHARLES WOLFE.

THE contribution of Charles Wolfe to literature was very small in bulk, but it contains an ode which is a household poem in the English language, and is one of those which, by their peculiar felicity of rhythm, and vigor and clearness of expression, and in fact by an almost indefinable living quality, have taken possession of the popular ear. The ode on the burial of Sir John Moore has become, like Cowper's poem "On the Loss of the Royal George," Campbell's "Hohenlinden," Sir Samuel Ferguson's "The Forging of the Anchor," and perhaps three or four others, a part of the familiar poetical possession of the people by its happy combination of taking rhythm with simple strength of sentiment and vividness of expression, and is an assurance of immortality much more secure than a poetical product greater in bulk and high average excellence. The incident of Lord Byron's selecting it as the most perfect ode of the day, in a discussion with Shelley on the merits of contemporaneous poets, in preference to Coleridge's "Ode to France" and Campbell's "Hohenlinden," and his sound criticism on its vigor and freedom from over-polish, are well known, and its prompt recognition from the columns of an Irish newspaper, in which it was first published anonymously, was creditable to the critical taste of the time, although a friend of the author's relates that it was rejected by the reading coterie of a distinguished literary periodical as "stuff." The

general impression is, that the ode on the burial of Sir John Moore was a happy inspiration, which the author never approached before nor afterward, and the fact that his name was Charles Wolfe, and that he was a clergyman of the Established Church in Ireland, is about all that is known concerning him. It was not, however, the first and solitary poem of the author, nor so extraordinarily the best as to have the others left out of account ; and although his verses were very few, they have a sweetness and a polish that show worthy labor in the art, and made them fit precursors of the noble ode. An earnest zeal in religious avocations, surroundings uncongenial to literary pursuits, and an early death, prevented Wolfe from giving his genius full play, and confined his productions to the occasional stimulus of strong inspiration, rather than to the deliberate cultivation of his literary faculties ; but his verses were thoroughly labored, and not mere fortunate accidents of improvisation.

Charles Wolfe was born in Dublin, December 16, 1771. He was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe of the County Kildare, a descendant of the family of the famous General Wolfe, and he was a relative of Arthur Wolfe, Lord Kilwarden, the judge murdered in the street during Emmet's insurrection, and Theobald Wolfe Tone, the brightest and most engaging of the Irish patriots of the time. He was educated in the English schools at Bath and Winchester, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1809. There he was distinguished for his ability and scholarship, and he composed a Latin poem on "Jugurtha" in his eighteenth year, which displays traits of the dramatic power and finish which marked his later ode. He was highly sensitive to heroic exploits, and to all the influences of poetry and music. In 1817 he was ordained to the curacy of Donoughmore, in the diocese of Armagh, where, in a wild and desolate parish, among a poor and rude people, he devoted himself to active charity

and the cure of souls, with a zeal which left little leisure for literary pursuits, and which was fatal to his health. He lived in a damp and uncomfortable house little better than a cabin, with an ex-soldier and a large family for housekeepers, without seclusion, and with few of the conveniences or comforts of life. Under these circumstances, however, his literary instincts were not entirely destroyed, and he composed sermons for delivery to his uneducated congregation from which extracts were afterwards used by Archbishop Whately, in his treatise on elocution, as specimens of the finest pulpit oratory. It was here, deeply moved by the account of the death and burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna, he wrote the ode which is almost an exact transcript of the incidents of the official account.

His health gave way from the conditions of his life. Consumption set in, and he was obliged to abandon his pulpit. He died at the Cove of Cork, whose climate he had sought for relief, in 1823, and lies buried in the churchyard of Clonmell parish, County Cork, not the town of Clonmell in the County Tipperary, as is commonly supposed. The churchyard is a desolate and abandoned one, and his grave is entirely neglected. Just before his death he began to pray for his friends; but, his voice failing, he whispered, "God bless them all!" and then said to his sister, "Close this eye, the other is closed already, — and now, farewell." His piety was fervid and poetic, and his devotion to his people was sometimes eccentric in its simplicity and single-mindedness, but he was thoroughly lovable, pure and sensitive, and attracted the deepest affection of his friends. In personal appearance he was somewhat above the middle height, but slight, with fair complexion, dark blue eyes, and curly auburn hair. After his death his literary remains, including specimens of his sermons and fragments of pure tales and rhapsodies, were published with a memoir by one of his college friends, Archdeacon Russell.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning, —
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.



O, SAY NOT THAT MY HEART IS COLD.

O, SAY not that my heart is cold
 To aught that once could warm it, —
 That Nature's form, so dear of old,
 No more has power to charm it;
 Or that the ungenerous world can chill
 One glow of fond emotion
 For those who made it dearer still,
 And shared my wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view,
 In rapt and dreamy sadness, —
 Oft look on those who loved them too
 With Fancy's idle gladness.
 Again I longed to view the light
 In Nature's features glowing,
 Again to tread the mountain's height,
 And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern duty rose, and frowning flung
 His leaden chain around me;

With iron look and sullen tongue
He muttered as he bound me :
“The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
Unfit for toil the creature ;
These for the free alone are given ;
And what have slaves with Nature ?”

IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDST HAVE DIED.

This song is adapted to the pathetic Irish air of *Grammachree*, and in his account of its composition Wolfe said that on one occasion “I sung the air over and over until I burst into a flood of salt tears, in which mood I composed the song” ; but it is also known that he was engaged to Mary Grierson, a beautiful girl of Dublin, who died young, to whose name the exquisite elegy would apply.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be ;
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e’er be o’er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think ’t will smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain ;
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne’er left’st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been.
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I perhaps may soothe this heart,
In thinking, too, of thee.
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN.

JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN, who was the first to translate ancient Irish poetry with real spirit and faithfulness to the idiom, and whose original poems entitle him to be mentioned among the poets of Ireland, was born in Cork, in 1795, of humble parentage, his father being servant to a physician. He was sent to Maynooth College to be educated for the priesthood, but abandoned it after two years' stay, and betook himself to Dublin with the idea of a career in literature. He became a tutor for the purpose of maintaining himself while he studied in Trinity College, where he obtained credit for two prize poems. Being reduced to poverty through shiftlessness, he enlisted as a private in the Royal Irish regiment, from which he was discharged, in the Isle of Wight, after a brief term of service, by the intervention of his friends. He obtained a tutorship in a family living in the western part of the County Cork, and while there wrote his local poems, inspired by the beautiful scenery of Lake Killarney, the Muskerry mountains, and the sources of the Lee. With a number of these he returned to Cork, with the idea of publishing them by subscription, but abandoned his purpose, ostensibly because it was not a dignified method, and probably also from want of energy and perseverance. He became an assistant in the school of Dr. Maginn, who introduced him to Blackwood's Magazine, in which some of his poems and translations from the Irish

appeared. He again returned to the scenery which exercised so strong a fascination over him, where he lived as long as possible without occupation, in dreaming a great deal and writing a little, and the remainder of his existence was spent in alternate teaching in schools and private families, in sojourning with friends in the unwholesome position of a patronized genius, writing poetry, and making feeble attempts to publish a volume. He finally, as his health failed, accepted a tutorship in a private family living in Portugal, and died of consumption in Lisbon, in 1829, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

After his death a volume of his poems was published in Cork, with a brief memoir. He had acquired, in a desultory fashion, a varied education, including not only the classics, but French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese literature, and he had the taste to appreciate and search for the relics of Irish literature, some of which he was the means of securing and preserving. His translations from the Irish are, in one or two instances, among the best and most spirited we have. His life was blameless, except for an indolence and fatal lack of energy, which made it melancholy to himself and disappointing to his friends. His longest poem, "The Recluse of Inchidony," is in the Spenserian stanza, and has some traces of beauty, but is too diffuse in language and weak in purpose for any sustained interest. He deeply felt the beauties of the magnificent scenery of the western part of the county of Cork, which was his favorite locality, and the best of his original poems are those which relate to it. His translations are, however, his most valuable contributions to Irish literature.

GOUGANE BARRA.

Gougane Barra is a small lake in the mountains that divide the counties of Cork and Kerry, and is the source of the river Lee. In its centre there is an island of a few acres, containing some luxuriant ash-trees and the ruins of an ancient castle or church. The lake is remote and difficult of access, and surrounded on all sides but one by precipitous mountains. It is credited with having been the hermitage of St. Finbar, who afterward founded the cathedral church of Cork, about the end of the sixth century, and to have been the refuge of one of the last of the ancient bards.

THERE is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Whence Allu of songs rushes forth like an arrow ;
In deep-valleyed Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash ; and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills, — O, to see them all brightening,
When the tempest flings out his red banner of lightning,
And the waters come down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle ;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Malloc the eagles are screaming ! —
O, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as that lone little island ?

How oft, when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the blue headland of sullen Ivara,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,

And thought on the bards, who, oft gathering together,
 In the cleft of thy rocks and the depth of thy heather,
 Dwelt far from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
 As they raised their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre ! O, how proud was the feeling,
 To dream while alone through that solitude stealing,
 Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
 I alone waked the strain of her harp from its slumber,
 And gleaned the gray legend that long had been sleeping,
 Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,
 From the love which I felt for my country's sad story,
 When to love her was shame, revile her was glory.

Last bard of the free ! were it mine to inherit
 The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
 With the wrongs which like thee to my own land have
 bound me,
 Did your mantle of song throw its radiance around me,
 Yet, yet on those bold cliffs might Liberty rally,
 And abroad send her cry o'er the sleep of each valley.
 But rouse thee, vain dreamer ! no fond fancy cherish,
 Thy vision of Freedom in bloodshed must perish.

I soon shall be gone, though my name may be spoken
 When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken.
 Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,
 When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
 To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
 Where calm Avonbuee seeks the kisses of ocean,
 And a wild wreath to plant from the banks of that river
 O'er the heart and the harp that are silent forever.

THE NIGHT WAS STILL.

THE night was still, the air was balm,
Soft dews around were weeping ;
No whisper rose o'er ocean's calm,
Its waves in light were sleeping ;
With Mary on the beach I strayed,
The stars beamed joys above me ;
I pressed her hand and said, "Sweet maid,
O, tell me, do you love me?"

With modest air she drooped her head,
Her cheek of beauty veiling ;
Her bosom heaved, — no word she said ;
I marked her strife of feeling.
"O, speak my doom, dear maid," I cried,
"By yon bright heaven above thee!"
She gently raised her eyes, and sighed,
"Too well you know I love thee."



DIRGE OF O'SULLIVAN BEARE.

Morty Oge O'Sullivan, O'Sullivan Beare, was a descendant of one of the noblest Irish families, and, after service in the Austrian army, returned to Ireland about 1750, and settled near Bearhaven, where he fortified his house, maintained a smuggling brigantine, and was very active in recruiting and transporting the "Wild Geese," as the recruits for the French army were called. He was harassed by the exertions of a Mr. Puxley, the revenue officer of the district, and waylaid and killed him. A detachment of troops was sent from Cork, which finally captured him in his house, after a desperate resistance. Rumor has charged a servant named Scully with having been bribed to wet the priming in

the guns, but it is not credited in Froude's graphic account of the affair, in "The English in Ireland." The Dirge purports to have been written by the nurse of O'Sullivan.

THE sun on Ivera
 No longer shines brightly ;
 The voice of her music
 No longer is sprightly.
 No more to her maidens
 The light dance is dear,
 Since the death of our darling,
 O'Sullivan Beare.

Scully, thou false one !
 You basely betrayed him,
 In the strong hour of his need,
 When thy right hand should aid him.
 He fed thee — he clad thee —
 You had all could delight thee ;
 You left him — you sold him —
 May Heaven requite thee !

Scully, may all kinds
 Of evil attend thee !
 On thy dark road of life
 May no kind one befriend thee !
 May fevers long burn thee,
 And agues long freeze thee !
 May the strong hand of God
 In his red anger seize thee !

Had he died calmly,
 I would not deplore him,
 Or if the wild strife
 Of the sea war closed o'er him.

But with ropes round his white limbs
Through ocean to trail him,*
Like fish after slaughter,
'T is therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse
Of his people pursue them !
Scully, that sold him,
And soldier that slew him !
One glimpse of heaven's light
May they see never !
May the hearthstone of hell
Be their best bed forever !

In the hole which the vile hands
Of soldiers had made thee,
Unhonored, unshrouded,
And headless they laid thee,
No sigh to regret thee,
No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
No friend to implore thee.

Dear head of my darling,
How gory and pale
These aged eyes see thee
High spiked on the jail ! *
That cheek in the summer sun
Ne'er shall grow warm,
Nor that eye e'er catch light
By the flash of the storm.

* The body of Sullivan, after his death, was towed behind a vessel to Cork, and the head there exposed on spikes above the jail.

A curse, blessed ocean,
Is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork
To Ivera of slaughter ;
Since thy billows were dyed
With the red wounds of fear
Of Muiertach Oge,
Our O'Sullivan Beare.

JOHN BANIM.

JOHN BANIM is more widely known as an Irish novelist than as a poet, but wrote two or three poems of the highest force and vigor, and intensely national spirit. His life and character are deeply interesting. He was born in Kilkenny, in 1798, and was the son of a respectable tradesman. He was of deeply sensitive nature, and manifested in boyhood a taste for art and literature. He adopted art as a profession, and after a brief apprenticeship in Dublin set himself up as a miniature-painter in Kilkenny. In his eighteenth year he fell deeply in love with a beautiful young girl, the illegitimate daughter of a gentleman. His proposal of marriage was coarsely rejected by the father, and she was removed to a place in the country, where she rapidly withered and died of consumption. When Banim received the news of her death, he walked twenty-five miles in pouring rain to the house where her body was lying. When he approached the coffin he was greeted with Irish vehemence by his betrothed's sister and accused of being her "Anne's murderer." His sensitive spirit received the blow keenly, and he reproached himself with the thought that, if he had not pursued her with his affection, she would have remained alive. He wandered forth in a distracted condition, and was found by his brother the next morning in the road, about ten miles from Kilkenny, partially smitten with paralysis, and wandering in his mind. The subsequent illness confined him

to his bed for a twelvemonth, and the exposure and shock were the foundation of the spinal disease which afterward made him a martyr.

On the recovery of his health he resumed his profession, and afterward established himself in Dublin, where he commenced his literary career by the composition of an epic poem on the Irish Ossian. Attracted, like so many other bright Irish youth, by the wider field of London, he betook himself to the metropolis, and engaged in journalism and miscellaneous writing for the magazines and newspapers. He wrote a drama, "Damon and Pythias," which, by the influence of Richard Lalor Sheil, then a literary adventurer like himself, whose tragedies of "Evadne" and "The Apostate" had been highly successful in furnishing heroines adapted to the style of the famous actress, Miss O'Neill, was accepted by a manager. "Damon and Pythias" was produced at Covent Garden when Banim was in his twenty-fourth year, with Macready and Charles Kemble in the principal parts, and was triumphantly successful. It still keeps the boards to a limited extent, and was a favorite with melodramatic actors like Edwin Forrest. It is of a vigorous and robustious order, and has too much of the elaborate and artificial style of Sheil, with the usual faults of youth, but is not without strength and pathos. With its success and flattering prospects of well-rewarded literary labor, Banim returned to Kilkenny, and married Miss Ellen Ruth, who had succeeded to the place of his first love in his heart, and to whom on his departure for London he addressed the beautiful and touching poem of "Ailleen."

Almost from his marriage Banim's misfortunes began. His wife's health failed, and he was attacked by the spinal disease which not only caused him paroxysms of pain, but by the orders of his physician compelled him to intermit his work. He could not abandon it altogether, and he struggled on, writing to keep the wolf from the door, and sometimes re-

duced to very low straits, but never losing heart or hope, and finding time to bestow kindness and encouragement on Gerald Griffin, then also a literary adventurer in London, and despairing from poverty and want of appreciation. In 1824 he projected a series of Irish novels, to be written by himself and his brother, Michael Banim, who had remained at home in charge of his father's shop, and whom by affectionate encouragement he persuaded to develop his literary talent. The series, which was begun by "Crohoore of the Bill Hook," by Michael, and "The Nowlans," by John, were recognized at once as powerful and idiomatic pictures of Irish life; and although sometimes overstrained and melodramatic in their incidents, and too obviously copied in some of the characters from originals whose peculiarities were reproduced with too great minuteness, they have a power both in passionate and descriptive passages which has never been rivalled by any other Irish novelist. The "Tales by the O'Hara Family," as they were called, were the first to describe the peasant life in Ireland, and to express the religious and political sentiments of the people. Their spirit was dark and gloomy, except where revelling in minute reproductions of home scenes of national life, and they fully represented the indignant spirit of an oppressed and proscribed people. The styles of the two brothers were singularly alike, which is perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that they consulted together about the incidents and language, and revised the manuscripts of each other's works. The novels of Michael Banim, wholly unapprenticed in literature and written in the evenings after days spent in the shop, were quite as powerful and polished as those of John, and the same faults were common to both. The utmost affection existed between Banim and his family, and, as a touching example, on New Year's eve the family in Kilkenny always pledged a toast to the health and prosperity of "Poor John and Ellen,

far away," which was responded to at the same moment, calculated in the difference of time, by a wish in London for the happiness of those at home.

The ill health of both Banim and his wife continued, and they took up their residence in Boulogne. Finally his lower limbs entirely refused their office, and, after several agonizing surgical operations, Banim was obliged to give up the struggle and return to the shelter of his brother's roof in Kilkenny. The Irish people responded liberally on the knowledge of his helpless condition. A public meeting was called in his behalf in Dublin, at which Sheil, then at the height of his political influence as an agitator, spoke eloquently of his claims. Benefit performances of "Damon and Pythias" were given for him, and on his arrival in Kilkenny his fellow-citizens presented him with a testimonial. Sir Robert Peel, whose name is associated with so much benevolence to literary men, sent him a donation of a hundred pounds, and a pension of one hundred pounds a year was procured for him, to which forty pounds a year was afterward added for the benefit of his daughter, an only child. He never recovered his health, but preserved his kindly good spirits and his political interest in his countrymen, appearing at an ovation to Lord Mulgrave, the liberal Lord Lieutenant, with his "Shanderadan," as he called the invalid carriage in which he was wheeled about, decorated with a placard, "Mulgrave Forever." Before his death he wrote the last novel of the Tales by the O'Hara Family, — "Father Connell," a charming and minute portraiture of a benevolent parish priest. He died in August, 1842. His brother Michael long survived, and lived, honored and respected, as a worthy and benevolent citizen of Kilkenny, until 1876. Banim's character was delightfully sincere, manly, and generous, and he was one of the worthiest as well as most unfortunate men of letters.

His poems were few in number, and were confined to a small volume entitled, "The Chant of the Cholera: Songs for the Irish People," — published while he was at Boulogne. The Chant of the Cholera is a vivid and ghastly piece of verse, impressive through its very rudeness; but the gems of the volume are "Soggarth Aroon," — *Priest Dear*, — an address of the peasant to his priest; and the tender poem of "Ailleen," addressed to his wife. "Soggarth Aroon" attracted the attention of Lord Jeffrey, as it was republished in the "Literary Recollections of Mary Russell Mitford," and, although Jeffrey's literary authority is a thing of the past, his judgment on the vigor and faithfulness of this little poem will stand. Although his poems are so few, John Banim is one of the most national and powerful of the Irish poets.



SOGGARTH AROON.

AM I the slave they say,
 Soggarth aroon?
 Since you did show the way,
 Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
 While they would work with me
 Ould Ireland's slavery,
 Soggarth aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Try and do all he can,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Her commands to fulfil
 Of his own heart and will
 Side by side with you still,
 Soggarth aroon.

Loyal and brave to you,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Yet be no slave to you,
 Soggarth aroon, —
 Nor out of fear to you
 Stand up so near to you, —
 Och, out of fear to *you* !
 Soggarth aroon.

Who, in the winter's night,
 Soggarth aroon,
 When the cold blast did bite,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Came to my cabin door,
 And, on my earthen flure,
 Knelt by me, sick and poor,
 Soggarth aroon ?

Who, on the marriage day,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Made the poor cabin gay,
 Soggarth aroon,
 And did both laugh and sing,
 Making our hearts to ring
 At the poor christening,
 Soggarth aroon ?

Who, as friend only met,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Never did flout me yet,
 Soggarth aroon ?
 And, when my hearth was dim,
 Gave, while his eye did brim,
 What I should give to him,
 Soggarth aroon ?

Och, you and only you,
Soggarth aroon !
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon !
Our love they 'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon.



AILLEEN.

'T is not for love of gold I go,
'T is not for love of fame,
Though fortune may her smile bestow,
And I may win a name,
Ailleen,
And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
And yet it is for fame,
That they may deck another brow,
And bless another name,
Ailleen,
And bless another name.

For this — *but* this, I go ; for this
I lose thy love awhile,
And all the soft and quiet bliss
Of thy young, faithful smile,
Ailleen,
Of thy young, faithful smile.

I go to brave a world I hate,
 To woo it o'er and o'er,
 And tempt a wave and try a fate
 Upon a stranger shore,
 Ailleen,
 Upon a stranger shore.

O, when the bays are all my own,
 I know a heart will care !
 O, when the gold is wooed and won,
 I know a brow shall wear,
 Ailleen,
 I know a brow shall wear !

And when, with both returned again,
 My native land I see,
 I know a smile will greet me then,
 And a hand will welcome me,
 Ailleen,
 And a hand will welcome me.



THE FETCH.*

THE mother died when the child was born,
 And left me her baby to keep ;
 I rocked its cradle the night and morn,
 And silent hung o'er it to weep.

'T was a sickly child through its infancy,
 Its cheeks were so ashy pale,
 Till it broke from my arms to walk in glee
 Out in the sharp, fresh gale.

* The Fetch is the apparition of a person doomed to death.

And then my little girl grew strong,
And laughed the hours away ;
Or sung me the merry lark's mountain song,
Which he taught her at break of day.

When she wreathed her hair in thicket bowers,
With the hedge-rose and harebell blue,
I called her my May in her crown of flowers,
With her smile so soft and new.

And the rose, I thought, never shamed her cheek,
But rosy and rosier made it ;
And her eye of blue did more brightly break
Through the bluebell that strove to shade it.

One evening I left her asleep in her smiles,
And walked through the mountains lonely ;
I was far from my darling, ah ! many long miles,
And I thought of her, and her only.

She darkened my path like a troubled dream,
In that solitude far and drear ;
I spoke to my child, but she did not seem
To hearken with human ear.

She only looked with a dead, dead eye,
And a wan, wan cheek of sorrow.
I knew her Fetch ; she was called to die,
And she died upon the morrow.

HE SAID HE WAS NOT OUR BROTHER.

This song refers to the Duke of Wellington, at the time of his opposition to Catholic emancipation.

HE said that he was not our brother, —
 The mongrel ! he said what we knew !
 No, Erin, our dear island mother,
 He ne'er had his black blood from you !
 And what though the milk of your bosom
 Gave vigor and health to his veins,
 He was but a foul foreign blossom,
 Blown hither to poison our plains !

He said that the sword had enslaved us,
 And still at its point we must kneel.
 The liar ! though often it braved us,
 We repaid it with hardier steel.
 This witness his Richard, — our vassal ;
 His Essex, whose plumes we trod down ;
 His Willy, whose peerless sword tassel
 We tarnished at Limerick town.

No ! falsehood and feud were our evils,
 While force not a fetter could twine.
 Come Northmen, come Normen, come devils, —
 We gave them our *sparth* * to the chine.
 And if once again he would try us,
 To the music of trumpet and drum,
 And no traitor among us or nigh us,
 Let him come, — the brigand, — let him come !

* *Sparth*, the ancient Irish battle-axe.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

GERALD GRIFFIN was contemporary with Banim, having been born five years later, and pursued an almost identical literary career. He was born in Limerick, December 10, 1803, and was the son of a respectable brewer. The failure of his father in business necessitated the removal of the family into the country to a place called Fairy Lawn, about thirty miles from the city, where the youth of Gerald was spent in the beautiful and romantic scenery of that locality, the demesne of the Earl of Dunraven. During his youth a portion of the family emigrated to America, leaving Gerald and his two sisters to the care of an elder brother, a physician. Gerald early manifested literary proclivities, and commenced with contributions to the *Limerick Advertiser*, a provincial newspaper. At the age of nineteen he had written a patriotic drama called "Aguire," and full of dreams of literary fame and fortune betook himself to London. There his struggle with privation and discouragement was very severe. He was not successful in getting his tragedy accepted at the theatres, and, owing in a measure to his shy and sensitive spirit, did not succeed in getting remunerative employment as a journalist or hack writer for the booksellers. He was on more than one occasion reduced to absolute want of food, and privation and over work told upon his mind so that he misunderstood and rejected the aid of Banim and Dr. Maginn, who were his best friends. His independence

of spirit was fanatical in its fervor, and he refused either to abandon the struggle or receive assistance of any kind, concealing his wants and depression on the rare occasions when he visited the firesides of his friends, and walking the streets after a pressure of work in a maze of double consciousness.

In 1825 he succeeded in having an operatic melodrama brought out at the English opera house, and in 1827 published his first volume of Irish stories, "Holland Tide, or Munster Popular Tales." These were succeeded by a second series of short stories, including the powerful one of "Suil Dhuv, the Coiner," by his novel of "The Collegians, or the Brides of Garryowen," and other stories, all written hastily and under pressure from the booksellers. He also wrote a tragedy called "Gisippus," in the style of "Damon and Pythias," which was successfully performed after his death. His spirit became worn out with his incessant labor, and many disappointments; his health failed in a measure; and he became possessed by a strong religious feeling. One of his sisters had taken the veil and become a Sister of Charity, and her example had a strong influence on him. Two years later, in 1838, he retired from the world and joined the order of Christian Brothers in Cork, whose duties were the education and religious instruction of poor children. He died in the second year of his novitiate, of typhus fever contracted while visiting the sick poor. After his death his works were collected in a uniform edition, with a memoir by his brother, Daniel Griffin, M. D. Griffin's character was in the highest degree pure and lovable, and his letters to his family give very touching records of a literary career which so many bright young Irishmen have followed in the wilderness of London.

His novels are of a more sustained merit than those of the O'Hara Family, if they do not equal them in detached passages. His poetry, with the exception of his tragedies, was all

occasional, and in its fine feeling and frequently admirable felicity is evidence of what he might have accomplished with more leisure and a spirit less perturbed with an incessant and painful struggle for existence.

GILLE MA CHREE.

*Gille ma chree,**

Sit down by me,

We now are joined and ne'er shall sever :

This hearth's our own,

Our hearts are one,

And peace is ours forever.

When I was poor,

Your father's door

Was closed against your constant lover ;

With care and pain,

I tried in vain

My fortunes to recover.

I said, "To other lands I'll roam

Where fate may smile on me, love."

I said, "Farewell, my own old home,"

And I said, "Farewell to thee, love."

Sing *Gille ma chree*, etc.

I might have said,

"My mountain maid,

Come live with me, your own true lover,

I know a spot,

A silent cot,

Your friends can ne'er discover,

* *Gille ma chree*, Brightener of my heart.

Where gently flows the waveless tide
 By one small garden only,
 Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
 And the linnet sings so lonely !”
 Sing, *Gille ma chree*, etc.

I might have said,
 “ My mountain maid,
 A father's right was never given
 True hearts to curse
 With tyrant force
 That have been blest in heaven.”
 But then I said, “ In after years,
 When thoughts of home shall find her,
 My love may mourn with secret tears
 Her friends thus left behind her.”
 Sing *Gille ma chree*, etc.

“ O, no,” I said,
 “ My own dear maid,
 For me, though all forlorn forever,
 That heart of thine
 Shall ne'er repine
 O'er slighted duty, — never.
 From home and thee, though wandering far,
 A dreary fate be mine, love,
 I'd rather live in endless war,
 Than buy my peace with thine, love.”
 Sing, *Gille ma chree*, etc.

Far, far away,
 By night and day,
 I toiled to win a golden treasure,
 And golden gains
 Repaid my pains
 In fair and shining measure.

I sought again my native land,
Thy father welcomed me, love ;
I poured my gold into his hand,
And my guerdon found in thee, love.
Sing, *Gille ma chree*, etc.

SLEEP THAT LIKE THE COUCHED DOVE.

SLEEP that like the couched dove
Broods o'er the weary eye,
Dreams that with soft heavings move
The heart of memory,
Labor's guerdon, golden rest,
Wrap thee in its downy vest, —
Fall like comfort on thy brain
And sing the hush song to thy pain !

Far from thee be startling fears,
And dreams the guilty dream ;
No banshee scare thy drowsy ears,
With her ill-omened scream ;
But tones of fairy minstrelsy
Float like the ghosts of sound o'er thee,
Soft as the chapel's distant bell,
And lull thee to a sweet farewell.

Ye for whom the ashy hearth
The fearful housewife clears,
Ye whose tiny sounds of mirth
The nighted carman hears,
Ye whose pygmy hammers make *
The wonderers of the cottage wake,

* The Leprechauns, or fairy shoemakers.

Noiseless be your airy flight,
 Silent, as the still moonlight.

Silent go, and harmless come,
 Fairies of the stream, —
 Ye, who love the winter gloom,
 Or the gay moonbeam, —
 Hither bring your drowsy store,
 Gathered from the bright lusmore,*
 Shake o'er temples, soft and deep,
 The comfort of the poor man, sleep.



THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

SHE once was a lady of honor and wealth,
 Bright glowed on her features the roses of health ;
 Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
 And her motion shook perfume from every fold.
 Joy revelled around her, — love shone at her side, —
 And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride,
 And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
 Till she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
 That called her to live for the suffering race ;
 And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
 Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered, "I come."
 She put from her person the trappings of pride,
 And passed from her home with the joy of a bride,
 Nor wept at the threshold as onward she moved,
 For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

* A plant called the "fairy cap," the *Digitalis purpurea*.

Lost ever to fashion, to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast;
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barter for heaven the glories of earth.

Those feet that to music would gracefully move
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice that once echoed the song of the vain
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down bed a pallet, her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre one taper, that serves her to read,
Her sculpture the crucifix nailed by her bed,
Her paintings one print of the thorn-crowned head,
Her cushion the pavement that wearies her knees,
Her music the psalm or the sigh of disease,
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined;
Like him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary, she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity there is a friend.

Unshrinking, where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapor of death ;
Where rings the loud musket and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace !
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him !

Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain ;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men,
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid ?

FRANCES BROWNE.

FRANCES BROWNE, one of the simplest and most pathetic of Irish poetesses, was born in 1816 at Stranorlar, a small village in the County Donegal, and was the daughter of its postmaster. When eighteen months old she became totally blind from the effects of small-pox. She acquired her first learning from hearing her brothers and sisters conning over their school tasks, and became acquainted with general literature by hearing it read to her. Her first poems appeared in the Dublin *Penny Journal*, an admirable periodical devoted to national literature, and she afterward became a contributor to the London *Athenæum*, from whose editor she received much kindness. In 1844 she published "The Star of Atteghei, and Other Poems," and in 1847 issued another volume, "Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems." Shortly afterward a pension of twenty pounds a year was settled on her, and the Marquis of Lansdowne set the example of a gift of a hundred pounds, which was followed by others. Her longer poems are lacking in vigor and distinctness, but there is a vein of pathos and fine feeling in her happier lyrics.

THE LAST FRIENDS.

One of the United Irishmen, who lately returned to his native country after many years of exile, being asked what had induced him to visit Ireland, when all his friends were gone, answered, "I came back to see the mountains." — *Author's note.*

I COME to my country, but not with the hope
 That brightened my youth like the cloud lighting bow ;
 For the vigor of soul that seemed mighty to cope
 With time and with fortune hath fled from me now,
 And love that illumined my wanderings of yore
 Hath perished, and left but a weary regret
 For the star that can rise on my midnight no more, —
 But the hills of my country they welcome me yet.

The hue of their verdure was fresh with me still,
 When my path was afar by the Tanais' lone track ;
 From the wide-spreading deserts and ruins that fill
 The lands of old story, they summoned me back ;
 They rose on my dreams through the shades of the West,
 They breathed upon sands which the dew never wet ;
 For the echoes were hushed in the home I loved best,
 And I knew that the mountains would welcome me yet.

The dust of my kindred is scattered afar, —
 They lie in the desert, the wild, and the wave ;
 For serving the strangers through wandering and war,
 The isle of their memory could grant them no grave.
 And I, I return with the memory of years
 Whose hope rose so high, though in sorrow it set ;
 They have left on my soul but the trace of their tears,
 But our mountains remember their promises yet.

O, where are the brave hearts that bounded of old ?
And where are the faces my childhood has seen ?
For fair brows are furrowed, and hearts have grown cold,
But our streams are still bright, and our hills are still green.
Ay, green as they rose to the eyes of my youth,
When brothers in heart in their shadows we met ;
And the hills have no memory of shadow or death,
For their summits are sacred to liberty yet.

Like ocean retiring the morning mists now
Roll back from the mountains that girdle our land ;
And sunlight encircles each heath-covered brow
For which time hath no furrow and tyrants no brand.
O, thus let it be with the hearts of the isle !
Efface the dark seal that oppression has set ;
Give back the lost glory again to the soil,
For the hills of my country remember it yet.



LOSSES.

UPON the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known ;
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down ;
But one had wilder woe, —
For a fair face long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth,
 With a most loving ruth,
 For its brave hopes and memories ever green ;
 But one upon the West
 Turned an eye that would not rest
 For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
 Some of proud honors told,
 Some spake of friends that were their trust no more ;
 And one, of a green grave
 Beside a foreign wave,
 That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
 There spake among them one,
 A stranger seeming from all sorrow free :
 "Sad losses have ye met,
 But mine is heavier yet,
 For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
 "For the living and the dead,
 For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
 For the wrecks of land or sea!
 But however it came to thee,
 Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

THE FOUR TRAVELLERS.

Four travellers sat one winter night
At my father's board so free,
And he asked them why they left their land,
And why they crossed the sea.

One said for bread, and one for gold,
And one for a cause of strife ;
And one he came for a lost love's sake
To lead a stranger's life.

They dwelt among our hamlets long,
They learned each mountain way ;
They shared our sports in the woodlands green,
And by the crags so gray ;—

And they were brave by flood and fell,
And they were blithe in hall ;
But he that led the stranger's life
Was blithest of them all.

Some said the grief of his youth had passed,
Some said his love grew cold ;
But naught I know if this were so,
For the tale was never told.

His mates they found both home and friends,
Their heads and hearts to rest ;
We saw their flocks and fields increase,
But we loved *him* still the best.

Now he that came to seek for bread
Is lord of my father's land,
And he that fled so far from strife
Hath a goodly household band ; —

And he that sought the gold alone
Hath wedded my sister fair ;
And the oaks are green and the pastures wide
By their goodly homestead there.

But when they meet by the winter fire,
Or beneath the bright woodbine,
Their talk is yet of a whelming stream
And a brave life given for mine.

For a grave by our mountain-river side
Grows green this many a year,
Where the flower of the four sleeps evermore,
And I am a stranger here.

FRANCIS MAHONY.

FRANCIS MAHONY, who has obtained remembrance chiefly by the signal felicity of a single poem almost equal in its degree to that of Wolfe's ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore, was born at Cork in 1804. He was educated in France in the Jesuit College at Amiens, and there imbibed the knowledge of Latin so curious and familiar that it was almost like a native tongue. He afterward studied at Rome, and became deeply familiar with the classics, and particularly with the literature of the Fathers and the early writers of the Catholic Church, whose quaintnesses of humor and expression he sought out with a thoroughly congenial spirit. He was ordained as priest, and officiated as one of the Jesuit order at Rome, and afterward at Cork. His tastes were, however, rather for a literary and Bohemian life, and in 1837 he abandoned the service of the priesthood to become a journalist and magazine writer in London. He was a frequent contributor to Frazer's Magazine, then under the editorship of Dr. Maginn, and his portrait appears at the table of contributors drawn by Maclise, and which included Thackeray and Carlyle in conjunction with Harrison Ainsworth and other writers of ephemeral reputation, who in their day enjoyed a greater popularity.

Mahony's contributions were in the character of "Father Prout, parish priest of Watergrasshill, in the County Cork," and were essays in an unfamiliar vein of learning, transla-

tions from various languages, and exercises in transposing slang and familiar songs into Greek and Latin, with the rather far-fetched humor of charging plagiarism upon the modern authors. Most of them were in a vein of rather artificial facetiousness, and displayed more curious pedantry than genuine humor. Mahony was rather possessed by his learning than the master of it like Maginn, and entirely lacked the vigor, conciseness, and strength of the latter. His illustrations and quotations were, however, sometimes happy, as well as curious, and one of his translations, a paraphrase of Béranger's "Le Grenier," is among the happiest in the English language, having both the grace and spirit of the original, and a felicity of rhythm that thoroughly accented it in the mind. There have been many translations of the poem, but none that rivals this of Mahony.

For many years he was the Roman correspondent of the London *Daily News*, and for the last eight years of his life the resident Paris correspondent of the London *Globe*, his letters mingling the same vein of quaint learning and illustration with the news of the day. His life was Bohemian in its disregard for appearances, and he spent a great portion of his time immersed in books; but his quaint figure — a small person wrapped in an immense overcoat, with shuffling feet clad in moccasins, his wizened, good-humored countenance and green spectacles — was welcome and familiar to the society of foreign artists and students in Paris, who loved the kindly spirit of the literary veteran. He died in 1866. During his London experience he published a volume of his collected magazine articles under the title of "The Reliques of Father Prout," with illustrations by Daniel Maclise, and after his death a volume of final memorials, extracts from letters and contributions to newspapers, was collected and published by Blanchard Jerrold.

The poem upon which his popularity rests is "The Bells

of Shandon," and it is due chiefly to a rhythmical measure, which takes possession of the ear in a recurrence of swing and melodiousness singularly appropriate to the subject. Shandon church, with its square steeple built with alternate sides of red and gray stone, is a conspicuous object in the centre of Cork.



THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

*Sabbata pango,
Funera plango,
Solemnia clango.*

Inscription on an old Bell.

WITH deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In the days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in

Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine,
 While at a glib rate
 Brass tongues would vibrate ;
 But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine.
 For memory dwelling
 On each proud swelling
 Of the belfry knelling
 Its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
 Old Adrian's Mole in
 Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican.
 And cymbals glorious
 Swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame ;
 But thy sounds were sweeter
 Than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber,
 Pealing solemnly ;—
 O, the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee !

There's a bell in Moscow,
 While on tower and kiosk, o !

In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant 'em ;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me, —
'T is the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

THOMAS DAVIS AND THE POETS OF "THE NATION."

IN 1842 "The Nation" newspaper was established in Dublin by Charles Gavan Duffy, an enthusiastic and eloquent young Irishman, then in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He had served some apprenticeship in journalism, having been connected with a paper in Belfast since his eighteenth year, and he fully shared the spirit of the great agitation led by O'Connell, which, having achieved Catholic emancipation, had passed to a demand for a repeal of the Union, and with it to ideas of the complete severance of the tie to Great Britain, and the independence of the nation. It was established to support O'Connell in his extreme demands, and instantly attracted to itself a number of ardent and enthusiastic young men, who were thoroughly imbued with the ideas of nationality. They poured out in its columns a flood of passionate language in prose and verse, expressing the strongest feelings, and full of an ardent and enthusiastic eloquence. It was an era as remarkable for literary efflorescence as that of the Union for parliamentary eloquence, and the Nation embodied a large portion of what was best and brightest of the young Irish intellect. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, still younger than Duffy, and Thomas Osborne Davis, James Clarence Mangan, and Denis Florence McCarthy, of distinguished mark in Irish literature, as well as many others of lesser fame, contributed a great quantity of national poetry, illustrating events in history calculated to arouse the pride or indigna-

tion of the Celtic population, or fiery lyrics in direct appeal to their patriotism. There was an immense amount of power and vigor in this new outburst of poetry, which represented the full strength of the national feeling as had not been done since the bards were silenced and their successors reduced to sing the wrongs and woes of their country in disguise. The political movement passed the limits of peaceable agitation fixed by O'Connell, and advocated an appeal to more forcible measures, which resulted in the disastrous insurrection of 1848, the banishment of the leaders, and the emasculation of the literary organ, "The Nation." But that period of six years is one of the most marked in Ireland's literary history, and gave birth to a new school of poets, which was the embodiment of enthusiastic patriotism and national spirit. Their influence by no means became extinct with the immediate period of their work, but it continues to the present day in the most abundant element of Irish poetry.

Thomas Osborne Davis is to be considered the type of the Nation poets, for if he is not superior in literary merit to Mangan and McCarthy, his purpose and development were those of a strictly national poet, and he did not attempt any other form of literature. He was simply and solely a national bard to arouse the spirit of his countrymen, and he became a poet for that purpose only. His ambition and proclivities were for statesmanship, and he took to writing poetry as a means to an end, and because no one else seemed at hand to do it. Whether he would have grown and ripened into a broader and more representative poet in a purely literary sense can only be conjectured, as an untimely death put an end to his dreams and hopes; but he thoroughly established his place as one of the finest lyrical poets of Ireland.

He was born at Mallow, in the county of Cork, in 1814. His father was a Welshman long settled in the South of Ireland, and his strong feeling of Celtic nationality was Cymric

rather than Milesian by blood and lineage. He was educated at Trinity College, where he manifested no particular aptitude for literature, and on the establishment of the Nation he joined its council, if not its regular staff. It was agreed among the ardent young men that one powerful stimulus to national feeling would be poetry, and in default of response to their appeal they resolved to write it themselves. Davis was the most reluctant and doubtful of his own powers, but soon surpassed his associates in poetical skill and strength, and lived to produce three or four poems, among a considerable quantity of unequal merit, of a very high standard of lyrical form and felicity of expression as well as spirit. After the divided councils and discouragement of the party following the imprisonment of O'Connell in 1844, and the separation of the great leader, who held together and wielded the whole strength of the nation, from those who advocated revolution, Davis drooped in health and spirits, and died, after a brief illness, at his mother's residence in Bagot Street, Dublin, in 1845. He was deeply mourned as the chief leader of the Young Ireland party, and although there is little doubt that he would have shared in the attempt at revolution by his associates, it is probable that he foresaw failure when the national movement was divided, and that it had a fatal effect on his spirits. He lies buried in Mount St. Jerome Cemetery, near Dublin, where a statue has been erected, and of all the Irish poets there is none so thoroughly enshrined in what may be termed the politically national spirit of the people. The qualities of his poetry are what might be expected from his life, a chivalric spirit, a passionate vigor, and at times a fine vein of tenderness and pathos. "The Sack of Baltimore" and "Fontenoy" are justly regarded as among the finest ballads in the English language.

The record of the careers of the members of the Young Ireland party after the failure of the insurrection in 1848,

and the transportation of its leaders to the penal settlements, is a very remarkable one. They furnished distinguished statesmen to the British colonies, gallant commanders in the American war, and in many ways achieved successful as well as romantic and adventurous careers. One of the most remarkable of these was that of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in its variety of experiences and its tragic end. He was born at Carlingford, April 18, 1825, and at the age of eighteen became associate editor of the *Nation*, to which he was a very voluminous contributor in prose and verse. After the failure of the insurrection he came to America and established the *Pilot* newspaper in Boston, then and now one of the leading Catholic and Irish-American newspapers. He again returned to Ireland, and finally settled in Canada, where he became a successful politician, and held important positions in the Colonial administration. He was assassinated in Ottawa, Canada, April 7, 1868, by Patrick Whealen, because of his opposition to Fenianism, a singular end for one who began life as an Irish revolutionist. His poems have been collected and published, with a memoir. Although he did not always maintain complete felicity throughout, some of his lyrics display great force and vigor. He is the D'Arcy of Miss Annie Keary's charming novel, "Castle Daly."

Charles Gavan Duffy, the founder of the *Nation*, suffered imprisonment with O'Connell in 1844, and in 1848 was tried with Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher for participation in the rebellion, but was acquitted by the jury. In 1852 he was elected a member of Parliament for New Ross, but after a few years of service emigrated to Australia, where he practised at the bar and became a successful politician. He became a member of the government, and in 1871 was Prime Minister, receiving the honor of knighthood. His poems are few in number and not those of a trained poet, but are marked with simplicity and feeling.

One of the most powerful and original of the *Nation's*

poets, although not a sharer in the political movement, was Francis Davis, a weaver of Belfast, who wrote his poems while working at his trade. They have an Oriental redundancy of expression, but great vigor and rhetorical strength. They have been published in a volume with the *nom de plume* of "The Belfast Man."

John Frazer, who signed his poems "J. de Jean," was born in Birr, King's County, in 1809, and followed through life the trade of a cabinet-maker. He died in Dublin, in 1849. A volume of his poems was published after his death.

John Keegan was born in a small village in Queen's County, in 1809, and in early life was a schoolmaster. Later he was a journalist and magazine writer in Dublin, where he died, in 1849. He was a student and collector of the fairy lore of the people, and published some interesting articles relating to it. In his poems he represented peasant life more thoroughly than most of his associates.

One of the most earnest and voluminous of the poetical writers of the Nation was "Speranza," the *nom de plume* of Jane Francesca Elgee, a native of Wexford and a daughter of Archdeacon Elgee of the Established Church. She was a very ardent nationalist, in spite of the contrary affiliations of her family and social circle. In 1851 she married Mr. William R. Wilde, a physician of Dublin, who was afterward knighted for his services as superintendent of the census, and who has contributed both to the literature of science and the archæological history of Ireland. Lady Wilde's poems have been collected in a volume, and comprise some translations and pieces on general subjects, as well as her contributions to the Nation.

Several of the most striking of the poems published in the Nation were anonymous, or over a *nom de plume*, and have never been publicly acknowledged. Among these are two of the finest and most spirited of the patriotic appeals, "The Memory of '98," and "Dear Land."

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

THOMAS DAVIS.

Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a castle of O'Driscoll's, and after his ruin was colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crews of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, too young, or too fierce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken up at sea for the purpose. Two years afterward he was convicted and executed for the crime. Baltimore never recovered this blow.—*Author's note.*

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles,
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough
defiles.

Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird ;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard.
The hookers lie upon the beach, the children cease their
play,

The gossips leave the little inn, the households kneel to pray ;
And full of love and peace and rest, its daily labor o'er,
Upon that cosey creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there ;
No sound except that throbbing wave in earth, or sea, or air.
The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious of the
calm ;

The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, those two long barques round Dunashad
that glide

Must trust their oars, methinks not few, against the ebbing
tide ; —

O, some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the
shore !

They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore.

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends with gently gliding
feet.

A stifled gasp, a dreamy noise ! "The roof is in a flame !"

From out their beds and to their doors rush maid and sire
and dame,

And meet upon the threshold stone the gleaming sabre's
fall,

And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson
shawl.

The yell of "Allah !" breaks above the prayer and shriek and
roar, —

O, blessed God ! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore !

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing
sword ;

Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son
was gored ;

Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grandbabes clutch-
ing wild ;

Then fled the maiden, moaning faint, and nestled with the
child.

But see yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing
heel,

While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps the Syrian's
steel ; —

Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their
store,

There's *one* hearth well avengéd in the sack of Baltimore !

Midsummer morn in woodland nigh the birds began to sing, —
They see not now the milking-maids, — deserted is the spring !
Midsummer day this gallant rides from distant Bandon's
town,

These hookers cross from stormy Skull, this skiff from Affa-
down :

They only found the smoking walls with neighbors' blood
besprent,

And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly
went,

Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clear, and saw, five
leagues before,

The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

O, some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the
steed ;

This boy shall bear a Sheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's
jerreed ;

O, some are for the arsenals by beauteous Dardanelles,
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.

The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey :
She's safe, — she's dead, — she stabbed him in the midst of
his Serai !

And whan to die a death of fire that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled, — O'Driscoll's child, — she thought of Balti-
more.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody
band,

And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse
stand,

Where high upon a gallows-tree a yelling wretch is seen, —
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan, he who steered the Algerine !

He fell amid a sullen shout with scarce a passing prayer,
 For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there.
 Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought the Norman
 o'er,
 Some cursed him with Iscariot that day in Baltimore.



FONTENOY.

THOMAS DAVIS.

THRICE at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,
 And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain
 assailed ;

For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
 And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
 As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst,
 The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dis-
 persed.

The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
 And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try ;
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride !
 And mustering come his chosen troops like clouds at even-
 tide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
 Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their
 head :

Steady they step adown the slope, steady they climb the
 hill ;

Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right onward
 still ;

Betwixt the road and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
 Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering
 fast ;

And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile
force ;

Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks,
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean
banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush
round ;

As stubble to the lava tide French squadrons strew the
ground ;

Bomb-shell and grape and round-shot tore, — still on they
marched and fired, —

Fast from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.

"Push on my household cavalry !" King Louis madly cried :
To death they rush, but rude their shock, — not unavenged
they died.

On through the camp the column trod, — King Louis turns
his rein.

"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops re-
main."

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not those exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, — there are your
Saxon foes !"

The Marshal almost smiles to see how furiously he goes !

How fierce the look those exiles wear, who're wont to be so
gay !

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-
day, —

The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 't was writ was dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's
parting cry,

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country
overthrown, —

Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,

Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles
were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bay'nets! — Charge!" Like mountain storm rush on
those fiery bands,

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a gal-
lant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to meet that battle
wind,

Their bayonets the breakers' foam, — like rocks the men be-
hind!

One volley crashes from their line, when through the sur-
ging smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish
broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!

"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sacsanagh!"

Like lions leaping at the fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang:
Bright was their steel, 't is bloody now, their guns are filled
with gore,

Through shattered ranks and severed files and trampled
flags they tore.

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied,
staggered, fled,

The green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead.

Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand, — the field is fought
and won.



THE LOST PATH.

THOMAS DAVIS.

SWEET thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
All comfort else has flown ;
For every hope was false to me,
And here I am alone.
What thoughts were mine in early youth !
Like some old Irish song,
Brimful of love, and life, and truth,
My spirit gushed along.

I hoped to right my native isle,
I hoped a soldier's fame,
I hoped to rest in woman's smile,
And win a minstrel's name.
O, little have I served my land !
No laurels press my brow ;
I have no woman's heart or hand,
Nor minstrel honors now.

But fancy has a magic power,
It brings me wreath and crown,
And woman's love, the selfsame hour,
It smites oppression down.

Sweet thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
 I have no joy beside ;
 O, throng around, and be to me
 Power, country, fame, and bride !



MAIRE BHAN A STOR.

THOMAS DAVIS.

IN a valley far away
 With my *Maire bhan a stor*,*
 Short would be the summer day,
 Ever loving more and more.
 Winter days would all grow long,
 With the light her heart would pour
 With her kisses and her song,
 And her loving *maith go leor*.†
 Fond is *Maire bhan a stor*,
 Fair is *Maire bhan a stor*,
 Sweet as ripple on the shore
 Sings my *Maire bhan a stor*.

O, her sire is very proud,
 And her mother cold as stone,
 But her brother bravely vowed
 She should be my bride alone ;
 For he knew I loved her well,
 And he knew she loved me too.

* *Maire bhan a stor*, Fair Mary my treasure, — pronounced *Maurya vaun astore*.

† *Maith go leor*, in abundance.

So he sought their pride to quell,
But 't was all in vain to sue.
True is *Maire bhan a stor*,
Tried is *Maire bhan a stor*,
Had I wings I 'd never soar
From my *Maire bhan a stor*.

There are lands where manly toil
Surely reaps the crop it sows,
Glorious woods and teeming soil,
Where the broad Missouri flows ;
Through the trees the smoke shall rise
From our hearth with *maith go leor*,
There shall shine the happy eyes
Of my *Maire bhan a stor*.
Mild is *Maire bhan a stor*,
Mine is *Maire bhan a stor*,
Saints will watch about the door
Of my *Maire bhan a stor*.



THE CELTIC CROSS.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

THROUGH storm and fire and gloom, I see it stand,
Firm, broad, and tall,
The Celtic Cross that marks our Fatherland,
Amid them all !
Druids and Danes and Saxons vainly rage
Around its base ;
It standeth shock on shock, and age on age,
Star of a scattered race.

O Holy Cross ! dear symbol of the dread
 Death of our Lord,
 Around thee long have slept our martyr dead
 Sward over sward !
 An hundred bishops I myself can count
 Among the slain ;
 Chiefs, captains, rank and file, a shining mount
 Of God's ripe grain.

The monarch's mace, the Puritan's claymore,
 Smote thee not down ;
 On headland steep, on mountain summit hoar,
 In mart and town ;
 In Glendalough, in Ara, in Tyrone,
 We find thee still,
 Thy open arms still stretching to thy own,
 O'er town and lough and hill.

And would they tear thee out of Irish soil,
 The guilty fools !
 How time must mock their antiquated toil
 And broken tools !
 Cranmer and Cromwell from thy grasp retired,
 Baffled and thrown ;
 William and Anne to sap thy site conspired, —
 The rest is known !

Holy Saint Patrick, father of our faith,
 Beloved of God !
 Shield thy dear Church from the impending scaith,
 Or, if the rod
 Must scourge it yet again, inspire and raise
 To emprise high
 Men like the heroic race of other days,
 Who joyed to die !

Fear! wherefore should the Celtic people fear
 Their Church's fate?
The day is not — the day was never near —
 Could desolate
The Destined Island, all whose seedy clay
 Is holy ground:
Its cross shall stand till that predestined day
 When Erin's self is drowned.

THE IRISH RAPPAREES.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

RIGH SHEMUS* he has gone to France, and left his crown
 behind.

Ill-luck be theirs both day and night put runnin' in his
 mind!

Lord Lucan† followed after with his Slashers brave and true,
And now the doleful keen is raised, "What will poor Ire-
 land do?

 What must poor Ireland do?

Our luck," they say, "has gone to France, — what *can*
 poor Ireland do?"

O, never fear for Ireland, for she has sogers still,
For Rory's boys are in the wood, and Remy's on the hill,
And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these!
May God be kind and good to them, the faithful Rapparees!

 The fearless Rapparees!

The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees!

* King James II.

† Sarsfield.

O, black 's your heart, Clan Oliver, and coulder than the day !
 O, high 's your head, Clan Sassenagh, since Sarsfield 's gone
 away ;

It 's little love you bear to us for sake of long ago,
 But hould your hand, for Ireland still can strike a deadly blow,
 Can strike a mortal blow,

Och *dha a Chreesth*, 't is she that still could strike a deadly
 blow.

The master's bawn, the master's seat, a surly *bodagh* fills ;
 The master's son, an outlawed man, is riding on the hills.
 But God be praised that round him throng, as thick as sum-
 mer bees,

The swords that guarded Limerick wall, — his loyal Rap-
 parees,

His lovin' Rapparees.

Who dare say *no* to Rory Oge with all his Rapparees ?

Black Billy Grimes of Latnamard, he racked us long and sore :
 God rest the faithful hearts he broke ! — we 'll never see them
 more !

But I 'll go bail he 'll break no more, while Truagh has gal-
 lows-trees ;

For why, — he met one lonesome night the angry Rapparees,
 The fearless Rapparees, —

They never sin no more, my boys, who cross the Rapparees !

Now Sassenagh and Cromweller, take heed of what I say,
 Keep down your black and angry looks that scorn us night
 and day !

For there 's a just and wrathful Judge that every action sees,
 And He 'll make strong, to right our wrong, the faithful
 Rapparees !

The fearless Rapparees !

The men that rode at Sarsfield's side, the roving Rapparees !

WISHES AND WISHES.

FRANCIS DAVIS.

O, KNOW ye the wish of the true, the true ?

O, know ye the wish of the true ?

'T is to see the slave's hand

Whirling liberty's brand,

As its toil-nurtured muscles could do,

And the wide-world's oppressors in view :

God ripen the wish of the true !

Then hurrah for the wish of the true, the true !

Hurrah for the wish of the true !

And another hurrah

For the fast-coming day

When the many shall preach to the few

A gospel as pure as the dew !

O, there 's hope in that wish of the true !

O, know ye the wish of the proud, the proud ?

O, know ye the wish of the proud ?

'T is to empty their veins,

'Mid the clashing of chains, —

Ay, the veins of their heart if allowed.

So the neck of oppression be bowed,

What a holy wish that of the proud !

Then hurrah for the wish of the brave, the brave !

Hurrah for the wish of the brave !

And hurrah for the hand

And the casque-cleaving brand,

That the rights of a nation can save,

Or redeem by its world-lightening wave :

Heaven bless the broad brand of the brave !

NANNY.

FRANCIS DAVIS.

O FOR an hour when the day is breaking
 Down by the shore when the tide is making !
 Fair as a white cloud thou, love, near me,
 None but the waves and thyself to hear me !
 O, to my breast how these arms would press thee !
 Wildly my heart in its joy would bless thee !
 O, how the soul thou hast won would woo thee,
 Girl of the snow neck ! closer to me !

O for an hour as the day advances,
 Out where the breeze on the broom-brush dances,
 Watching the lark, with the sun ray o'er us,
 Winging the notes of his heaven-taught chorus !
 O, to be there and my love before me,
 Soft as a moonbeam smiling o'er me !
 Thou wouldst but love, and I would woo thee,
 Girl of the dark eye ! closer to me.

O for an hour where the sun first found us,
 Out in the eve with its red sheets round us,
 Brushing the dew from the gale's soft winglets,
 Pearly and sweet, with thy long, dark ringlets !
 O, to be there on the sward beside thee,
 Telling my tale though I know you'd chide me !
 Sweet were thy voice though it should undo me,
 Girl of the dark locks ! closer to me.

O for an hour by night or by day, love,
 Just as the heavens and thou might say, love !

Far from the stare of the cold-eyed many,
Bound in the breath of my dove-souled Nanny !
O for the pure chains that have bound me,
Warm from thy red lips circling round me !
O, in my soul, as the light above me,
Queen of the pure hearts ! do I love thee !

CLONDALLAGH.

JOHN FRAZER.

ARE the orchards of Scurragh
With apples still bending ?
Are the wheat ridge and furrow
On Cappaghneale blending ?
Let them bend, — let them blend !
Be they fruitful or fallow,
A far dearer old friend
Is the bog of Clondallagh.

Fair Birr of the fountains,
Thy forest and river,
And miniature mountains,
Seem round me forever ;
But they cast from the past
No home memories, to hallow
My heart to the last,
Like the bog of Clondallagh.

How sweet was my dreaming
By Brosna's bright water,
While it dashed away, seeming
A mountain's young daughter !

Yet to roam with its foam,
 By the deep reach or shallow,
 Made but brighter at home
 The turf fires from Clondallagh.

If whole days of childhood,
 More mournful than merry,
 I sought through the wild wood
 Young bird or ripe berry,
 Some odd sprite or quaint wight,
 Some Sinbad or Abdallah,
 Was my chase by the light
 Of bog fir from Clondallagh.

There the wild-duck and plover
 Have felt me a prowler,
 On their thin rushy cover,
 More fatal than fowler;
 And regret sways me yet
 For the crash on the callow,
 When the matched hurlers met
 On the plains of Clondallagh.

Yea, simply to measure
 The moss with a soundless
 Quick step was a pleasure,
 Strange, stirring, and boundless,
 For its spring seemed to fling
 Up my foot, and to hallow
 My spirit with wing,
 O'er the sward of Clondallagh.

But, alas! in the season
 Of blossoming gladness

May be strewed over reason
Rank seeds of vain sadness :
While a wild, wayward child
With a young heart, all callow,
It was warmed and beguiled
By dear Jane of Clondallagh.

On the form with her seated
No urchin dare press on
My place, while she cheated
Me into my lesson !
But soon came a fond claim
From a lover to hallow
His hearth with a dame
In my Jane of Clondallagh.

When the altar had risen -
From Jane to divide me,
I seemed in a prison,
Though she still was beside me ;
And I knew more the true
From the love, false or shallow,
The farther I flew
From that bride, and Clondallagh.

From the toils of the city
My fancy long bore me,
To sue her to pity
The fate she brought o'er me ;
And the dream, wood or stream,
The green fields and the fallow,
Still return like a beam,
From dear Jane of Clondallagh !

CAOCH, THE PIPER.

JOHN KEEGAN.

ONE winter's day long, long ago,
 When I was a little fellow,
 A piper wandered to our door,
 Gray-headed, blind, and yellow.
 And O how glad was my young heart,
 Though earth and sky looked dreary,
 To see the stranger and his dog,
 Poor Pinch and Caoch O'Leary !

And when he stowed away his bag
 Crossbarred with green and yellow,
 I thought and said, "In Ireland's ground,
 There's not so fine a fellow."
 And Fineen Burke and Shane Magee,
 And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 Rushed in with panting haste to see
 And welcome Caoch O'Leary.

O, God be with those happy times,
 O, God be with my childhood,
 When I, bare-headed, roamed all day
 Bird-nesting in the wild wood !
 I'll not forget those sunny hours
 However years may vary ;
 I'll not forget my early friends,
 Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and Pinch slept well that night,
 And in the morning early

He called me up to hear him play
 "The wind that shakes the barley."
And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
 And cried, "God mark my deary!"
And how I wept when he said, "Farewell,
 And think of Caoch O'Leary!"

And seasons came and went, and still
 Old Caoch was not forgotten,
Although I thought him dead and gone,
 And in the cold clay rotten;
And often when I walked and danced
 With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
We spoke of childhood's rosy hours,
 And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well — twenty summers had gone past,
 And June's red sun was sinking,
When I, a man, sat by my door,
 Of twenty sad things thinking.
A little dog came up the way,
 His gait was slow and weary,
And at his tail a lame man limped,
 'T was Pinch and Caoch O'Leary.

Old Caoch! but ah! how woe-begone!
 His form is bowed and bending,
His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
 Ay, time is even blending
The colors on his threadbare bag,
 And Pinch is twice as hairy
And thin-spare as when first I saw
 Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

“God’s blessing here !” the wanderer cried,
 “Far, far be hell, black viper ;
 Does anybody hereabouts
 Remember Caoch, the piper ?”
 With swelling heart I grasped his hand ;
 The old man murmured, “Deary,
 Are you the silken-headed child
 That loved poor Caoch O’Leary ?”

“Yes, yes !” I said. The wanderer wept
 As if his heart was breaking ;
 “And where, *avic machree*,” * he said,
 “Is all the merry-making
 I found here twenty years ago ?”
 “My tale,” I sighed, “might weary :
 Enough to say, there’s none but me
 To welcome Caoch O’Leary.”

“*Vo, vo, vo !*” the old man cried,
 And wrung his hands in sorrow ;
 “Pray lead me in, *astore machree*,
 And I’ll *go home* to-morrow.
 My peace is made, I’ll calmly leave
 This world so cold and dreary,
 And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
 And pray for Caoch O’Leary.”

With Pinch I watched his bed that night ;
 Next day his wish was granted, —
 He died, and Father James was brought,
 And the requiem mass was chanted.
 The neighbors came ; — we dug his grave,
 Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep, —
 God rest you, Caoch O’Leary !

* *Vic ma chree*, Son of my heart.

THE EXODUS.

LADY W. R. WILDE.

"A MILLION a decade!" Calmly and cold
The units are read by our statesmen sage;
Little they think of a nation old,
Fading away from history's page, —
Outcast weeds by a desolate sea, —
Fallen leaves of humanity.

"A million a decade" — of human wrecks, —
Corpses lying in fever sheds, —
Corpses huddled on foundering decks,
And shroudless dead on their rocky beds;
Nerve, and muscle, and heart, and brain,
Lost to Ireland, — lost in vain.

"A million a decade!" Count, ten by ten,
Column and line of the record fair;
Each unit stands for ten thousand men,
Staring with blank dead eyeballs there, —
Strewn like blasted leaves on the sod,
Men that were made in the image of God.

"A million a decade!" and nothing more;
The Cæsars had less to conquer a world;
And the war for the Right not yet begun,
And the banner of Freedom not yet unfurled.
The soil is fed by the weed that dies;
If forest leaves fall, yet they fertilize.

But ye, — dead, dead, not climbing the height,
 Not clearing a path for the future to tread, —
 Not opening the golden portals of light,
 Ere the gate was choked by your piled-up dead, —
 Martyrs ye, yet never a name
 Shines on the golden roll of fame.

Had ye rent one gyve of the festering chain,
 Strangling the life of the nation's soul, —
 Poured your life-blood by river and plain,
 Yet touched with your dead hand freedom's goal, —
 Left of heroes one footprint more
 On our soil, though stamped in your gore, —

We could triumph while mourning the brave,
 Dead for all that was holy and just,
 And write, through our tears, on the grave,
 As we flung down dust to dust,
 "They died for their country, but led
 Her up from the sleep of the dead."

"A million a decade!" What does it mean?
 A nation dying of inner decay, —
 A churchyard silence where life has been, —
 The base of the pyramid crumbling away, —
 A drift of men gone over the sea,
 A drift of the dead, where men should be.

Was it for this you plighted your word,
 Crowned and crownless rulers of men?
 Have ye kept faith with your crucified Lord,
 And fed His sheep till he comes again?
 Or fled like hireling shepherds away,
 Leaving the fold the gaunt wolf's prey?

Have ye given of your purple to cover?
Have ye given of your gold to cheer?
Have ye given of your love, as a lover
Might cherish the bride he held dear?
Broken the sacrament bread to feed
Souls and bodies in uttermost need?

Ye stand at the judgment-bar to-day,
The angels are counting the dead-roll too:
Have ye trod in the pure and perfect way,
And ruled for God as the crowned should do?
Count our dead! — before angels and men,
You're judged and doomed by the statist's pen.



THE MEMORY OF NINETY-EIGHT.

This spirited song has been credited to Professor John K. Ingram of Trinity College, but I believe not publicly acknowledged.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mark the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head in shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few;
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland too.

All, all are gone ; but still lives on
 The fame of those who died, —
 All true men like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made ;
 But though their clay be far away
 Across the Atlantic foam,
 In true men like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;
 Among their own they rest ;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast ;
 And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race will start
 Of true men like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land ;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas that Might can vanquish Right !
They fell and passed away ;
 But true men like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory, — may it be
 For us a guiding light,

To cheer our strife for liberty
And teach us to unite.
Though good or ill be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate ;
And true men be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight.

DEAR LAND.

ANON.

WHEN comes the day all hearts to weigh,
If stanch they be or vile,
Shall we forget the sacred debt
We owe our mother isle ?
My native heath is brown beneath,
My native waters blue ;
But crimson red o'er both shall spread
Ere I am false to you,
Dear land,
Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold,
Your noble lakes and streams,
A mingled tide of grief and pride
Within my bosom teems.
I think of all your long, dark thrall,
Your martyrs brave and true,
And dash apart the tears that start.
We must not *weep* for you,
Dear land,
We must not weep for you.

My grandsire died, his home beside ;
 They seized and hanged him there !
 His only crime, in evil time,
 Your hallowed green to wear.
 Across the main his brothers twain
 Were sent to pine and rue ;
 And still they turned, with hearts that burned
 In hopeless love for you,
 Dear land,
 In hopeless love for you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
 Of Erin's pride of yore,
 Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
 Her independent shore, —
 Of chiefs long dead, who rose to head
 Some gallant patriot few, —
 Till all my aim on earth became
 To strike one blow for you,
 Dear land,
 To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest,
 Let other heads divine ;
 By work or word, with voice or sword,
 To follow them be mine.
 The heart that zeal and hatred steel,
 No terrors can subdue ;
 If death should come, that martyrdom
 Were sweet endured for you,
 Dear land,
 Were sweet endured for you.

CATE OF ARAGLEN.

DOMHNALL GLEANNACH.*

WHEN first I saw thee, Cate,
That summer evening late,
Down at the orchard gate
Of Araglen,
I thought I ne'er before
Saw one so fair, *a-stor*,
I feared I'd never more
See thee again.
I stopped and gazed at thee;
My footfall, luckily,
Reached not thy ear, though we
Stood there so near;
While from thy lips a strain,
Soft as the summer rain,
Sad as a lover's pain,
Fell on my ear.

I've heard the lark in June,
The harp's wild plaintive tune,
The thrush, that aye too soon
Gives o'er his strain.
I've heard in hushed delight
The mellow horn at night
Waking the echoes light
Of wild Loch Lene.
But neither echoing horn,
Nor thrush upon the thorn,
Nor lark in early morn,
Hymning in air,

* *Domhnall Gleannach* was the *nom de plume* of Denny Lane, of Cork.

Nor harper's lay divine,
 E'er witched this heart of mine
 Like that sweet voice of thine,
 That evening there.

And when some rustling, dear,
 Fell on thy listening ear,
 You thought your brother near,
 And named his name,
 I could not answer, — though,
 As luck would have it so,
 His name and mine you know
 Were both the same.
 Hearing no answering sound,
 You glanced in doubt around,
 With timid look, and found
 It was not he.
 Turning away your head
 And blushing rosy red,
 Like a wild fawn you fled
 Far, far from me.

The swan upon the lake,
 The wild rose in the brake,
 The golden clouds that make
 The west their home,
 The wild ash by the stream,
 The full moon's silver beam,
 The evening star's soft gleam
 Shining alone,
 The lily robed in white, —
 All, all are fair and bright;
 But ne'er on earth was sight
 So bright, so fair,

As that one glimpse of thee
That I caught then, *ma chree*, —
It stole my heart from me,
That evening there.

And now you're mine alone,
That heart is all mine own,
That heart that ne'er hath known
A flame before,
That form of mould divine,
That snowy hand of thine,
Those locks of gold are mine
Forevermore.

Was ever lover seen,
As blest as thine, Caitlin?
Hath ever lover been
More fond, more true?
Thine is my every vow;
Forever dear as now;
Queen of my heart be thou,
My *colleen rhu*.*

OURSELVES ALONE.

ANON.

THE work that should to-day be wrought,
Defer not till to-morrow;
The help that should within be sought,
Scorn from without to borrow.
Old maxims these, — yet stout and true, —
They speak in trumpet tone,

* *Colleen rhu*, Red girl.

To do at once what is to do,
And trust ourselves alone.

Too long our Irish hearts we schooled,
In patient hope to bide ;
By dreams of English justice fooled,
And English tongues that lied.
That hour of weak delusion 's past,
The empty dream has flown ;
Our hope and strength we find at last
Is in ourselves alone.

Ay, bitter hate or cold neglect,
Or lukewarm love at best,
Is all we found or can expect,
We aliens of the West.
No friend beyond her own green shore
Can Erin truly own ;
Yet stronger is her trust therefore
In her brave sons alone.

Remember when our lot was worse,
Sunk, trampled to the dust :
'T was long our weakness and our curse
In stranger aid to trust,
And if, at length, we proudly trod
On bigot laws o'erthrown,
Who won that struggle ? Under God
Ourselves, ourselves alone.

O, let its memory be enshrined
In Ireland's heart forever ;
It proves a banded people's mind
Must win in just endeavor ;

It shows how wicked to despair,
How weak to idly groan :
If ills at others' hands you bear,
The cure is in your own.

The foolish word "impossible"
At once, for aye, disdain ;
No power can bar a people's will
A people's right to gain.
Be bold, united, firmly set,
Nor flinch in word or tone, —
We 'll be a glorious nation yet,
Redeemed, — erect, — alone !



PADDIES EVERMORE.

ANON.

THE hour is past to fawn and crouch
As suppliants for our right ;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might ;
Let them who scorned the fountain rill
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still,
We 're Paddies evermore !

What though they menace suffering men, —
Their threats and them despise ;
Or promise justice once again, —
We know their words are lies.
We stand resolved those rights to claim
They robbed us of before,

Our own dear nation and our name
As Paddies, and no more.

Look round, — the Frenchman governs France,
The Spaniards rule in Spain,
The gallant Pole but waits his chance
To break the Russian chain ;
The strife for freedom here begun
We never will give o'er,
Nor own a land on earth but one, —
We 're Paddies, and no more.

That strong and single love to crush,
The tyrant ever tried ;
A fount it was, whose loving gush
His hated arts defied.
'T is fresh as when his foot accursed
Was planted on our shore,
And now and still as from the first
We 're Paddies evermore.

What reck we though six hundred years
Have o'er our thralldom rolled ?
The soul that roused O'Nial's spears
Still lives as true and bold ;
The tide of foreign power to stem
Our fathers bled of yore,
And we stand here to-day, like them,
True Paddies evermore.

Where 's our allegiance? With the land
For which they nobly died.
Our duty? By our cause to stand
Whatever chance betide.

Our cherished hope? To heal the woes
That rankle at her core.
Our scorn and hatred? To our foes
Now and forevermore.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might;
Let them who scorned the fountain rill
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore!



THE HOLY WELL.

ANON. "SULMALLA."

'T WAS a very lonely spot,
With beech-trees o'er it drooping!
The water gleamed beneath,
Those fair green branches lowly stooping
A benediction seemed to breathe,

And a deep and rich green light
Within the boughs came peeping,
Where little insects dreamed;
A luscious calm on all was sleeping,
The sunlight drowsy seemed.

In that little silvery well
How many tears fell heavy!
What homage there was poured!

To Mary sweet how many an Ave
Sought for her saving word !

I strayed one evening calm
To this low, gentle water,
The Virgin there might be :
So holy looked it, you 'd have thought her
Guarding it tenderly.

When, from the silence soft,
Some one I heard a praying, —
A poor "dark" girl was she ;
Upon her bare knees she was swaying,
Telling her rosary.

O that little maiden blind,
Fair-haired she was, and slender ;
Her sad smile lit the place ;
Her blue cloak-hood had fallen, and tender
'Neath it gleamed her face.

"*She the vah !*"* she murmuring said,
"Queen of power and meekness,
O, let me see the light !
My mother droops with grief and sickness, —
For her sake, give me sight !

"O, my weeny sister's gone,
And we're left lone and pining,
But two in this world wide !
If I could greet the fair sun shining,
And be *her* stay and guide !"

You'd think blind Bridget saw
The face of the Redeemer,
So kindly was her air,

* *She the vah !* Hail to thee!

I thought that every moment brightly
She 'd see the heavens fair.

Just like a saint, she seemed,
God's pleasure waiting only ;
I could not help but weep,
And join her in that shrine so lonely
Breathing petitions deep.



TIPPERARY.

ANON.

WERE you ever in sweet Tipperary, where the fields are so
sunny and green,
And the heath-brown Slieve-bloom and the Galtees look down
with so proud a mien ?
'Tis there you would see more beauty than is on Irish
ground :
God bless you, my sweet Tipperary, for where can your
match be found ?

They say that your hand is fearful, that darkness is in your
eye ;
But I 'll not let them dare to talk so bitter and black a lie.
O, no, *acushla storin* ! bright, bright and warm are you,
With hearts as bold as the men of old to yourselves and your
country true.

And when there is gloom upon you, bid them think who has
brought it there.
Sure a frown or a word of hatred was not made for your face
so fair ;

You've a hand for the grasp of friendship, another to make
 them quake,
 And they're welcome to whichsoever it pleases them most to
 take.

Shall our homes, like the huts of Connaught, be crumbled
 before our eyes?
 Shall we fly, like a flock of wild geese, from all that we love
 and prize?
 No, by those who were here before us, no churl shall our
 tyrant be;
 Our land it is theirs by plunder, but by Brigid, ourselves are
 free.

No, we do not forget that greatness did once to sweet Erin
 belong;
 No treason or craven spirit was ever our race among;
 And no frown or no word of hatred we give, but to pay them
 back;
 In evil we only follow our enemies' darksome track.

O, come for a while among us, and give us the friendly hand,
 And you'll see that old Tipperary is a loving and gladsome
 land!
 From Upper to Lower Ormond bright welcomes and smiles
 will spring, —
 On the plains of Tipperary the stranger is like a king.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN is better known to the general public than many of the modern Irish poets, from his success in translating German poetry, in which, with much inequality, he may be fairly said to have surpassed all but a few of the many who have undertaken the same task. In many respects, both in life and genius, Mangan bears a resemblance to Edgar A. Poe, and, if he did not achieve a single marked success like "The Raven," his poetical faculty was of the same sombre sort, and his command of original and musical rhythm almost equally great. He was born in Dublin in 1803, his father being a small shop-keeper to the poor inhabitants of the lanes surrounding Fishamble Street. He received a common school education, and in his fifteenth year was entered an apprentice in a solicitor's office, where he remained for eight or nine years, being the main support of the family, his father having failed in his petty trade. The nature of the employment, or some circumstances connected with the office, were particularly disagreeable, and his allusions to it afterward were as of a degrading servitude. At this time, according to the biography by John Mitchell prefixed to the American edition of his poems, he was disappointed in love, having been admitted to the domestic circle of a family above his station, in which there were three beautiful sisters. By one of these he was encouraged and flattered, until the time came for him to be

disillusioned and thrown off. The shock disturbed all his relations with life, and for a period of three or four years he disappeared in a gulf of despairing dissipation, from which he emerged broken in health, withered, and hopeless. The change in his physical appearance was that from a youth to a prematurely old man, with pallid face and hair turned to a bleached white.

In 1830 he first began contributing translations to the Dublin Penny Journal and other periodicals, and, his acquirements having been made manifest, he was assisted by Dr. Petrie, the accomplished Irish scholar, and Dr. Anster, one of the innumerable translators of "Faust," to a position in the Trinity College library, where he was employed in the work of preparing a new catalogue. Here he remained for the rest of his life, buried in books, and having very little communication with the world, avoiding all attempts to draw him into social or literary intercourse. He continued to support his family of a mother and sister out of his meagre earnings, and, beside his translations from the German, contributed to the Dublin University Magazine, and was employed by John O'Daly, a publisher and Irish scholar, to translate a volume of Irish poetry. He had no knowledge of the language and was supplied with a literal prose translation, which he versified. In his dreaming and secluded way he was an ardent nationalist, and wrote some odes for "The Nation," which were in strong contrast in style to the popular vein of poetry of Davis and his associates. He also followed John Mitchell and the extremists of the Young Ireland party in their secession from the Nation, and establishment of the still more radical "United Irishman." It is needless to say that, on account of his health, he was not an active revolutionist, although he chivalrously wrote a letter of indorsement to Mitchell, when the "United Irishman" was on the eve of suppression. He had become addicted to

opium during his first disappearance from the world, and throughout his later life was liable to sudden disappearances, in which he would be lost for weeks in a solitary debauch in the poorest resorts of drunkenness, and be found in the very gutters. All efforts to restrain him from these despairing sinkings into the indulgence of his appetite, or to induce him to mingle with the world, were vain. He refused all assistance, and with the exception of Joseph Brennan, one of the younger members of the Young Ireland party, he was almost without intimate friend or associate. In 1849, after one of his periodical debauches, he was found, sick of cholera, in an obscure house in Bride Street, and was removed to the Meath hospital, where he died, in a measure from the effects of continued alcoholism and abstinence from food. His last hours were attended by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, a priest of the Catholic Church, of which he was nominally a member. His remains lie in Glasnevin cemetery.

In person Mangan was small and spare, with regular and classic features, but intensely pallid, lustrous blue eyes, and prematurely white hair. His garments were usually attenuated by poverty, and he walked the streets with an utterly despondent and abstracted air.

His poetry is what might be expected from the circumstances of a life so hopeless and abstracted. Much of his translating was mere hack-work, in which he simply rendered the original into the baldest and most mechanical versification; but at times he reached a happy felicity of translation, and even added a beauty and strength to such minor poets as Kerner and others. In his translations from the Irish he labored under the disadvantage of not being infused with the style, language, and peculiar forms of expression of Celtic literature, such as make the translations of Sir Samuel Ferguson such complete reproductions of the original; but he was thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit of woe

and lamentation in Celtic poetry, and some of his odes and lamentations are not only most powerful and vivid, but thoroughly representative from sympathy in thought and style, if not from saturation with Celtic archæology. His original poems are quite few in number, but display the same command of original and powerful rhythm and impressive diction of his translations, while their spirit of hopelessness is beyond any artificial pathos. There is hardly anything more profoundly affecting in English literature than such a poem as "The Nameless One," read with a knowledge of the life of which it was a confession; and it is the more impressive that it has no bitterness nor maudlin arraignment of fortune, such as is apparent in much of the poetry of genius wrecked by its own errors. His political odes were those of a dreamer of noble things for his country, rather than of practical knowledge or faith, notwithstanding their exalted and noble sentiment, and in all things except his personal misery he was not of the actual life of the world.



THE NAMELESS ONE.

ROLL forth, my song, like the rushing river,
 That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
 God will inspire me while I deliver
 My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening,
 Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
 That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
 No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all Heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men from wisdom's pages
The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song ; —

With song, which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid, —
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove, —

Till spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for him,
(If children live not for sires and mothers,)
His mind grew dim, —

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
 The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
 And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
 Stock of returns ;—

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
 And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
 When death in hideous and ghastly starkness
 Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck, and sorrow,
 And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
 He bides in calmness the silent morrow
 That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary
 At thirty-nine from despair and woe,
 He lives, enduring what future story
 Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
 Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
 He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
 Here and in hell.



SOUL AND COUNTRY.

ARISE! my slumbering soul, arise!
 And learn what yet remains for thee
 To dree or do ;
 The signs are flaming in the skies ;
 A struggling world would yet be free
 And live anew.

The earthquake hath not yet been born
That soon shall rock the lands around,
Beneath their base.

Immortal freedom's thunder horn,
As yet, yields but a doleful sound
To Europe's race.

Look round, my soul, and see and say
If those about thee understand
Their mission here ;

The will to smite, the power to slay,
Abound in every heart and hand,
Afair, anear.

But, God, must yet the conqueror's sword
Pierce *mind* as heart, in this proud year?
O, dream it not !

It sounds a false, blaspheming word,
Begot and born of moral fear, —
And ill begot.

To leave the world a name is naught ;
To leave a name for glorious deeds
And works of love, —

A name to waken lightning thought,
And fire the soul of him who reads, —
This tells above.

Napoleon sinks to-day before
The ungilded shrine, the single soul,
Of Washington ;

Truth's name alone shall man adore,
Long as the waves of time shall roll
Henceforward on !

My countrymen ! my words are weak,
My health is gone, my soul is dark,
My heart is chill,

Yet would I fain and fondly seek
 To see you borne in freedom's bark
 O'er ocean still.
 Beseech your God, and bide your hour, —
 He cannot, will not, long be dumb;
 Even now his tread
 Is heard o'er earth with coming power;
 And coming, trust me, it will come,
 Else were He dead.



A VISION OF CONNAUGHT IN THE THIRTEENTH- CENTURY.

["Et moi, j'ai été aussi en Arcadie." — "And I, I too, have been a dreamer." — *Inscription on a Painting by Poussin.*]

This ode is founded on a passage in an ancient Irish chronicle, but the original is little more than a suggestion for the poem.

I WALKED entranced
 Through a land of Morn;
 The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
 Shone down and glanced
 Over seas of corn,
 And lustrous gardens aleft and right.
 Even in the clime
 Of resplendent Spain
 Beams no such sun upon such a land;
 But it was the time,
 'T was in the reign,
 Of Cahal-Mor of the Wine-Red Hand.

Anon stood nigh
 By my side a man
 Of princely aspect and port sublime.

Him queried I :

“O, my Lord and Khan,
What clime is this, and what golden time ?”
When he : “The clime
Is a clime to praise,
The clime is Erin’s, the green and bland ;
And it is the time,
These be the days,
Of Cahal-Mor of the Wine-Red Hand !”

Then saw I thrones
And circling fires,
And a Dome rose near me as by a spell,
Whence flowed the tones
Of silver lyres,
And many voices in wreathéd swell ;
And their thrilling chime
Fell on mine ears
As the heavenly hymn of an angel band :
“It is now the time,
These be the years,
Of Cahal-Mor of the Wine-Red Hand !”

I sought the hall,
And, behold ! a change
From light to darkness, from joy to woe ;
King, nobles, all,
Looked aghast and strange ;
The minstrel group sat in dumbest show.
Had some great crime
Wrought this dread amaze,
This terror ? None seemed to understand.
’T was then the time,
We were in the days,
Of Cahal-Mor of the Wine-Red Hand.

I again walked forth ;
 But lo ! the sky
 Showed flecked with blood, and an alien sun
 Glared from the North,
 And there stood on high,
 Amid his shorn beams, a SKELETON !
 It was by the stream
 Of the castled Maine,
 One autumn eve, in the Teuton's land,
 That I dreamed this dream
 Of the time and reign
 Of Cahal-Mor of the Wine-Red Hand.



THE ONE MYSTERY.

'T is idle ; we exhaust and squander
 The glittering mine of thought in vain ;
 All-baffled Reason cannot wander
 Beyond her chain.
 The flood of life runs dark, — dark clouds,
 Make lampless night around its shore ;
 The dead, where are they ? In their shrouds, —
 Man knows no more.

Evoke the ancient and the past,
 Will one illuming star arise ?
 Or must the film, from first to last,
 O'erspread thine eyes ?
 When life, love, glory, beauty, wither,
 Will wisdom's page or science' chart
 Map out for thee the region whither
 Their shades depart ?

Supposest thou the wondrous powers
To high imagination given,
Pale types of what shall yet be ours,
When earth is heaven?
When this decaying shell is cold,
O, sayest thou the soul shall climb
That magic mount she trod of old,
Ere childhood's time?

And shall the sacred pulse that thrilled,
Thrill once again to glory's name?
And shall the conquering love that filled
All earth with flame,
Reborn, revived, renewed, immortal,
Resume his reign in prouder might,
A sun beyond the ebon portal
Of death and night?

No more, no more, with aching brow,
And restless heart, and burning brain,
We ask the When, the Where, the How,
And ask in vain.
And all philosophy, all faith,
All earthly, all celestial lore,
Have but one voice, which only saith,
Endure, — adore!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM has a place in literature beside that of an Irish poet; but he is one of the most powerful and national in the list, and has given the world an original phase of Irish poetry. He was born in Ballyshannon, a beautiful little town in the West of Ireland, in 1828. His father was a banker in the town, and occupied a position among the gentry. He was liberally educated in Ireland and England, and his first poems were published in "Household Words," when conducted by Charles Dickens, who appreciated his talents and promise; and he also received kindly encouragement from Leigh Hunt, to whom he dedicated his poem of "The Music-Master." He held an appointment in the customs service until 1872, when he resigned to succeed Mr. James Anthony Froude as editor of Frazer's Magazine, which he has since resigned. For the later part of his life he has been a resident of London, and an associate in the most accomplished literary society of the time, his wife, formerly Miss Helen Patterson, holding a distinguished place as an artist. Since 1864, he has been in the receipt of a pension for his literary services. His published works have been "Poems," issued in 1850, and republished in Boston; "Day and Night Songs," published in 1854; "Lawrence Bloomfield," first published in successive numbers of Frazer's Magazine and issued in book form in 1869; and "Songs and Ballads," published in 1877.

Mr. Allingham's Irish poetry is not national in the political sense usually associated with the word, nor does it deal with themes of national history. Its subjects are taken from contemporaneous life, and it depicts the beautiful scenery of the country, particularly of the vicinity of Ballyshannon, sings the love-songs and lamentations of the peasant people, and draws sketches from figures in Irish life of all grades. His ballads and songs have the pure simplicity, the idiom and the local coloring, the sweetness and the pathos, of peasant verse refined and vivified with a fine skill that preserves their national flavor with the highest poetic form. "Lovely Mary Donnelly" and "The Girl's Lamentation" are two of the most perfect specimens of genuine Irish poetry. They have touched the popular heart, as well as moved the admiration of critics, and are to be found in the sheaf of popular ballads that are the common property of the peasantry. His longest and most important poem is "Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland," a descriptive poem in decasyllabic verse. It is a novel in poetic form, describing the scenes of national life, with portraits of landlords, priests, and peasantry, and depicting the social gatherings of high and low life, the eviction, the meeting in the Ribbon Lodge, the wake, the Sunday service, and all the characteristic scenes of national life. The characters of the landlords have all the distinctness and naturalness of those in "Castle Rackrent," and he has given, what Miss Edgeworth did not attempt except incidentally, equally natural portraits from the peasantry. The landscapes are described with a vividness that impresses them most powerfully upon the mind, and with a faithfulness as complete as that of a photograph, while there is a pathos and a power in the scenes from life, the stronger for being restrained to the literal transcription of incidents of ordinary life, like that of Crabbe. In fact, since "Nature's sternest painter, yet her best," there has been no English author who is so

vividly a painter of real life as Mr. Allingham, while his poetry has a grace and inward tenderness entirely wanting to the literal transcriptions of Crabbe. His candor is also complete, and his politics are only to be inferred, as he is equally impartial in depicting what he considers the evils of both parties. His aim has been to give a thoroughly faithful portraiture of existing society and circumstance, and the clearest insight into and the most vivid representation of contemporary life in Ireland is to be found in "Lawrence Bloomfield," not excepting Mr. W. Steuart Trench's "Realities of Irish Life," or Mr. Anthony Trollope's "MacDermots of Ballycloran."



THE EVICTION.

FROM "LAWRENCE BLOOMFIELD IN IRELAND."

SMALL Ballytullagh was an ancient place,
 Built in the hollow of a rock-strewn hill,
 A rugged fold of earth, but kindly still
 To those who lived there. Better there live poor
 Than in the monstrous city's heart, be sure.
 So low and weather-stained the walls, the thatch
 So dusk of hue, or spread with mossy patch,
 'A stranger journeying on the distant road
 Might hardly guess that human hearts abode
 In those wild fields, save when a smoky wreath
 Distinguished from huge rocks above, beneath,
 Its huddled roofs. A lane goes up the hill,
 Crossed at one elbow by a crystal rill,
 Between the stepping-stones gay tripping o'er
 In shallow brightness on its gravelly floor,
 From crags above, with falls and rocky runs,
 Through sward below in deep deliberate turns,

Where each fine evening brought the boys to play
At football or with *camuns** drive away
The whizzing *nagg*†; a crooked lane and steep,
Older than broad highways, you find it creep
Fenced in with stooping thorn-trees, bramble-brakes,
Tall edgestones, gleaming, gay as spotted snakes,
With gold and silver lichen; till it bends
Between the rock-based, rough-built gable ends,
To make the street, if one may call it street,
Where ducks and pigs in filthy forum meet;
A scrambling, careless, tattered place, no doubt,
Each cottage rude within doors as without..

Though poor this hamlet, sweet its rustic days,
Secluded from the world's tumultuous ways, —
When famine times and fever times went by,
If crops were good, provisions not too high;
And well it mingled with the varying sound
Of birds and rills and breezy waste around,
Its hum of housewife's wheel, or farm-cock's crow,
Or whetted scythe, or cattle's evening low,
Or high-pitched voice of little girl or boy,
The sturdy men at work with spade and loy;
The clothes spread out along the stooping hedge,
The tethered goat upon the rock's green ledge,
The game, or quiet pipe, when toil was done,
The colleens at their broidery in the sun,
Skirt over head, or washing in the brook,
Or singing ballads round the chimney-nook, —
For daily life's material good enough
Such trivial incidents and homely stuff.
And here, too, could those miracles befall
Of wedding, new-born babe, and funeral,
Each natural feeling, every fancy rise,
Touch common earth and soar to mystic skies.

* *Camuns*, crooked sticks.

† *Nagg*, a wooden ball.

Gaze upon Oona of the milk-white hair,
 With burden of a century to bear ;
 The wonders and enchanting hopes of youth,
 The toils of life and disappointing truth,
 Delights and cares that wives and mothers know,
 The turns of wisdom, folly, joy, and woe,
 The gradual change of all things year by year,
 While she to one Great Doorway still draws near, —
 All good and ill from childhood to old age
 For her have moved on this poor narrow stage.
 A cottage built ; farm shifting hands ; big thorn
 By midnight tempest from its place upturn ;
 The Church's rites, the stations and the priests ;
 Wakes, dances, faction-fights, and wedding-feasts ;
 Good, honest neighbors ; ruffians, crafty rogues ;
 The wild youth limping back without his brogues ;
 The moneyed man returning from the West,
 With beard and golden watch-chains on his breast ;
 He that enlisted ; she that went astray ;
 Landlords and agents of a former day ;
 The time of raging floods ; the twelve weeks' frost ;
 Dear summers, and how much their oatmeal cost ;
 The Tullagh baby-daughters, baby-sons,
 Grown up, grown gray ; a crowd of buried ones ;
 These little by-gones Oona would recall
 In deep-voiced Gaelic, — faltering now they fall,
 Or on her faint lips murmur unaware ;
 And many a time she lifts her eyes in prayer,
 And many an hour her placid spirit seems
 Content as infant smiling through its dreams,
 In solemn trance of body and of mind,
 As though, its business with the world resigned,
 The soul, withdrawn into a central calm,
 Lay hushed, in foretaste of immortal balm.

That face, now seen but seldom, no one saw
Without a touch of tenderness and awe ;
And every tongue around her feared to tell
The great misfortune worse than yet befell
In all her length of journey. — When they tried
To move her, “Would they take her life?” she cried,
At which it rested, hap what happen might,
And scarcely one, in truth, prepared for flight.
Contempt of prudence, anger and despair,
And *vis inertiae*, kept them as they were.
“God and the world will see it,” — so they said, —
“Let all the wrong be on the doer’s head !”

In early morning twilight, raw and chill,
Damp vapors brooding on the barren hill,
Through miles of mire, in steady, grave array,
Threescore well-armed police pursue their way ;
Each tall and bearded man a rifle swings,
And under each great-coat a bayonet clings ;
The sheriff on his sturdy cob astride
Talks with the Chief, who marches by their side,
And, creeping on behind them, Paudeen Dhu
Pretends his needful duty much to rue.
Six big-boned laborers, clad in common frieze,
Walk in their midst, the sheriff’s stanch allies ;
Six crowbar men from distant county brought, —
Orange and glorying in their work ’t is thought,
But wrongly, — churls of Catholics are they,
And merely hired at half-a-crown a day.

The hamlet clustering on its hill is seen,
A score of petty homesteads, dark and mean ;
Poor always, not despairing until now ;
Long used, as well as poverty knows how
With life’s oppressive trifles to contend,
This day will bring its history to an end.

Moveless and grim against the cottage walls
 Lean a few silent men ; but some one calls
 Far off ; and then a child "without a stitch"
 Runs out of doors, flies back with piercing screech,
 And soon from house to house is heard the cry
 Of female sorrow swelling loud and high,
 Which makes the men blaspheme between their teeth.
 Meanwhile o'er fence and watery field beneath,
 The little army moves through drizzling rain ;
 A "Crowbar" leads the sheriff's nag ; the lane
 Is entered, and their plashing hoofs draw near ;
 One instant, outcry holds its breath to hear ;
 "Halt !" at the doors they form in double line,
 And ranks of polished rifles wetly shine,

The Sheriff's pained, but "Duty must be done !"
 Exhorts to quiet and the work's begun.
 The strong stand ready ; now appear the rest,
 Girl, matron, grandsire, baby on the breast,
 And Rosy's thin face on a pallet borne ;
 A motly concourse, feeble and forlorn.
 One old man, tears upon his wrinkled cheek,
 Stands trembling on a threshold, tries to speak,
 But in defect of any word for this,
 Mutely upon the doorpost prints a kiss,
 Then passes out, forever. Through the crowd
 The children run bewildered, wailing loud ;
 At various points the men combine their aid ;
 And last of all is Oona forth conveyed,
 Reclined in her accustomed strawen chair,
 Her aged eyelids closed, her thick white hair
 Escaping from her cap ; she feels the chill,
 Looks round and murmurs, then again is still.

Now bring the remnants of each household fire,
 On the wet ground the hissing coals expire.

And Paudeen Dhu with meekly dismal face
Receives the full possession of the place.

Whereon the sheriff, "We have legal hold,
Return to shelter with the sick and old.
Time shall be given ; and there are carts below
If any to the workhouse choose to go.'
A young man makes him answer, grave and clear,
"We're thankful to you, but there's no one here
Goin' back into them houses ; do your part.
Nor we won't trouble Pigot's horse and cart."
At which name, rushing into the open space,
A woman flings her hood from off her face,
Falls on her knees upon the miry ground,
Lifts hands and eyes and voice of thrilling sound, —
"Vengeance of God Almighty fall on you,
James Pigot ! may the poor man's curse pursue,
The widow's and the orphan's curse, I pray,
Hang heavy round you at your dying day !"
Breathless and fixed one moment stands the crowd
To hear this malediction fierce and loud.
Meanwhile (our neighbor Neal is busy there)
On steady poles he lifted Oona's chair,
Well heaped with borrowed mantles ; gently bear
The sick girl in her litter, bed and all ;
Whilst others hug the children weak and small,
In careful arms, or hoist them pick-a-back ;
And 'midst the unrelenting clink and thwack
Of iron bar and stone, let creep away
The sad procession from that hillside gray,
Through the slow-falling rain. In three hours more
You'll find where Ballytullagh stood before,
Mere shattered walls, and doors with useless latch,
And firesides buried under fallen thatch.

THE GIRL'S LAMENTATION.

WITH grief and mourning I sit to spin ;
 My love passed by, and he did n't come in ;
 He passes by me, both day and night,
 And he carries off my poor heart's delight.

There is a tavern in yonder town,
 My love goes there and he spends a crown ;
 He takes a strange girl upon his knee,
 And never more gives a thought of me.

Says he, " We 'll wed without loss of time,
 And sure our love 's but a little crime " ; —
 My apron-string now it 's wearing short,
 And my love he seeks other girls to court.

O, with him I 'd go if I had my will,
 I 'd follow him barefoot o'er rock and hill ;
 I 'd never once speak of all my grief
 If he 'd give me a smile for my heart's relief.

In our wee garden the rose unfolds,
 With bachelor's buttons and marigolds ;
 I 'll tie no posies for dance or fair,
 A willow twig is for me to wear.

For a maid again I can never be,
 Till the red rose blooms on the willow-tree.
 Of such a trouble I heard them tell,
 And now I know what it means full well.

As through the long lonesome night I lie,
I'd give the world if I might but cry ;
But I must n't moan there, or raise my voice,
And the tears run down without any noise.

And what, O, what will my mother say ?
She'll wish her daughter was in the clay.
My father will curse me to my face ;
The neighbors will know of my black disgrace.

My sister's buried three years come Lent ;
But sure we made far too much lament.
Beside her grave they still say a prayer, —
I wish to God it was I was there.

The Candlemas crosses hang near my bed ;
To look on them puts me much in dread ;
They mark the good time that's gone and past ;
It's like this year's one will prove the last.

The oldest cross it's a dusty brown,
But the winter winds did n't shake it down ;
The newest cross keeps the color bright, —
When the straw was reaping, my heart was light.*

The reapers rose with the blink of morn,
And gaily stooked up the yellow corn,
To call them home to the field I'd run,
Through the blowing breeze and the summer sun.

When the straw was weaving my heart was glad,
For neither sin nor shame I had,

* In some parts of Ireland is a custom of weaving a small cross of straw at Candlemas, which is hung up in a cottage, sometimes over a bed. A new one is added every year, and the old are left until they fall to pieces.

In the barn where oat-chaff was flying round,
And the thumping flails made a pleasant sound.

Now summer or winter to me it's one ;
But O for a day like the time that's gone !
I'd little care was it storm or shine,
If I had but peace in this heart of mine.

O, light and false is a young man's kiss,
And a foolish girl gives her soul for this.
O, light and short is the young man's blame,
And a helpless girl has the grief and shame.

To the river bank once I thought to go,
And cast myself in the stream below ;
I thought 't would carry us far out to sea,
Where they'd never find my poor babe and me.

Sweet Lord, forgive me that wicked mind !
You know I used to be well inclined.
O, take compassion upon my state,
Because my trouble is so very great !

My head turns round with the spinning-wheel,
And a heavy cloud at my eyes I feel.
But the worst of all is at my heart's core,
For my innocent days will come back no more.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O, LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best ;
If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest.
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are ! and they give me
many a shock.

Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with a shower
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup ;
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine ;
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whitmonday night exceeded all before ;
No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor.
But Mary kept the belt of love, and, O, but she was gay !
She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete
The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet ;
The fiddler moaned his blindness, he heard her so much
praised,
But blessed himself he was n't deaf when once her voice she
raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you sung,
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my
tongue ;

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both
 your hands,

And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

O, you're the flower o' womankind in country or in town!

The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.

If some great lord should come this way, and see your beauty
 bright,

And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

O might we live together in a lofty palace hall,

Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall!

O might we live together in a cottage mean and small,

With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress!

It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less;

The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and
 low;

But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!



THE LEPRECAUN, OR FAIRY SHOEMAKER.

A RHYME FOR CHILDREN.

LITTLE cow-boy, what have you heard,

Up on the lonely rath's green mound?

Only the plaintive yellow-bird

Singing in sultry fields around?

Chary, chary, chary, chee-e!

Only the grasshopper and the bee?

“Tip-tap, rip-rap,

Tick-a-tack-too!

Scarlet leather, sewn together,
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight ;
Summer days are warm ;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm !”
Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamor,
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Leprecaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade ?
He’s a span
And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him fast,
And you’re a made
Man !

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay ;
How should you like to roll in your carriage
And look for a duchess’s daughter in marriage ?
Seize the shoemaker, so you may !

“ Big boots a hunting,
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding feast,
And pink for a ball,
This way, that way,
So we make a shoe,
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-tack-too !”

Nine and ninety treasure crocks
This keen miser-fairy hath,
Hid in mountain, wood, and rocks,
Ruin and round-tower, cave and rath,
And where the cormorants build ;

From times of old
 Guarded by him ;
 Each of them filled
 Full to the brim
 With gold !

I caught him at work one day myself,
 In the castle ditch where the foxglove grows ;
 A wrinkled, wizened, and bearded elf,
 Spectacles stuck on the point of his nose,
 Silver buckles to his hose,
 Leather apron, shoe in his lap ;
 "Rip-rap, tip-tap,
 Tick-tack-too !
 A grig stepped upon my cap,
 Away the moth flew.
 Buskins for a fairy prince,
 Brogues for his son,
 Pay me well, pay me well,
 When the job 's done."
 The rogue was mine beyond a doubt,
 I stared at him ; he stared at me !
 "Servant, sir !" "Humph !" said he,
 And pulled a snuff-box out.
 He took a long pinch, looked better pleased,
 The queer little Leprecaun ;
 Offered the box with a whimsical grace, —
 Pouf ! he flung the dust in my face,
 And, while I sneezed,
 Was gone !

The Leprecaun is a fairy in the shape of a little old shoemaker, who, if surprised and caught, can be compelled to show the locality of hidden treasure, unless he can induce his captor by some surprise or stratagem to take his eyes from him, in which case he vanishes. Irish folk-lore has a great number of legends relating to the Leprecaun.

AUBREY DE VERE.

AN Irish poet representing the highest type of the modern Catholic spirit, and of rare and spiritual refinement, is Aubrey Thomas De Vere. He is the third son of Sir Aubrey De Vere, author of "Mary Tudor," an historical drama, and other poems, and was born at the ancestral residence, Curragh Chase, in the county of Limerick, in 1814. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and the record of his life has been that of religious and literary culture, with extended travel and residence in Rome, and its only events proper for a living biography have been the publication of his poems. They consist of "The Waldenses, or The Fall of Lora," a lyrical tale published in 1842; "The Search after Proserpine, Recollections of Greece, and Other Poems," in 1843; "Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred," in 1856; "May Carols," in 1857; "The Sisters, Inisfail, and Other Poems," in 1861; "Irish Odes and Other Poems," in 1869; "The Legends of St. Patrick," in 1872; and "Alexander the Great," in 1874. He is also the author of several prose pamphlets on religious and national questions. A volume of selections from his poems has been published by his authority by the Catholic Publication Society in the United States.

The distinguishing feature of Mr. De Vere's literary production has been its devotion to the Roman Church, and he is a thorough representative of the spirit of modern Catholic culture associated with the names of Cardinal Newman and

the Comte de Montalembert. His poetry is thoroughly saturated with a spirit of devotion, and he has reached his highest power in the interpretation of the mystic symbolism of the Church, and in the expression of the feelings of personal adoration associated with its ceremonials. His "May Carols" are a series of poems to the Virgin Mother, breathing a mystical fervor and a mediæval purity and strength of devotion, and in almost all his poetry the religious flavor is apparent. As a nationalist, he is also primarily a Catholic, not in any narrow or political sense, but with a constant reference to the higher claims of the Church, and the spirit of religion, which it inculcates, to guide and inform all national action. In style his poetry is mystic and fervid. His landscapes are fraught with the imaginative spirit of Shelley, and the aspects of nature are painted with the mystic emanations of spiritual meaning, when not peopled with the actual forms of spiritual inhabitants, as may be seen in a single example from many equally striking, from "An Autumnal Ode."

"A sacred stillness hangs upon the air,
 A sacred stillness. Distant shapes draw nigh ;
 Glistens yon Elm-grove, to its heart laid bare,
 And all articulate in its symmetry,
 With here and there a branch that from on high
 Far flashes washed as in a watery gleam ;
 Beyond the glossy lake lies calm, — a beam
 Upheaved, as if in sleep, from its slow central stream."

Some of his devotional odes and sonnets have a flavor of the clear and fervid piety of the "Vita Nuova," and many of his classic poems show a thoroughly Grecian simplicity and sharpness of outline. He is not calculated to be ever popular, and has less of strength when endeavoring to depict the immediate wrongs and sufferings of the Famine year ; and the mystic element intrudes into such tales of common life as "The

Sisters," to the degree of giving them an air of unreality. But he is far from being without a direct strength, and even an epigrammatic force on a congenial theme. His style and spirit are very different from those of the modern school of poetry with its perfervid sensuousness, and his religion is that of a church opposed to the modern school of sceptical thought. But the purity and grace of his diction, the lofty spirit of devotion and genuine mysticism in contrast to the affectation of it resulting from an artistic fashion, should have won him a higher critical estimate or knowledge in English literary circles than he has received, and which he will obtain as his merits must make their way. In our opinion, he will some day be considered worthy of a place beside Shelley and Landor, and acknowledged as a remarkable and rare type of modern poetical genius.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

HARK, hark that chime ! The frosts are o'er !
With song the birds force on the spring :
Thus, Ireland, sang thy bards of yore ; —
O younger bards, 't is time to sing !
Your country's smile, that with the past
Lay dead so long, — that vanished smile, —
Evoke it from the dark, and cast
Its light around a tearful isle !

Like severed locks that keep their light
When all the stately frame is dust,
A nation's songs preserve from blight
A nation's name, their sacred trust.

Temple and pyramid eterne
 May memorize her deeds of power ;
 But only from the songs we learn
 How throbbed her life-blood, hour by hour.

Thrice blessed the strain that brings to one
 Who weeps by some Australian rill
 A worn-out life far off begun,
 His country's countenance beauteous still !
 That 'mid Canadian wilds, or where
 Rich-feathered birds are void of song,
 Wafts back, 'mid gusts of Irish air,
 Old wood-notes loved and lost so long !

Well might the Muse at times forsake
 Her Grecian hill, and sit where swerve
 In lines like those of Hebe's neck
 That wood-girt bay, yon meadow's curve,*
 Watching the primrose clusters throw
 Their wan light o'er that ivied cave,
 And airs by myrtles odored blow
 The apple-blossom on the wave !

Thrice blessed the strain that, when the May
 Woos thus the young leaf from the bud,
 When robins, thrushlike, shake the spray,
 And deepening purples tinge the flood,
 Kindles new worlds of love and truth,
 This world's lost Eden, still new-born,
 In breast of Irish maid or youth,
 Reading beneath the Irish thorn !

That lures from overheated strife
 Blinded ambition's tool ; that o'er

* Foynes island. — *Author's note.*

The fields of unsabbatic life
The church bells of the past can pour ;
Around the old oak lightning-scarred
Can raise the virgin woods that rang
When, throned 'mid listening kerns, the bard
Of Oisin and of Patrick sang.

Saturnian years return ! Erelong
Peace, justice-built, the Isle shall cheer ;
Even now old sounds of ancient wrong
At distance roll, and come not near :
Past is the iron age, — the storms
That lashed the worn cliff, shock on shock ;
The bird, in tempest cradled, warms
At last her wings upon the rock.

How many a bard may lurk even now,
Ireland, among thy noble poor !
To Truth their genius let them vow,
And scorn the Siren's tinsel lure ;
Faithful to illustrate God's word
On Nature writ ; or re-revealing
Through Nature, Christian lore transferred
From faith to sight by songs heart-healing.

Fair land ! the skill was thine of old
Upon the illumined scroll to trace,
In heavenly blazon, blue or gold,
The martyr's palm, the angel's face ;
One day on every Muse's page
Be thine a saintly light to fling,
And bathe the world's declining age
Once more in its baptismal spring.

Man sows. A Hand divine must reap ;
 The toil wins most that wins not praise ;
 Stones buried in oblivion's deep
 May help the destined pile to raise,
 Foundations fix for pier or arch ;
 Above that spirit-bridge's span
 To Faith's inviolate home may march,
 In God's good time, enfranchised man.



SONNET.

ENGLAND, magnanimous art thou in name ;
 Magnanimous in nature once thou wert ;
 But that which ofttimes lags behind desert,
 And crowns the dead, as oft survives it, — Fame.
 Can she whose hand a merchant's pen makes tame
 Or sneer of nameless scribe, — can she whose heart
 In camp or senate still is at the mart,
 A nation's toils, a nation's honors, claim ?
 Thy shield of old torn Poland twice and thrice
 Invoked ; thy help as vainly Ireland asks,
 Pointing with stark, lean finger, from the crest
 Of Western cliffs, plague-stricken, to the West, —
 Gray-haired, though young ; when heat is sucked from ice,
 Then shall a Firm discharge a nation's tasks.

THE LITTLE BLACK ROSE.

A JACOBITE SONG.

THE little black rose shall be red at last ;

What made it black but the March-wind dry,
And the tear of the widow that fell on it fast ?

It shall redden the hills when June is nigh.

The Silk of the kine shall rest at last ;—

What drove her forth but the dragon-fly ?
In the golden vale she shall feed full fast,
With her mild gold horn, and her slow dark eye.

The wounded wood-dove lies dead at last ;

The pine long bleeding it shall not die ;—
Their song is secret. Mine ear it passed
In a wind o'er the plains of Athenry.



ODE TO THE DAFFODIL.

O LOVE STAR of the unbeloved March,

When, cold and shrill,

Forth flows beneath a low, dim-lighted arch

The wind that beats sharp crag and barren hill,

And keeps unfilmed the lately torpid rill.

A week or e'er

Thou com'st, thy soul is round us everywhere ;

And many an auspice, many an omen,

Whispers, scarce-noted, thou art coming.

Huge, cloud-like trees grow dense with sprays and buds,

And cast a shapelier gloom o'er freshening grass,

And through the fringe of ragged woods
 More shrouded sunbeams pass.
 Fresh shoots conceal the pollard's spike
 The driving rack outbraving ;
 The hedge swells large by ditch and dike ;
 And all the uncolored world is like
 A shadow-limned engraving.
 Herald and harbinger ! with thee
 Begins the year's great jubilee !
 Of her solemnities sublime
 (A sacristan, whose gusty taper
 Flashes through earliest morning vapor)
 Thou ring'st dark nocturns and dim prime.
 Birds that have yet no heart for song
 Gain strength with thee to twitter ;
 And, warm at last, where hollies throng,
 The mirrored sunbeams glitter ;
 With silk the osier plumes her tendrils thin ;
 Sweet blasts, though keen as sweet, the blue lake wrinkle ;
 And buds on leafless boughs begin
 Against gray skies to twinkle.

To thee belongs
 A pathos drowned in later scents and songs.
 Thou com'st when first the spring
 On winter's verge encroaches ;
 When gifts that speed on wounded wing
 Meet little save reproaches.
 Thou com'st when blossoms blighted,
 Retracted sweets, and ditty,
 From suppliants oft deceived and spited
 More anger draw than pity.
 Thee the old shepherd on the bleak hillside
 Far distant eying leans upon his staff

Till from his cheek the wind-brushed tear is dried ;
In thee he spells his boyhood's epitaph.
To thee belongs the youngling of the flock,
When first it lies, close huddled from the cold,
Between the sheltering rock
And gorse brush slowly overcrept with gold.

Thou laugh'st, bold outcast, bright as brave,
When the wood bellows, and the cave,
And leagues inland is heard the wave ;
Hating the dainty and the fine
As sings the blackbird thou dost shine.
Thou com'st while yet on mountain lawns high up
Lurks the last snow-wreath, — by the berried breer
While yet the black spring in its craggy cup
No music makes or charms no listening ear.
Thou com'st while from the oak stock or red beech
Dead autumn scoffs young spring with splenetic speech ;
When in her virginal chastity the year
With frozen memories of the sacred past
Her doors and heart makes fast,
And loves no flowers save those that deck the bier ; —
Ere yet the blossomed sycamore
With golden surf is curdled o'er ;
Ere yet the birch against the blue
Her silken tissue weaves anew.
Thou com'st while, meteor-like, 'mid fens, the weed
Swims, wan in light ; while sleet showers whitening glare ;
Weeks ere by river-brims, new firr'd, the reed
Leans its green javelin level in the air.

Child of the strong and strenuous East !
Now scattered wide o'er dusk hill bases,
Now massed in broad illuminate spaces ; —
Torch-bearer at a wedding feast

Whereof thou may'st not be partaker,
 But mime at most, and merry-maker ;
 Phosphor of an ungrateful sun
 That rises but to bid thy lamp begone ;—

Farewell ! I saw

Writ large on woods and lawns to-day that law
 Which back remands thy race and thee
 To hero-haunted shades of dark Persephone.

To-day the Spring has pledged her marriage vow ;

Her voice, late tremulous, strong has grown and steady !
 To-day the Spring is crowned a queen ; but thou

Thy winter hast already !

Take my song's blessing, and depart,

Type of true service, — unrequited heart !



“GOOD-HEARTED.”

THE young lord betrayed an orphan maid,

The young lord, soft-natured and easy,

The man was “good-hearted,” the neighbors said, —

Flung meat to his dogs, to the poor flung bread.

His father stood laughing, while Drogheda bled ;

He hated a conscience uneasy.

A widow met him, dark trees o'erhead,

Her child and the man just parted.

When home she walked, her knife it was red ;

Swiftly she walked and muttered and said,

“The blood rushed fast from a fount full fed.”

Ay, the young lord was right good-hearted.

When morning wan its first beam shed,

It fell on a corpse yet wanner.

The great-hearted dogs the young lord had fed
Watched one at the feet and one at the head, —
But their mouths with a blood pool hard by were red, —
They loved in the young lord's manner.



EPITAPH.

HE roamed half round the world of woe,
Where toil and labor never cease ;
Then dropped one little span below
In search of peace.

And now to him mild beams and showers,
All that he needs to grace his tomb,
From loneliest regions at all hours,
Unsought for come.



SONG.

SEEK not the tree of silkiest bark
And balmiest bud,
To carve her name, while yet 't is dark,
Upon the wood.
The world is full of noble tasks
And wreaths hard wòn ;
Each work demands strong hearts, strong hands,
Till day is done.

Sing not that violet-veined skin,
That cheek's pale roses,
The lily of that form wherein
Her soul reposes.

Forth to the fight, true man, true knight !
 The clash of arms
 Shall more prevail than whispered tale
 To win her charms.

The warrior for the True, the Right,
 Fights in Love's name.
 The love that lures thee from the fight
 Lures thee to shame.
 That love which lifts the heart, yet leaves
 The spirit free ;
 That love, or none, is fit for one
 Man-shaped like thee.



NOCTURN HYMN.

Now God suspends its shadowy pall
 Above the world, yet still
 A steely lustre plays o'er all,
 With evanescent thrill.

Softly, with favoring footstep, press
 Among those yielding bowers, —
 Over the cold dews colorless,
 Damp leaves and folded flowers.

Sleep, little birds, in bush and brake !
 'T is surely ours to raise
 Glad hymns, ere humbler choirs awake
 Their anthem in God's praise.

The impatient zeal of faithful love
Hath forced us from our bed ;
But doubly blest repose will prove,
After our service said !

How dim, how still this slumbering wood !
And, O, how sweetly rise
From clouded boughs, and herbs bedewed,
Their odors to the skies !

Sweet, as that mood of mystery,
When thoughts that hide their hues
Reveal their presence only by
The sweetness they diffuse.

But, hark ! o'er all the mountain's verge
The night wind sweeps along ;
O, haste and tune its echoing surge
To a prelusive song !

A song of thanks and laud to Him
Who makes our labor cease,
Who feeds with love the midnight dim,
And hearts devout with peace !

THOMAS IRWIN.

THOMAS CAULFIELD IRWIN is a native of Ulster, but has resided for the greater part of his life in Dublin, where he has supported himself by literary and journalistic labors. His poetry has been contributed to "Duffy's Hibernian Magazine," and other periodicals published in Dublin, and he has issued three small volumes: "Versicles," published in 1856; "Poems," in 1866; and "Irish Poems and Legends," in 1868.

None of Mr. Irwin's poems are beyond the magazine length, and the greater part are inspired by literary studies rather than by direct communion with men or nature. He has a fine vein of description, with much power of the imagination, and a concise and often highly finished style. His national poems are chiefly ballads on historical subjects, but some of his briefer lyrics give an original and effective interpretation of Irish life.



THE POTATO-DIGGER'S SONG.

COME, Connal, acushla, turn the day,
And show the lumpers the light, gossoon!
For we must toil this autumn day,
With Heaven's help, till rise of the moon.
Our corn is stacked, our hay secure,
Thank God! and nothing, my boy, remains

But to pile the potatoes safe on the flure,
Before the coming November rains.
The peasant's mine is his harvest still ;
So now, my lads, let's work with a will ;—
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand,
Work spade and hand
Through the crumbly mould.
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland.

Och, I wish that Maurice and Mary dear
Were singing beside us this soft day !
Of course they're far better off than here ;
But whether they're happier who can say ?
I've heard when it's morn with us, 't is night
With them on the far Australian shore ;—
Well, Heaven be about them with visions bright,
And send them childer and money galore.
With us there's many a mouth to fill,
And so, my boy, let's work with a will ;—
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand,
Work spade and hand
Through the brown, dry mould.
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland.

Ah, then, Paddy O'Reardan, you thundering Turk,
Is it coorting you are in the blessed noon ?

Come over here, Katty, and mind your work,
 Or I'll see if your mother can't change your tune;
 Well youth will be youth, as you know, Mike,
 Sixteen and twenty for each were meant;
 But, Pat, in the name of the fairies, avic,
 Defer your proposals till after Lent;
 And as love in this country lives mostly still
 On potatoes, dig, boy, dig with a will;—
 Work hand and foot,
 Work spade and hand,
 Work spade and hand
 Through the harvest mould. .
 The blessed fruit
 That grows at the root
 Is the real gold
 Of Ireland.

Down the bridle road the neighbors ride,
 Through the light ash shade, by the wheaten sheaves,
 And the children sing on the mountain side,
 In the sweet blue smoke of the burning leaves;
 As the great sun sets in glory furled,
 Faith it's grand to think as I watch his face,
 If he never sets on the English world,
 He never, lad, sets on the Irish race.
 In the West, in the South, new Irelands still
 Grow up in his light;— come, work with a will;—
 Work hand and foot,
 Work spade and hand,
 Work spade and hand
 Through the native mould;
 The blessed fruit
 That grows at the root
 Is the real gold
 Of Ireland.

But look ! — the round moon, yellow as corn,
Comes up from the sea in the deep blue calm ;
It scarcely seems a day since morn ;
Well, the heel of the evening to you, ma'am !
God bless the moon ! for many a night,
As I restless lay on a troubled bed,
When rent was due, her quieting light
Has flattered with dreams my poor old head.
But see, — the basket remains to fill.
Come, girls, be alive ; — boys, dig with a will ; —
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand,
Work spade and hand
Through the moonlit mould ;
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland.

THE EMIGRANT'S VOYAGE.

EVENING.

THE white sails are filled, and the wind from the shore
Blows sad from the hills we shall visit no more ;
And our ship slowly moves o'er the ocean at rest,
From the land of our hearts, in the light of the West.

Though few are the friends on the land's sinking rim,
Yet our eyes, straining into the sunset, grow dim ;
We are leaving forever the walks where we strayed,
And the graves where the dust of our dearest is laid.

Now twilight has covered the isle in its gloom ;
 Dark the village, and lost the old place of the tomb ;
 And we see but yon dusk mountain line in the light,
 We have watched from our cottage doors many a night.

Ah ! the stars on the ocean are glimmering nigh,
 Like the eyes of the dead looking up at the sky ;
 And our ship speeds along, as heart-wearied we sleep,
 'Mid the waters of God and the clouds of the deep.

MORNING.

FULL stretched are the sails, dim and dewy the spars ;
 On the spray-wetted deck falls the light of the stars,
 And the blue lonely morning breaks coldly, as we,
 In the wind, cleave the hurrying heaps of the sea.

All alone in the world, without riches below,
 We have memories that wander wherever we go ;
 And wild sorrow reasons, 'mid tears falling fast,
 That the present may still draw its light from the past.

Oft of mornings to come from our windows we'll bend,
 And look on the sun, that bright following friend ;
 Still fondly remembering his glory has shone
 On the land that we love, and the friends who are gone.

Oft at even, when labor is o'er for a while,
 Will our hearts travel back to our own blessed isle,
 Across the great sea we have traversed in gloom,
 And hover in prayer by the old lonely tomb.

Yes, spirits beloved, though your home were as far
 From our world-wearied hearts as the loneliest star,

Our prayers shall arise for ye from the far clime,
O, many and many and many a time !

We will hear the sweet voice that on earth sounds no more
Still murmuring for us from the heaven's happy shore ;
We will hear those dim footsteps at gray silent morn,
That paced our lost home long before we were born.

Old scenes, where we wandered together, will rise ; —
The fair window landscape, the soft, rainy skies,
The old green-patched hill, where the dewy light plays,
Where your shadows oft passed on the old summer days.

Not alone, not alone, will we labor and roam :
Where your memories linger we still have a home,
And shall still tread, in fancy, the paths you have trod,
Until death leads us up to our dear ones and God.



THE SEA-SERPENT.

UPON the level of the midnight sea
Rested the blue dome of immensity,
 Spangled with starry clusters innumerate ;
 Save to the east, where lay a line of clouds
Foam pale, but indistinct as unguessed fate ;
 As stately the full sailed ship cleft through
 The waste of heaving blue,
Beneath the swinging oil lamp's yellow glow,
Over his charts, the captain bent below,
Calmly secure whence'er a wind should blow ;
 The sailors sang at the helm and in the shrouds.

Three bells had gone, a dark cloud dimmed the moon,
That underneath the wave would vanish soon ;

And in the solemn darkness before dawn,

All, save the helmsman, slept ; when in the wake
A strange and rushing sound turned his cheek wan ;

And, looking o'er his shoulder, he beheld

A something black that swelled

And lengthened far away, while all around

The monstrous head advancing, bound on bound,

A storm of surge and watery thunder's sound,

Bursting the sea calm, caused his heart to quake.

The last light of the moon was glimmering drear,

As on the lonely ocean IT drew near,

Sending a mountain ridge of billows before ;

And straight behind the heaving stern he saw
The million-headed hydra black and frore,

With crest enormous o'er the surge, and eyes

Yellow in moonlight, rise ;

And — as it shouldered aside and thundered past

The seas, foam maddened by the rushing blast

Of its swift motion — sloaky masses vast,

Of serpent black, ravenous with mouth and claw.

Innumerable monsters joined in one

Writhed from its sides and hissed its back upon,

Erect with rage, or sleek with black disdain,

Fierce-eyed and multitudinous, bursting forth,
Horrored for one dread mile the shaken main ;

But on the monster's brow, risen from sleep,

Rested the awe of the deep ;

And round it spread a shadow and a breath

Cold as the ice and imminent as death,

As dawn with moonlight mingled, from beneath

Broadening, beheld it vanish toward the north.

Stiffened with dread and dumb the helmsman stood,
As through that long black valley in the flood

The last huge monster of the early world

Shook the great seas with unaccustomed fears ;
And dumb remained, when morning's crimson curled
Over the vast ; nor spake he till death's hour

Of IT, whose shape of power,
Sleeps underneath the sun and moon alone
In polar ocean's solitudes alone,

'Mid alps of ice, lulled by the tempest's moan, —

Then, but to man appears once in a thousand years.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM, who represents the later stage of revolutionary literature in Ireland, as embodied in the Fenian insurrection of 1865, is a native of Mullinahone, County Tipperary. He held a prominent place in the Fenian councils, and was connected with the "Irish People" newspaper, the successor to "The Nation," in a political sense, and which was suppressed in 1865 by the arrest of its editor, Thomas Clarke Luby, and the other Fenian leaders. Mr. Kickham was also arrested, and tried for sedition. He was convicted and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude, a shorter term than was inflicted upon his associates, even the judge expressing his regret at being compelled to pronounce judgment upon a person of such character, abilities, and temperament. He was released after a short term of imprisonment, and a subscription was taken up by the nationalists in Ireland and the United States as a testimonial. He is in feeble health, and is afflicted with deafness, the result of an accident in his youth.

Like Thomas Davis, Mr. Kickham's motive in writing poetry was mainly to influence the people to indignation against the English authority, and he appealed directly to the peasantry by having his poems printed on the ballad sheets. They are simple in style, as might be expected, but "Rory of the Hills" is very vigorous and spirited, and "The Irish Peasant Girl" has a sweet and touching pathos. Mr. Kick-

ham's poems are few in number, and have not been collected in a volume. He is also the author of a story of Irish life with a political purpose, "Sally Kavanagh, or the Untenanted Graves, a Tale of Tipperary," published in 1869.



RORY OF THE HILLS.

"THAT rake up near the rafters,
Why leave it there so long?
The handle, of the best of ash,
Is smooth and straight and strong;
And, mother, will you tell me
Why did my father frown,
When to make the hay in summer-time
I climbed to take it down?"
She looked into her husband's eyes,
While her own with light did fill:
"You 'll shortly know the reason, boy!"
Said Rory of the Hill.

The midnight moon is lighting up
The slopes of Slieve-na-man:
Whose foot affrights the startled hares
So long before the dawn?
He stopped just where the Anner's stream
Winds up the woods anear,
Then whistled low and looked around
To see the coast was clear.
A shieling door flew open, —
In he stepped with right good will:
"God save all here, and bless your Work,"
Said Rory of the Hill.

Right hearty was the welcome
 That greeted him, I ween,
 For years gone by he fully proved
 How well he loved the Green ;
 And there was one amongst them
 Who grasped him by the hand, —
 One, who through all that dreary time
 Roamed on a foreign strand.
 He brought them news from gallant friends
 That made their heart-strings thrill ;
 “My *sowl*, I never doubted them,”
 Said Rory of the Hill.

They sat around the humble board
 Till dawning of the day,
 And yet nor song nor shout I heard,
 No revellers were they.
 Some brows flushed red with gladness,
 And some were grimly pale ;
 But pale or red, from out those eyes
 Flashed souls that never quail ;
 “And sing us now about the vow
 They swore for to fulfil.”
 “Ye’ll read it yet in history,”
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Next day the ashen handle
 He took down from where it hung,
 The toothéd rake, full scornfully,
 Into the fire he flung,
 And in its stead a shining blade
 Is gleaming once again.
 (O for a hundred thousand
 Of such weapons and such men !)

Right soldierly he wielded it,
And, going through his drill,
"Attention! Charge! Front, point! Advance!"
Cried Rory of the Hill.

She looked at him with woman's pride,
With pride and woman's fears;
She flew to him, she clung to him,
And dried away her tears.
He feels her pulse beat truly,
While her arms around him twine:
"Now God be praised for your stout heart,
Brave little wife of mine!"
He swung his first-born in the air,
While joy his heart did fill, —
"You 'll be a FREEMAN yet, my boy,"
Said Rory of the Hill.

O, knowledge is a wondrous power,
And stronger than the wind,
And thrones shall fall and despots bow
Before the might of mind!
The poet and the orator
The heart of man can sway,
And would to the kind heavens
That Wolfe Tone were here to-day!
Yet trust me, friends, dear Ireland's strength,
Her truest strength, is still
The rough-and-ready roving boys
Like Rory of the Hill.

THE IRISH PEASANT GIRL.

SHE lived beside the Anner,
 At the foot of Slieve-na-man,
 A gentle peasant girl,
 With mild eye like the dawn;
 Her lips were dewy rosebuds, —
 Her teeth of pearls rare, —
 And a snow-drift 'neath a beechen bough
 Her neck and nut-brown hair.

How pleasant 't was to meet her
 On Sunday, when the bell
 Was filling with its mellow tones
 Lone wood and grassy dell ;
 And when at eve young maidens
 Strayed the river-bank along,
 The widow's brown-haired daughter
 Was the loveliest of the throng.

O brave, brave Irish girls ! —
 We well may call you brave !
 Sure the least of all 'your perils
 Is the stormy ocean wave,
 When you leave our quiet valleys,
 And cross the Atlantic's foam,
 To hoard your hard won earnings
 For the helpless ones at home.

“ Write word to my own dear mother, —
 Say we 'll meet with God above ;
 And tell my little brothers
 I send them all my love ;

May the angels ever guard them,
Is their dying sister's prayer !"
And folded in the letter
Was a braid of nut-brown hair.

Ah ! cold and wellnigh callous
This weary heart has grown,
For thy helpless fate, dear Ireland,
And for sorrows of my own !
Yet a tear my eye will moisten,
When by Anner side I stray,
For the lily of the mountain foot
That withered far away.

WHAT'S THAT TO ANY MAN WHETHER OR NO?

I've a pound for to spend, and a pound for to lend,
Cead mille failthe, a heart for a friend ;
No mortal I envy, nor master I own,
Nor lord in his castle, nor king on his throne.
Come, fill up your glasses ! the first cup we'll drain
To the comrades we've lost on the red battle-plain ;
O, we'll cherish their fame, boys, who died long ago,
And what's that to any man whether or no ?

The spinning-wheels stop, and my girls grow pale,
While their mother is telling some sorrowful tale
Of old cabins levelled and coffinless graves,
And ships swallowed up in the salt ocean waves ;
But, girls, that's over for each of you now,
You'll have twenty-five pounds and a three-year-old cow.
O, we'll drink *launa vauna* at your weddings, I trow,
And what's that to any man whether or no ?

Come here, *Banathee*, sit beside me awhile,
 And the pulse of your heart let me read in your smile.
 Would you give your old home for the lordliest hall?
 Ha! you glance at my rifle that hangs on the wall,
 And your two gallant boys on parade-day are seen
 In the ranks of the brave 'neath the banner of green;
 O, I've taught them to guard it 'gainst traitor and foe,
 And what's that to any man whether or no?

But the youngest of all is the white-headed boy,
 He's the pulse of your heart, and our pride and our joy.
 From the hurling or dance he will steal off to pray,
 And wander alone by the river all day;
 He's as good as the priest at his Latin, I hear,
 And to college, please God, we will send him next year.
 O, he'll offer the Mass for our souls when we go,
 And what's that to any man whether or no?

Your hands, then, old neighbor, one cup more we'll drain,
 And *cead mille failthe*, — again and again.
 May discord and treason keep far from our shore,
 And union and peace light our homes evermore!
 He's the king of good fellows, the poor, honest man,
 So we'll live and be merry as long as we can.
 O, we'll cling to old Ireland through weal and through woe,
 And what's that to any man whether or no?

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON, one of the most accomplished scholars in ancient Irish literature, and one of the most original and national of Irish poets, was born in Belfast, in 1810, and spent his youth at the family residence in Collon House, in the county of Antrim. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and became a member of the circle of young men, including Lord O'Hagan, Dr. George Petrie, John O'Donovan, Eugene Curry, and others, who devoted themselves to the cultivation of ancient Irish literature, and who have done so much to elucidate and illustrate it. In his twenty-second year he wrote "The Forging of the Anchor," which was recited by Christopher North at one of the symposia of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" with high praise, and which by its vigor of rhythmical melody and force of imagination has become one of the familiar poems of the English language. He studied for the bar, to which he was admitted in 1838, and acquired a successful practice of a sound and business character, which he retained until his retirement from the profession in 1867, when he was appointed Deputy Keeper of the Records of Ireland, an office which he now holds. On St. Patrick's day, 1879, he received the honor of knighthood from the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Lieutenant. His contributions to literature in the pages of Blackwood and the Dublin University Magazine, during the period of the practice of

his profession, were marked, if not numerous. They included various poems and translations from the Irish, a series of tales relating to early Irish history, afterward collected into a volume under the title of "Hibernian Nights' Entertainments"; "Father Tom and the Pope," a piece of Rabelaisian humor, long unacknowledged, and attributed to Dr. Maginn and other Irish Tory writers; and various papers on the history and archæological remains of Ireland in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. He also published a valuable essay on "The Commercial Capabilities of Ireland." In 1865 he published a collection of his poems under the title of "Lays of the Western Gael"; in 1867, the epic poem of "Congal"; and in 1880, a volume containing ballads and lyrics, and a poem in dramatic form, "Deirdre," illustrating the episode in Irish romance of that name. In the collection of his poems he has been very fastidious, and rejected several pieces that have received popular approval, and which refuse to be ignored in Irish literature.

The characteristics of Sir Samuel Ferguson's poetry, aside from its nationality, are a remarkable strength of rhythm, a happy boldness of epithet, and broad touches of description, that rival Campbell's most powerful effects. It is thoroughly manly in spirit and expression, and its lyrical faculty is frequently of the sort that touches the nerves, as may be particularly noticed in the rude vigor of the concluding stanzas of "The Widow's Cloak," one of his latest poems. His epic poem of "Congal," as has been said, rivals Chapman's Homer in its sweeping strength of rhythm and the felicity of its adjective epithets. His national poetry is thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the ancient bards, and reproduces with a faithfulness and vividness unequalled in the restoration of an ancient form of literature in another language. His nationality has a different partisan and religious

complexion from that of most of those who are called national Irish poets, so far as modern poetry is concerned ; but it is noticeable in the lack of political allusion rather than otherwise, and it is entirely free from bitterness or vindictiveness.

THE HEALING OF CONALL CARNACH.

O'ER Slieve Few, with noiseless tramping through the heavy
drifted snow,
Beälcu, Connacia's champion, in his chariot tracks the foe ;
And anon far off discerneth, in the mountain hollow white,
Slinger Keth and Conall Carnach mingling hand to hand
in fight.

Swift the charioteer his coursers urged across the wintry
glade ;
Hoarse the cry of Keth and hoarser seemed to come, de-
manding aid ;
But through wreath and swollen runnel ere the car could
reach anigh,
Keth lay dead, and mighty Conall, bleeding, lay at point to
die.

Whom beholding spent and pallid, Beälcu exulting cried,
“O thou ravening wolf of Uladh, where is now thy North-
ern pride ?
What can now that crest audacious, what that pale, de-
fiant brow,
Once the bale star of Connacia's ravaged fields, avail thee
now ?”

“Taunts are for reviling women,” faintly Conall made reply;
 “Wouldst thou play the manlier foeman, end my pain, and
 let me die.

Neither deem thy blade dishonored that with Keth’s a deed
 it share,
 For the foremost two of Connaught feat enough and fame to
 spare.”

“No, I will not ; bard shall never in Dunseverick hall make
 boast,
 That to quell one Northern riever needed two of Croghan’s
 host ;
 But because that word thou’st spoken, if but life enough
 remains,
 Thou shalt hear the wives of Croghan clap their hands above
 thy chains.

“Yea, if life enough but linger that the leech may make thee
 whole,
 Meet to satiate the anger that beseems a warrior’s soul,
 Best of leech-craft I’ll purvey thee, make thee whole as
 healing can,
 And in single combat slay thee, Connaught man to Ulster
 man.”

Binding him in fivefold fetter, wrists and ankles, wrists and
 neck,
 To his car’s uneasy litter Beälcu upheaved the wreck
 Of the broken man and harness ; but he started with amaze
 When he felt the Northern war-mace, what a weight it was
 to raise.

Westward then through Breiffny’s borders, with his captive
 and his dead,
 Tracked by bands of fierce applauders, wives and shrieking
 widows, sped ;

And, the chained heroic carcass on the fair green of Moy
Slaught
Casting down, proclaimed his purpose, and bade Lee, the
leech, be brought.

Lee, the gentle-faced physican, from his herb-plot came and
said :

“Healing is with God’s permission ; health for life’s enjoy-
ment made ;
And though I mine aid refuse not, yet, to speak my purpose
plain,
I the healing art abuse not, making life enure to pain.

“But assure me with the sanction of the mightiest oath ye
know,
That in case, in this contention, Conall overcome his foe,
Straight departing from the tourney by what path the chief
shall choose,
He is free to take his journey unmolested to the Fewes.

“Swear me further, while at healing in my charge the hero
lies,
None shall, through my fences stealing, work him mischief
or surprise ;
So, if God the undertaking but approve, in six months’ span
Once again my art shall make him meet to stand before a
man.”

Crom, their god, they then attested, Sun and Wind for guar-
antees,
Conall Carnach unmolested, by what exit he might please,
If the victor, should have freedom to depart Connacia’s
bounds ;
Meantime, no man should intrude him, entering on the hos-
pice grounds.

Then, his burthen huge receiving in the hospice portal, Lee,
 Stiffened limb by limb relieving with the iron fetter key,
 As a crumpled scroll unrolled him, groaning deep, till, laid
 at length,
 Wondering gazers might behold him, what a tower he was
 of strength.

Spake the sons to one another, day by day, of Beälcu, —
 “Get thee up and spy, my brother, what the leech and
 Northman do.”

“Lee at mixing of a potion; Conall yet in no wise dead,
 As on reef of rock the ocean, tosses wildly on his bed.”

“Spy again with cautious peeping, what of Lee and Conall
 now?”

“Conall lies profoundly sleeping; Lee beside with placid brow.”

“And to-day?” “To-day he’s risen; pallid as his swathing
 sheet,

He has left his chamber’s prison, and is walking on his feet.”

“And to-day?” “A ghastly figure on his javelin propped he
 goes.”

“And to-day?” “A languid vigor through his larger gesture
 shows.”

“And to-day?” “The blood renewing mantles all his clear
 cheek through.

Would thy vow had room for rueing, rashly valiant Beälcu!”

So with herb and healing balsam, ere the second month was
 past,

Life’s additions smooth and wholesome circling through his
 members vast,

As you’ve seen a sere oak burgeon under summer showers
 and dew,

Conall, under his chirurgeon, filled and flourished, spread and
 grew.

“I can bear the sight no longer ; I have watched him moon
by moon :

Day by day the chief grows stronger ; giant strong he will
be soon.

O my sire, rash-valiant warrior ! but that oaths have built
the wall,

Soon these feet should leap the barrier ; soon this hand thy
fate forestall.”

“Brother, have the wish thou ’st uttered ; we have sworn, so
let it be ;

But although the feet are fettered, all the air is left us free :
Dying Keth with vengeful presage did bequeathe thee sling
and ball,

And the sling may send its message where thy vagrant
glances fall.

“Forbaid was a master slinger ; Maev, when in her bath she
sank,

Felt the presence of his finger from the further Shannon
bank ;

For he threw by line and measure practising a constant cast
Daily in secluded leisure till he reached the mark at last.

“Keth achieved a warrior’s honor, though ’t was ’mid a
woman’s band

When he smote the amorous Connor bowing from his distant
stand.

Fit occasion will not fail ye ; in the leech’s lawn below
Conall at the fountain daily drinks within an easy throw.”

“Wherefore cast ye at the apple, sons of mine, with meas-
ured aim ?”

“He who in the close would grapple first the distant foe
should maim,

And since Keth, his death-balls casting, rides no more the
ridge of war,

We, against our summer hosting, train us for his vacant car."

"Wherefore to the rock repairing gaze ye forth, my children
tell."

"'T is a stag we watch for snaring that frequents the leech's
well."

"I will see this stag, though truly small may be my eyes'
delight,"

And he climbed the rock where fully lay the lawn exposed
to sight.

Conall to the green well-margin came at dawn and knelt to
drink,

Thinking how a noble virgin by a like green fountain's brink
Heard his own pure vows one morning far away and long ago;
All his heart to home was turning, and his tears began to flow.

Clean forgetful of his prison, steep Dunseverick's windy tower
Seemed to rise in present vision, and his own dear lady's
bower.

Round the sheltering knees they gather, little ones of tender
years, —

"Tell us, mother, of our father," — and she answers but with
tears.

Twice the big drops plashed the fountain. Then he rose, and,
turning round,

As across a breast of mountain sweeps a whirlwind, o'er the
ground

Raced in athlete feats amazing, swung the war-mace, hurled
the spear;

Beälcu, in wonder gazing, felt the pangs of deadly fear.

Had it been a fabled griffin, suppld in a fasting den,
Flashed its wheeling coils to heaven o'er a wreck of beasts
and men,
Hardly had the dreadful prospect bred his soul more dire
alarms,
Such the fire of Conall's aspect, such the stridor of his arms.

"This is fear," he said, "that never shook these limbs of
mine till now.
Now I see the mad endeavor ; now I mourn the boastful vow.
Yet 't was righteous wrath impelled me, and a sense of manly
shame
From his naked throat withheld me, when 't was offered to
my aim.

"Now I see his strength excelling, whence he buys it, what
he pays ;
'T is a God, who has his dwelling in the fount, to whom he
prays.
Thither came he weeping, drooping, till the Well God heard
his prayer ;
Now behold him soaring, swooping, as an eagle through the
air.

"O thou God, by whatsoever sounds of awe thy name we
know,
Grant thy servant equal favor with the stranger and the foe !
Equal grace, 't is all I covet ; and if sacrificial blood
Win thy favor, thou shalt have it on thy very well-brink, God !

"What and though I 've given pledges not to cross the leech's
court ?
Not to pass his sheltering hedges meant I to his patient's
hurt.

Thy dishonor meant I never ; never meant I to forswear
 Right divine of prayer wherever Power divine invites to prayer.

“ Sun that warm’st me, Wind that fann’st me, ye that guar-
 antee the oath,
 Make no sign of wrath against me ; tenderly ye touch me both.
 Yea, then, through his fences stealing ere to-morrow’s sun
 shall rise,
 Well God ! on thy margin kneeling, I will offer sacrifice.”

“ Brother, rise, the skies grow ruddy ; if we yet would save
 our sire,
 Rests a deed, courageous, bloody, wondering ages shall
 admire.
 Hie thee to the spy rock’s summit ; ready there thou ’lt find
 the sling ;
 Ready there the leaden plummet ; and at dawn he seeks the
 spring.”

Ruddy dawn had changed to amber ; radiant as the yellow
 day,
 Conall, issuing from his chamber, to the fountain took his
 way ;
 There athwart the welling water, like a fallen pillar spread,
 Smitten by the bolt of slaughter, lay Connacia’s champion
 dead.

Call the hosts ; convene the judges ; cite the dead man’s
 children both.
 Said the judges, “ He gave pledges, Sun and Wind, and
 broke the oath,
 And they slew him. So we ’ve written ; let his sons attend
 our words.”
 “ Both, by sudden frenzy smitten, fell at sunrise on their
 swords.”

Then the judges, "Ye, who punish man's prevaricating vow,
Needs not further to admonish ; contrite to your will we bow,
All our points of promise keeping ; safely let the chief go
forth."

Conall, to his chariot leaping, turned his coursers to the north,

In the Sun that swept the valleys, in the Wind's encircling
flight,
Recognizing holy allies, guardians of the Truth and Right ;
While before his face, resplendent with a firm faith's candid
ray,
Dazzled troops of foes attendant bowed before him on his way.

But the calm physician, viewing where the white neck joined
the ear,
Said, "It is a slinger's doing ; Sun nor Wind was actor here.
Yet till God vouchsafe more certain knowledge of his sover-
eign will,
Better deem the mystic curtain hides their wonted demons
still.

"Better so, perchance, than living in a clearer light like me,
But believing where perceiving, bound in what I hear and
see ;
Force and change in constant sequence, changing atoms,
changeless laws ;
Only in submissive patience waiting access to the Cause.

"And, they say, Centurion Altus, when he to Ernanian came,
And to Rome's subjection called us, urging Cæsar's tribute
claim,
Told that half the world barbarian thrills already with the
faith
Taught them by the godlike Syrian Cæsar lately put to death.

“And the Sun, through starry stages measuring from the
 Ram and Bull,
 Tells us of renewing ages, and that Nature’s time is full ;
 So, perchance, these silly breezes even now may swell the sail
 Brings the leavening word of Jesus westward also to the
 Gael.”



THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin’s anchor forged, — ’t is at a white heat
 now ;
 The bellows ceased, the flames decreased, — though on the
 forge’s brow
 The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
 And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
 All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare.
 Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass
 there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound
 heaves below,
 And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe :
 It rises, roars, rends all outright, — O Vulcan, what a glow !
 ’T is blinding white, ’t is blasting bright, — the high sun
 shines not so !
 The high sun sees not on the earth such fiery fearful show ;
 The roof ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy, lurid
 row
 Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe.
 As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster
 slow
 Sinks on the anvil, all about the faces fiery grow.

“Hurrah !” they shout, “leap out, leap out !” bang, bang,
the sledges go !

Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low, —
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow,
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders
strew

The ground around ; at every bound the sweltering fountains
flow,

And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant
“Ho !”

Leap out, leap out, my masters ! leap out and lay on load !
Let’s forge a goodly anchor, a bower thick and broad ;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see a good ship riding, all in a perilous road, —
The low reef roaring on her lee, — the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea, — the mainmast by the
board, —

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the
chains ;

But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky
high ;

Then moves his head, as though he said, “Fear nothing, —
here am I.”

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time !
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple’s chime.
But while you sling your sledges, sing, and let the burthen be,
The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we !

Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling
red ;

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be
sped ;

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of
 clay ;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen
 here,

For the yo-heave-o, and the heave away, and the sighing sea-
 men's cheer ;

When, weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and
 home,

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last ;
 A shapely one he is and strong as e'er from cat was cast.

O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
 What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep
 green sea !

O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as
 thou ?

The hoary monsters' palaces ! methinks what joy 't were
 now

To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
 And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scour-
 ging tails !

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn
 And send him foiled and bellowing back for all his ivory
 horn ;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn,
 And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to
 scorn ;

To leap down on the Kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian
 isles

He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed miles,
 Till, snorting like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls ;
 Meanwhile to swing, a buffeting the far astonished shoals

Of his back browsing ocean calves ; or, haply in a cove,
Shell-strewn and consecrate of old to some Undiné's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens ; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal
thine ?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable
line ;

And night by night 't is thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to
play.

But shamer of our little sports ! forgive the name I gave, —
A fisher's joy is to destroy, thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side and who the dripping
band,

Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee
bend,

With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient
friend, —

O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps
round thee,

Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou 'dst leap within
the sea !

Give honor to their memories, who left the pleasant strand
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland,
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard
grave

So freely for a restless bed amid the tossing wave.

O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

THE FAIRY THORN.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

“GET up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning-wheel ;
 For your father’s on the hill, and your mother is asleep :
 Come up above the crags, and we’ll dance a highland reel
 Around the fairy thorn on the steep.”

At Anna Grace’s door ’t was thus the maidens cried,
 Three merry maidens fair in kirtles of the green ;
 And Anna laid the rock and the weary wheel aside,
 The fairest of the four, I ween.

They’re glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
 Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare ;
 The heavy sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
 And the crags in the ghostly air ;

And linking hand in hand and singing as they go,
 The maids along the hill-side have ta’en their fearless way,
 Till they come to where the rowan-trees in lonely beauty grow,
 Beside the Fairy Hawthorn gray.

The Hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,
 Like matron with her twin granddaughters at her knee ;
 The rowan-berries cluster o’er her low head gray and dim
 In ruddy kisses sweet to see.

The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,
 Between each lovely couple a stately rowan stem,
 And away in mazes wavy, like skimming birds they go, —
 O, never carolled bird like them !

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,
And dreamily the evening has stilled the haunted braes,
And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark notes from the sky
When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,
Are hushed the maiden's voices, as cowering down they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For from the air above and the grassy ground beneath,
And from the mountain-ashes and the old whitethorn
between,
A power of faint enchantment doth through their beings
breathe,
And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together silent, and, stealing side by side,
They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping necks so fair,
Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,
For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasped and prostrate all, with their heads together
bowed,
Soft o'er their bosoms' beating — the only human sound —
They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
Like a river in the air, gliding round.

No scream can any raise, no prayer can any say,
But wild, wild the terror of the speechless three, —
For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of gold,
 And the curls elastic falling as her head withdraws ;
 They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms unfold,
 But they may not look to see the cause.

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies
 Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze ;
 And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes,
 Or their limbs from the cold ground raise,

Till out of night the earth has rolled her dewy side,
 With every haunted mountain and streamy vale below ;
 When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning tide,
 The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,
 And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in vain, —
 They pined away and died within the year and day,
 And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.



THE FAIRY WELL OF LAGNANAY.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully! —

“O, listen, Ellen, sister dear!

Is there no help at all for me,

But only ceaseless sigh and tear?

Why did not he, who left me here,

With stolen hope steal memory?

O, listen, Ellen, sister dear!

(Mournfully, sing mournfully!)

I'll go away to Sleamish hill

I'll pluck the fairy hawthorn-tree,

And let the spirits work their will ;
I care not if for good or ill,
So they but lay the memory
Which all my heart is haunting still.
(Mournfully, sing mournfully!)

The Fairies are a silent race,
And pale as lily flowers to see ;
I care not for a blanched face,
Nor wandering in a dreaming place,
So I but banish memory, —

I wish I were with Anna Grace.
(Mournfully, sing mournfully !)

“Hearken to my tale of woe!” —

’T was thus to weeping Ellen Con,
Her sister said in accents low,
Her only sister, Una bawn ;

’T was in their bed before the dawn,
And Ellen answered, sad and slow,

“O Una, Una, be not drawn
(Hearken to my tale of woe !)

To this unholy grief I pray,
Which makes me sick at heart to know,
And I will help you if I may ;

— The Fairy Well of Lagnanay —
Lie nearer me, I tremble so, —

Una, I ’ve heard wise women say
(Hearken to my tale of woe !)

That if before the dews arise
True maiden in its icy flow

With pure hand bathe her bosom thrice,
Three lady brackens pluck likewise,
And three times round the fountain go,

She straight forgets her tears and sighs.”
(Hearken to my tale of woe !)

All, alas ! and well away !

“ O sister Ellen, sister sweet,
Come with me to the hill I pray,
And I will prove that blessed fret.”

They rose with soft and silent feet,
They left their mother where she lay
Their mother and her care discreet,
(All, alas ! and well away !)

And soon they reached the Fairy Well,
The mountain's eye, clear, cold, and gray,
Wide open in the dreary fell ;
How long they stood 't were vain to tell.
At last upon the point of day,

Bawn Una bares her bosom's swell,
(All, alas ! and well away !)

Thrice o'er her shrinking breast she laves
The gliding glance that will not stay
Of subtly-streaming fairy waves ;

And now the charmed three brackens craves ;
She plucks them in their fringed array ;
Now round the well her fate she braves.
(All, alas ! and well away !)

Save us all from Fairy thrall ;

Ellen sees her face — the rim —
Twice and thrice and that is all,
Fount and hill and maiden swim,
All together melting dim !

“ Una, Una,” thou may'st call,
Sister sad, but lith or limb
(Save us all from Fairy thrall)

Never again of Una bawn
Where now she walks in dreamy hall
Shall eye of mortal look upon ;

O, can it be the guard was gone,
That better guard than shield or wall?
Who knows on earth save Jurlaugh Daune?
(Save us all from Fairy thrall.)
Behold the banks are green and bare,
No pit is here wherein to fall;
Ay, at the fount you well may stare,
But naught save pebbles smooth is there,
And small straws twirling, one and all.
Hie thee home, and be thy prayer,
Save us all from Fairy thrall!

A LANDSCAPE.

FROM "CONGAL."

THANKFUL-HEARTED he who casts abroad his gaze
O'er some rich tillage country-side, when mellow autumn
days
Gild all the sheafy foodful stooks; and, broad before him
spread, —
He looking landward from the brow of some great sea-cape's
head,
Bray or Ben-Edar, — sees beneath, in silent pageant grand,
Slow fields of sunshine spread o'er fields of rich, corn-bearing
land;
Red glebe and meadow-margin green, commingling to the
view,
With yellow stubble, browning woods, and upland tracts of
blue; —
Then, sated with the pomp of fields, turns, seaward, to the
verge
Where, mingling with the murmuring wash made by the
far-down surge,

Comes up the clangorous song of birds unseen, that, low
 beneath,
 Poised off the rock, ply under foot ; and, 'mid the blossoming
 heath,
 And mint-sweet herb, that loves the ledge rare-aired, at ease
 reclined,
 Surveys the wide pale-heaving floor, crisped by a curling
 wind ;
 With all its shifting, shadowy belts, and chasing scopes of
 green,
 Sun-strewn, foam-freckled, sail-embossed, and blackening
 squalls between,
 And slant, cerulean-skirted showers that with a drowsy
 sound,
 Heard inward, of ebullient waves, stalk all the horizon
 round ;
 And, haply being a citizen just 'scaped from some disease,
 That long has held him sick indoors, now, in the brine-fresh
 breeze,
 Health-salted, bathes ; and says the while he breathes reviv-
 ing bliss,
 " I am not good enough, O God, nor pure enough for this ! "
 Such seemed its hues. His feet were set in fields of waving
 grain ;
 His head, above, obscured the sun ; all round the leafy plain
 Blackbird and thrush piped loud acclaims ; in middle-air,
 breast-high,
 The lark shrill carolled ; overhead, and half-way the sky,
 Sailed the far eagle ; from his knees down dale and grassy
 steep,
 Thronged the dun, mighty upland groves, and mountain-
 mottling sheep,
 And by the river margins green, and o'er the thymy meads
 Before his feet, careered at large the slim-kneed, slender
 steeds.

THE WIDOW'S CLOAK.

THERE'S a widow lady worthy of a word of kindly tone
From all, who love good neighborhood and true allegiance
own

To motherly humanity, in love and sorrow tried,
Who lives, some season of the year,
Adown Dee-side.

To her sister in the cottage, to the Highland hut, comes she,
She takes the old wife by the hand, she shares her cup of tea.
She loves the lowly people, — years of life have taught her
well

In God's great household they, the bulk
Of inmates dwell.

She loves the Highland nature, and the Dalriad deeps
beyond,

To every pressure of her palm the Irish hearts respond.
What though we seldom see her St. Patrick's Hall within,
The Gael her presence yearly cheers
Are kith and kin.

The castle of Balmoral stands proudly on its hill ;
This simple widow lady has a finer castle still,
Where hill-big keep and chapel soar up the southern sky
Above the woods of Windsor,
And Thames swells by.

The iron castles on the shore that sentry Portsea beach, —
The iron castles on the sea, their guns a shipload each,
That ride at Spithead anchorage, — the ordnance great and
small

Of Woolwich and of London Tower, —
She owns them all.

Ten thousand are her men-at-call, that ride in golden spurs ;
 The citied margins of the seas, half round the world, are
 hers ;

And mightiest monarchs, fain to sit at her right hand, are
 seen ;

For she's the queen of the Three-joined Realm, —
 God save the Queen !

And sons she has good plenty, and daughters, if need were,
 Of issue of the lawful line, to sit St. Edward's chair ;
 For God has filled the quiver, and with countenance elate
 He next in lawful right may speak
 His foe in gate.

With Denmark's gracious daughter, who leads the bright
 array, —

Our darling, — ever welcome, — as flowers that come in
 May, —

God, shield the precious creature beneath Thy angels' wings,
 And send her lovely nature
 Down lines of kings.

Fine men the princely brothers ! and time is coming when
 By sea and land they all may show that they are manly men ;
 Alert at clear-eyed honor's call to give their duty-day
 Afield, on deck, in battery, —
 Come who come may.

Now, mark, you kings and emperors, who rule this peopled
 ball,

That nourishes us, man and beast, and graveward bears us
 all, —

The blood of horses and of men, and lives of men, will lie
 Main heavy on the souls that break
 Her amity.

Victoria's sheltering mantle is over India spread ;
Who dare to touch the garment's hem, look out for men in
 red ;
Look out for gun and tumbrel acrash through mound and
 hedge,
For shot and steel and Sheffield shear,
 Steel, point and edge.

The fires are banked ; in port and road the seaman-heart
 swells large ;
The horses from the Irish fields are champing for the charge ;
Stand back ! keep off ! the changing cheek of Peace has lost
 its smile,
And grave her eyes, and grave her prayer
 To Heaven the while.

“ Maker, Preserver of mankind, and Saviour that Thou art,
Assuage the rage of wrathful men ; abate their haughty
 heart ;
Or, if not so Thy holy will, suppress the idle sigh,
And God Sabaoth be the name
 We know thee by.”

DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY.

DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY, who is distinguished in general literature as well as an Irish national poet, was born in Dublin in 1820. His father was a tradesman, but of ancient family, and his descent has been traced to the MacCauras, or MacCarthaighs, kings of Desmond or South-western Munster. McCarthy was educated at Trinity College, and studied for the bar. On the establishment of "The Nation," he joined the staff of poetical contributors, and wrote national ballads in the political vein of Davis, Duffy, and McGee. In 1846 he was called to the bar, but, owing to diffidence and hesitation in speech, he has practised but little, and devoted himself almost entirely to literature. His first work, a compilation of Irish ballads, with an introduction and some original contributions, was published in 1846; and in 1850 he published "Poems, Ballads, and Lyrics," containing translations from nearly all the modern languages of Europe, as well as original poems. When the Irish Catholic University was established, in 1857, under the presidency of Father Newman, McCarthy was appointed Professor of Poetry, and contributed largely to the *Atlantis*, the University periodical. His studies have been directed much toward Spanish literature, and he has translated a number of Calderon's dramas into English assonanté verse. His later poetical publications have been "Underglimpses, and other Poems," and "The Bell Founder." In 1871 a

yearly pension of one hundred pounds was bestowed upon him for his literary services. His latest productions have been Centenary Odes to O'Connell and Moore, delivered at the celebrations in Dublin in 1875 and 1879. On the latter occasion he was crowned by the Lord Mayor Barrington with a laurel wreath as the "Poet Laureate of Ireland," a sufficiently ridiculous ceremony, for which, however, he was not responsible.

Mr. McCarthy's national poetry is rather didactic than historical or dialectic, with a few exceptions, such as the very spirited ballad of "The Foray of Con O'Donnell," in which the portrait of the ancient Irish wolf-dog is very admirable; and he has also some graphic descriptions of national scenery. He has a fondness for intricate and what may be termed *assonanté* metres, which are sometimes remarkably successful, as in "Waiting for the May."



WAITING FOR THE MAY.

AH! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May, —
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May, —
Longing to escape from study
To the fair young face and ruddy,

And the thousand charms belonging
 To the summer's day.
 Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May, —
 Sighing for their sure returning,
 When the summer beams are burning,
 Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
 All the winter lay.
 Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May, —
 Throbbing for the seaside billows,
 Or the water-wooing willows,
 Where in laughter and in sobbing
 Glide the streams away.
 Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May.
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings, —
 Moonlit evenings, sun-bright mornings, —
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
 Life still ebbs away.
 Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May.

IRELAND, 1847.

“They are dying! they are dying! where the golden corn is growing;
They are dying! they are dying! where the crowded herds are lowing;
They are gasping for existence, where the streams of life are flowing;
And they perish of the plague, where the breeze of health is blowing.”

God of justice! God of power!
Do we dream? Can it be,
In this land, in this hour,
With the blossom on the tree,
In the gladsome month of May,
When the young lambs play,
When Nature looks around
On her waking children now,
The seed within the ground,
The bud upon the bough?
Is it right, is it fair,
That we perish of despair
In this land, on this soil,
Where our destiny is set,
Which we cultured with our toil,
And watered with our sweat?

We have ploughed, we have sown,
But the crop was not our own;
We have reaped, but harpy hands
Swept the harvest from our lands;
We were perishing for food,
When lo! in pitying mood,
Our kindly rulers gave
The fat fluid of the slave,
While our corn filled the manger
Of the war-horse of the stranger.

God of mercy ! must this last ?
 Is this land preordained,
 For the present, and the past,
 And the future to be chained, —
 To be ravaged, to be drained,
 To be robbed, to be spoiled,
 To be hushed, to be whipped,
 Its soaring pinions clipt,
 And its every effort foiled ?

Do our numbers multiply
 But to perish and to die ?
 Is this all our destiny below, —
 That our bodies, as they rot,
 May fertilize the spot,
 Where the harvests of the stranger grow ?

If this be indeed our fate,
 Far, far better now, though late,
 That we seek some other land, and try some other zone ;
 The coldest, bleakest shore
 Will surely yield us more
 Than the storehouse of the stranger that we dare not call our
 own.



THE PARADISE OF BIRDS.

FROM THE "VOYAGE OF ST. BRANDAN."

COLOR and form may be conveyed by words,
 But words are weak to tell the heavenly strains
 That from the throats of these celestial birds
 Rang through the woods and o'er the echoing plains ;

There was the meadow-lark with voice as sweet,
But robed in richer raiment than our own ;
And as the moon smiled on his green retreat,
The painted nightingale sang out alone.

Words cannot echo music's winged note,
One bird alone exhausts their utmost power ;
'T is that strange bird, whose many voiced throat
Mocks all his brethren of the woodland bower, —
To whom indeed the gift of tongues is given,
The musical rich tongues that fill the grove,
Now like the lark dropping his notes from heaven,
Now cooing the soft notes of the dove.

Oft have I seen him scorning all control,
Winging his arrowy flight rapid and strong,
As if in search of his vanished soul,
Lost in the gushing ecstasy of song ;
And as I wandered on and upward gazed,
Half lost in admiration, half in fear,
I left the brothers wondering and amazed,
Thinking that all the choir of heaven was near.

Was it a revelation or a dream ?
That these bright birds as angels once did dwell
In heaven with starry Lucifer supreme,
Half sinned with him, and with him partly fell ;
That in this lesser paradise they stray,
Float through its air and glide its streams along,
And that the strains they sing each happy day
Rise up to God like morn and even song.

THE IRISH WOLF-HOUND.

FROM "THE FORAY OF CON O'DONNELL."

As fly the shadows o'er the grass,
He flies with step as light and sure,
He hunts the wolf through Tostan pass,
And starts the deer by Lisanoure.
The music of the Sabbath bells,
O Con ! has not a sweeter sound
Than when along the valley swells
The cry of John Mac Donnell's hound.

His stature tall, his body long,
His back like night, his breast like snow,
His fore-leg pillar-like and strong,
His hind-leg like a bended bow ;
Rough curling hair, head long and thin,
His ear a leaf so small and round ;
Not Bran, the favorite dog of Fin,
Could rival John Mac Donnell's hound.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

ONE of the most original and national, as the youngest, of the modern Irish poets, is Mr. Alfred Percival Graves. He is the son of the Bishop of Limerick, of the disestablished Irish Church, and, although educated in and now a resident of England, has made a thorough and loving study of Irish peasant character, and the indigenous poetry and music of Ireland. The locality of his country scenes is chiefly in the beautiful region of the mountains of Kerry, but his characters are thoroughly representative of the universal Celtic nature. Many of his lyrical poems first appeared in the London Spectator, and attracted a wide attention for their remarkable melody, fine finish, and graceful and delicate spirit. These were collected in a small volume, "The Songs of Killarney," which has been followed by a larger one, "Irish Songs and Ballads." Mr. Graves has been thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Irish music, and has reproduced the delicate weirdness and wildness of its spirit, as well as its more prevailing and obvious characteristics, with the utmost perfection. His songs are not only written to the melody of the airs, but they reproduce their spirit, as is felt at once by those familiar with Irish music in such examples as "The Foggy Dew," to the air of that name, "Kitty Bhan," and many others; and their inspiration is more genuine and perfect than those of any other Irish poet who has endeavored to interpret the native airs. Mr. Graves's pic-

tures of peasant life and character are delicate as well as true, racy rather than rank of the soil, and with a fine spirit of humor as well as pathos. The turn of thought and expression of the Celtic peasant is reproduced, as well as the dialect, and their faithfulness and delicacy as genre pictures are perfect. Mr. Graves has also done to some extent for the peasant poetry of Ireland what Burns did for that of Scotland, that is, taken the country ballads, removed their clumsy expressions and vulgarisms, stripped them of excrescences, and completed them where imperfect, at the same time leaving them in their original form, and as far as possible as they were written. He has had less material for the reason that has been previously explained, that the native poetry of Ireland in the English language is less in quantity and quality than the Celtic, and much more imperfect in expression ; but the few flowers of poetry which Mr. Graves has found have been trimmed and finished to perfect expression. Some translations from the Celtic are also added to Mr. Graves's original contributions to Irish poetry, and his whole work is the most national, as among the most valuable, of the modern poetry of Ireland.



THE BLACK '46.

A RETROSPECT.

OUT away across the river,
 Where the purple mountains meet,
 There 's as green a wood as iver
 Fenced you from the flamin' heat.
 And oppósite up the moun'tain,
 Seven ancient cells you see,
 And, below, a holy fountain
 Sheltered by a sacred tree ;

While between, across the tillage,
Two boreens full up wid broom
Draw ye down into a village
All in ruin on the coom ;
For the most heart-breakin' story
Of the fearful famine year
On the silent wreck before ye
You may read charactered clear.
You are young, too young for ever
To rec'llect the bitter blight,
How it crep across the river
Unbeknownt beneath the night ;
Till we woke up in the mornin'
And beheld our country's curse
Wave abroad its heavy warnin'
Like the white plumes of a hearse.

To our gardens, heavy-hearted,
In that dreadful summer's dawn
Young and ould away we started
Wid the basket and the slan,
But the heart within the bosom
Gave one leap of awful dread
At each darlin' pratie blossom,
White and purple, lyin' dead.
Down we dug, but only scattered
Poisoned spuds along the slope ;
Though each ridge in vain it flattered
Our poor hearts' revivin' hope.
But the desperate toil we 'd double
On into the evenin' shades ;
Till the earth to share our trouble
Shook beneath our groanin' spades ;

Till a mist across the meadows
 From the graveyard rose and spread,
 And, 't was rumored, ghostly shadows,
 Phantoms of our fathers dead,
 Moved among us, wildly sharin'
 In the women's sobs and sighs,
 And our stony, still despairin',
 Till night covered up the skies.
 Then we knew for bitter certain
 That the vinom-breathin' cloud,
 Closin' still its cruel curtain,
 Surely yet would be our shroud.
 And the fearful sights did folly,
 Och ! no voice could rightly tell,
 But that constant, melancholy
 Murmur of the passin' bell ;
 Till to toll it none among us
 Strong enough at last was found,
 And a silence overhung us
 Awfuller nor any sound.



THE BLUE, BLUE SMOKE.

O, MANY and many a time
 In the dim old days,
 When the chapel's distant chime
 Pealed the hour of evening praise,
 I've bowed my head in prayer ;
 Then shouldered scythe or bill,
 And travelled free of care
 To my home across the hill ;

Whilst the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
 Softly wreathing,
 Sweetly breathing,
Waved my thousand welcomes home.

For oft and oft I've stood,
 Delighted, in the dew,
Looking down across the wood,
 Where it stole into my view, —
Sweet spirit of the sod,
 Of our own Irish earth,
Going gently up to God
 From the poor man's hearth.
 O, the blue, blue smoke
 Of my cottage in the coom,
 Softly wreathing,
 Sweetly breathing,
Waved my thousand welcomes home !

But I hurried simply on,
 When Herself from the door
Came swimming like a swan
 Beside the Shannon shore ;
And after her in haste,
 On pretty, pattering feet,
Our rosy cherubs raced
 Their daddy dear to meet ;
 While the blue, blue smoke
 Of my cottage in the coom,
 Softly wreathing,
 Sweetly breathing,
Waved my thousand welcomes home.

But the times are sorely changed
 Since those dim old days,
 And far, far I 've ranged
 From those dear old ways,
 And my colleen's golden hair
 To silver all has grown,
 And our little cherub pair
 Have children of their own ;
 And the black, black smoke
 Like a heavy funeral plume,
 Darkly wreathing,
 Fearful breathing,
 Crowns the city with its gloom.

But 't is our comfort sweet,
 Through the long toil of life,
 That we 'll turn with tired feet
 From the noise and the strife,
 And wander slowly back
 In the soft western glow,
 Hand in hand in the track
 That we trod long ago ;
 Till the blue, blue smoke
 Of our cottage in the coom,
 Softly wreathing,
 Sweetly breathing,
 Waves our thousand welcomes home.

THE FOGGY DEW.

OH ! a wan cloud was drawn
O'er the dim, weeping dawn,
As to Shannon's side I returned at last ;
And the heart in my breast
For the girl I loved best
Was beating, — ah, beating, how loud and fast
While the doubts and the fears
Of the long aching years
Seemed mingling their voices with the moaning flood ;
Till full in my path,
Like a wild water-wraith,
My truelove's shadow lamenting stood.

But the sudden sun kissed
The cold, cruel mist
Into dancing showers of diamond dew ;
The dark-flowing stream
Laughed back to his beam,
And the lark soared singing aloft in the blue ;
While no phantom of night,
But a form of delight,
Ran with arms outspread to her darling boy ;
And the girl I love best
On my wild throbbing breast
Had her thousand treasures with a cry of joy.

WHEN I ROSE IN THE MORNING.

WHEN I rose in the morning,
My heart full of woe,
I implored all the song-birds
Why their mates on the bough
To their pleading gave heeding,
While Kate still said, "No";
But they made no kind answer
To a heart full of woe.

Till the wood-quest at noon,
From the forest below,
He taught me his secret,
So tender and low,
Of stealing fond feeling,
With sweet notes of woe,
Coo-cooing so soft
Through the green leafy row.

The long shadows fell,
And the sun he sank low,
And again I was pleading
In the mild evening glow;
"Ah! Kitty, have pity!"
Then how could she say, "No!"
So for ever I'm free
From a heart full of woe.

KITTY BHAN.

BEFORE the first ray of blushing day,
Who should come by but Kitty Bhan,
With her cheek like the rose on a bed of snows,
And her bosom beneath like the sailing swan.
I looked and looked till my heart was gone.

With the foot of the fawn she crossed the lawn,
Half confiding and half in fear ;
And her eyes of blue they thrilled me through,
One blessed minute ; then, like the deer,
Away she darted, and left me here.

O sun, you are late at your golden gate,
For you 've nothing to show beneath the sky
To compare to the lass, who crossed the grass
Of the shamrock field, ere the dew was dry,
And the glance she gave me as she went by.



FAN FITZGERL.

WIRRA, wirra ! Ologone !
Can't ye lave a lad alone,
Till he 's proved there 's no tradition left of any other girl—
Not even Trojan Helen,
In beauty all excellin' —
Who 's been up to half the devilment of Fan Fitzgerl?

Wid her brows of silky black,
Arched above for the attack,
Her eyes that dart such azure death on poor admirin' man ;

Masther Cupid, point your arrows,
 From this out, agin' the the sparrows,
 For you're bested at Love's archery by young Miss Fan.

See what showers of goolden thread
 Lift and fall upon her head.
 The likes of such a trammel net at say was never spread ;
 For whin accurately reckoned,
 'T was computed that each second
 Of her curls has cot a Kerryman, and kilt him dead.

Now mintion, if you will,
 Brandon Mount and Hungry Hill,
 Or Magillicuddy's Reeks, renowned for cripplin' all they can;
 Still the country side confisses
 None of all its precipices
 Cause a quarter of the carnage of the nose of Fan.

But your shatthered hearts suppose
 Safely steered apast her nose,
 She's a current and a reef beyant to wreck them rovin' ships.
 My maning it is simple,
 For that current is her dimple,
 And the cruel reef 't will coax ye to's her coral lips.

I might inform ye further
 Of her bosom's snowy murther,
 And an ankle ambuscadin' through her gown's delightful whirl.
 But what need, when all the village
 Has forsook its peaceful tillage,
 And flown to war and pillage, all for Fan Fitzgerl.

MISCELLANEOUS.



THE DESERTER'S MEDITATION.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

After the fashion of former generations of English statesmen, Curran wrote occasional verses in what was called the classic vein of humor and sentiment, with trim metre, artificial fancy, and highly polished diction; but in some of them, as in his orations, there was a vein of genuine feeling beneath the artificial tropes and highly wrought rhetoric, and an undertone of melancholy which belonged to his own nature in spite of his spontaneous humor and brilliant wit, and thoroughly characteristic of the race of which he was one of the most perfect types in genius and temperament. In his biography, by his son, it is said that the occasion of "The Deserter's Meditation" was his meeting a way-faring soldier by the roadside, and taking him into his carriage. Ascertaining that he was a deserter, Curran asked him whether, in event of capture, he would spend the brief time before being shot in penitence and fasting, or drown his sorrows in a glass. The song is adapted to a plaintive Irish air, which caught the ear of Thackeray, who had a great fondness for Irish songs, and frequently alludes to them. In "The Newcomes" he says, "And Mark Brent sang the sad, generous refrain of the Deserter."

IF sadly thinking,
With spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking my cares compose,
A cure for sorrow
From sighs I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow would end my woes.

But as in wailing
 There's naught availing,
 And Death unfailing will strike the blow,
 Then for that reason,
 And for a season,
 Let us be merry before we go.

To joy a stranger,
 A way-worn ranger,
 In every danger my course I've run ;
 Now hope all ending,
 And death befriending,
 His last ending, my cares are done.

No more a rover,
 Or hapless lover,
 My griefs are over, — my glass runs low ;
 Then for that reason,
 And for a season,
 Let us be merry before we go.



CUSHLA-MA-CHREE.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

DEAR Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
 An emerald set in the ring of the sea,
 Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
 Thou Queen of the West, the world's *cushla-ma-chree*.^{*}
 Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger,
 There smiles hospitality, hearty and free ;

^{*} *Cushla-ma-chree*, Pulse of my heart.

Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
And the wanderer is welcomed with *cushla-ma-chree*.

Thy sons they are brave, but, the battle once over,
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree,
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
The soul-speaking flush that says *cushla-ma-chree*.
Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander an exile from thee,
And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
May Heaven defend its own *cushla-ma-chree*.



THE WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.

DR. DRENNAN.

Dr. Drennan, the author of this vigorous lyric, was one of the prominent writers among the United Irishmen, and was prosecuted for sedition in 1794, but acquitted, and remained in Ireland until his death, which occurred at Belfast, in 1820, at the age of sixty-three. William Orr was a young Presbyterian farmer of Antrim, who was convicted, in 1797, of administering the United Irish oath to a private soldier, and executed after the government had once granted a reprieve on conclusive evidence that the jury had been made drunk with whiskey, and that the principal witness had perjured himself. His execution caused great excitement and indignation.

HERE our murdered brother lies ;
Wake him not with woman's cries ;
Mourn the way that manhood ought ;
Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind ;
Morals pure and manners kind ;
In his head, as on a hill,
Virtue placed her citadel.

Why cut off in palmly youth ?
 Truth he spoke, and acted truth.
 Countrymen, UNITE, he cried,
 And died for what his Saviour died.

God of Peace and God of Love,
 Let it not thy vengeance move,
 Let it not thy lightnings draw,
 A nation guillotined by law.

Hapless nation ! rent and torn,
 Thou wert early taught to mourn,
 Warfare of six hundred years,
 Epochs marked with blood and tears !

Hunted through thy native grounds,
 Or flung, reward, to human hounds,
 Each one pulled and tore his share,
 Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless nation, hapless land !
 Heap of uncementing sand ;
 Crumbled by a foreign weight,
 And, by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy ! God of peace !
 Make the mad confusion cease ;
 O'er the mental chaos move,
 Through it speak the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight !
 Brothers' blood will not unite ;
 Holy oil and holy water
 Mix and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect mild?
The widowed mother with her child,
Child new stirring in the womb,
Husband waiting for the tomb.

Angel of this sacred place,
Calm her soul and whisper peace;
Cord or axe or guillotine
Make the sentence, not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep;
Watch with us, but do not weep;
Watch with us through dead of night,
But expect the morning light:

Conquer fortune, — persevere!
Lo! it breaks, the morning clear!
The cheerful cock* awakes the skies;
The day is come, — arise! arise!



THE IRISHMAN.

JAMES ORR.

James Orr was a journeyman weaver, and one of the United Irishmen who joined in the insurrection in Ulster, and was compelled to go into exile. This is the only specimen of his verse that is extant, and has long been a favorite for its manly spirit.

THE savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Then well may Erin's sons adore
The isle which Nature formed so fair.

* An allusion to the expected aid from France.

What flood reflects a shore so sweet
 As Shannon great or pastoral Bann ?
 Or who a friend or foe can meet
 So generous as an Irishman ?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
 But honesty is still his guide ;
 None more repents a deed of harm,
 And none forgives with nobler pride ;
 He may be duped, but won't be dared,
 More fit to practice than to plan ;
 He dearly earns his poor reward,
 And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he 'll pay,
 And guide to where you safe may be ;
 If you 're his guest, while e'er you stay
 His cottage holds a jubilee.
 His inmost soul he will unlock,
 And if he may your secrets scan,
 Your confidence he scorns to mock,
 For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe and weal,
 Whate'er she bids, he dares to do ;
 Try him with bribes, they won't prevail ;
 Prove him in fire, you 'll find him true.
 He seeks not safety, — let his post
 Be where it ought, in danger's van ;
 And if the field of fame be lost,
 It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin, loved land ! from age to age
 Be thou more great and famed and free ;

May peace be thine, or shouldst thou wage
Defensive war, cheap victory !
May plenty bloom in every field
Which gentle breezes softly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild
The home of every Irishman !



KATHLEEN O'MORE.

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.

This simple and once very popular old song was written by George Nugent Reynolds, one of the literary members of the United Irishmen, and who was chiefly noted on account of a claim made after his death that he was the author of Campbell's "Exile of Erin," which was sufficiently disproved.

My love, still I think that I see her once more,
But, alas ! she has left me her loss to deplore, —
My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More.

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her color still changing, her smile ever new, —
So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More.

She milked the dun cow, that ne'er offered to stir, —
Though wicked to all, it was gentle to her, —
So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More.

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow and to gaze at the moon, —
So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More.

Cold was the night breeze that sighed round her bower,
 It chilled my poor Kathleen who drooped from that hour ;
 And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More.

The bird of all birds that I love the best
 Is the robin that in the churchyard builds his nest, —
 For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More.



MOLLY ASTORE.

RIGHT HON. GEORGE OGLE.

The Right Hon. George Ogle was a prominent politician and member of Parliament at the time of the Union, representing the city of Dublin in 1799. He was high-spirited as well as patriotic, fought several duels, and voted consistently against the Union. "Molly Astore" enjoyed great popularity in its day, and was addressed to Miss Moore, who afterward became Mrs. Ogle.

As down by Banna's banks I strayed
 One evening in May,
 The little birds in blithest notes
 Made vocal every spray.
 They sang their little notes of love,
 They sang them o'er and o'er.
*Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,**
My Molly Astore !

The daisy pied and all the sweets
 The dawn of Nature yields,
 The primrose pale and violet blue,
 Lay scattered o'er the fields.

* Love of my heart, — my young girl, — Molly, my treasure.

Such fragrance in the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.

*Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,
My Molly Astore !*

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doomed me thus the slave of love
And cruel Molly's hate ;
How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core ?

*Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,
My Molly Astore !*

You said you loved me, Molly dear !
Ah, why did I believe ?
Yet who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive.

That love was all I asked on earth, —
Nay, Heaven could give no more.

*Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,
My Molly Astore !*

O, had I all the flocks that graze
On yonder yellow hill,
Or lowed for me the numerous herds
That yon green pastures fill,
With her I love I'd gladly share
My kine and fleecy store.

*Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,
My Molly Astore !*

Two turtle doves above my head
Sat courting on a bough,
I envied them their happiness
To see them bill and coo.

Such fondness once for me was shown,
 But now, alas ! 't is o'er.
Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,
My Molly Astore !

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
 Thy loss I e'er shall moan ;
 Whilst life remains in this fond heart,
 'T will beat for thee alone.
 Though thou art false, may Heaven on thee
 Its choicest blessings pour,
Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,
My Molly Astore !



THE MAIDEN CITY.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

This very spirited Orange song is by Mrs. Charlotte E. Tonna, who published "The Siege of Derry," "Judah's Lion," and several ardently Protestant novels, under the *nom de plume* of "Charlotte Elizabeth."

WHERE Foyle his swelling waters
 Rolls northward to the main,
 There, queen of Erin's daughters,
 Fair Derry fixed her reign ;
 A holy temple crowned her,
 And commerce graced her street,
 A rampart wall was round her,
 The river at her feet ;
 And here she sat alone, boys,
 And, looking from the hill,
 Vowed the Maiden on her throne, boys,
 Should be a Maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over,
In famous eighty-eight,
A plumed and belted lover
Came to the Ferry Gate.
She summoned to defend her
Our sires, — a beardless race, —
They shouted, NO SURRENDER !
And slammed it in his face.
Then in a quiet tone, boys,
They told him 't was their will
That the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Should be a Maiden still.

Next, crushing all before him,
A kingly wooer came ;
(The royal banner o'er him
Blushed crimson deep for shame ;)
He showed the Pope's commission,
Nor dreamed to be refused ;
She pitied his condition,
But begged to stand excused.
In short, the fact is known, boys,
She chased him from the hill,
For the Maiden on the throne, boys,
Would be a Maiden still.

On our brave sires descending,
'T was then the tempest broke,
Their peaceful dwellings rending,
'Mid blood and flame and smoke.
That hallowed grave-yard yonder,
Swells with the slaughtered dead, —
O brothers, pause and ponder !
It was for us they bled ;

And while their gifts we own, boys,
 The fane that tops the hill,
 O, the Maiden on her throne, boys,
 Shall be a Maiden still !

Nor wily tongue shall move us,
 Nor tyrant arm affright ;
 We 'll look to One above us,
 Who ne'er forsook the right ;
 Who will may crouch and tender
 The birthright of the free,
 But, brothers, NO SURRENDER,
 No compromise for me !
 We want no barrier stone, boys,
 No gates to guard the hill,
 Yet the Maiden on her throne, boys,
 Shall be a Maiden still.



LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

LADY DUFFERIN.

One of the sweetest, most natural, and deservedly popular of all Irish songs, "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant," was written by Helen Selina, Lady Dufferin, granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and sister of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and whose son has been so favorably known in this country as the accomplished and popular Governor-General of Canada. Lady Dufferin's songs are few, and have never been published in a volume ; but this is one of the most widely known in the English language.

I 'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side
 On a bright May mornin' long ago,
 When first you were my bride.

The corn was springin' fresh and green,
The lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more will speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near, —
The church where we were wed, Mary, —
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest, —
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends ;
But, O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends !
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride ;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,

When the trust in God had left my soul,
 And my arm's young strength was gone ;
 There was comfort ever in *your* lip,
 And the kind look on your brow, —
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,
 Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
 When your heart was fit to break,
 When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
 And you hid it for my sake !
 I bless you for the pleasant word
 When your heart was sad and sore, —
 O, I 'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more !

I 'm biddin' you a long farewell,
 My Mary kind and true ;
 But I 'll not forget *you*, darlin',
 In the land I 'm goin' to.
 They say there 's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there,
 But I 'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods,
 I 'll sit and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies ;
 And I 'll think I see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side,
 And the springin' corn, and bright May morn,
 When first you were my bride.

THE WOODS OF CAILLINO.

"The Song of the Irish Emigrant in America," or "The Woods of Caillino," was written by Mrs. Ellen Fitzsimon, the eldest of the daughters of Daniel O'Connell, all of whom were remarkable for their beauty and accomplishments. She is now the widow of the late Christopher Fitzsimon, M. P., of Clencullen, County Dublin, and is a resident of the city of Dublin. The poem is included in "Darrynane, and Other Poems," published in 1863.

My heart is heavy in my breast, my eyes are full of tears,
My memory is wandering back to long departed years, —
To those bright days long, long ago,
When naught I dreamed of sordid care or worldly woe,
But roamed, a gay, light-hearted boy, the woods of Caillino.

There, in the spring-time of my life and spring-time of the
year,
I've watched the snowdrop start from earth, the first young
buds appear,
The sparkling stream o'er pebbles flow,
The modest violet and golden primrose grow,
Within thy deep and mossy dells, beloved Caillino.

'T was there I wooed my Mary Dhuv and won her for my
bride,
Who bore me three fair daughters and four sons, my age's
pride ;
Though cruel fortune was our foe,
And steeped us to the lips in bitter want and woe,
Yet cling our hearts to those sad days we passed near Caillino.

At length, by misery bowed to earth, we left our native strand,
And crossed the wide Atlantic to this free and happy land ;

Though toils we had to undergo,
 Yet soon content and happy peace 't was ours to know,
 And plenty such as never blessed our hearts near Caillino.

And Heaven a blessing has bestowed more precious far than
 wealth,
 Has spared us to each other, full of years, yet strong in
 health;
 Across the threshold when we go,
 We see our children's children round us grow,
 Like sapling oaks within thy woods, far distant Caillino.

Yet sadness clouds our hearts to think that, when we are no
 more,
 Our bones must find a resting-place far, far from Erin's shore;
 For us, no funeral, sad and slow,
 Within the ancient abbey's burial mound will go, —
 No, we must slumber far from home, far, far from Caillino.

Yet, O, if spirits ere can leave the appointed place of rest,
 Once more will I revisit thee, dear Isle that I love best!
 O'er thy green vales will hover slow,
 And many a tearful parting blessing will bestow
 On all, — but most of all, on *thee*, beloved Caillino!

THE BURIAL.

REV. JAMES MILLS.

This poem, whose author is not otherwise known, gives a graphic description of the old custom of keening in front of the coffin, as the corpse was borne along the country road to the grave.

A FAINT breeze is playing with flowers on the hill,
And the blue vault of summer is cloudless and still ;
And the vale with the wild bloom of nature is gay,
And the far hills are breathing a sorrowful lay.

As winds on the *clairseach's** sad chords when they stream,
As the voice of the dead on the mourner's dark dream,
Far away, far away from gray distance it breaks,
First known to the breast by the sadness it wakes.

Now lower, now louder and longer it mourns ;
Now faintly it falls, and now fitful returns ;
Now near, and now nearer, it swells on the ear,
The wild *ululu*, the death song, is near.

With slow steps, sad burden, and wild uttered wail,
Maid, matron, and cotter wind up from the vale ;
And loud lamentations salute the gray hill,
Where their fathers are sleeping, the silent and still.

Wild, wildly that wail ringeth back on the air,
From that lone place of graves, as if spirits were there ;
O'er the silent, the still, and the cold they deplore,
They weep for the tearless, whose sorrows are o'er.

* *Clairseach*, harp.

DANCE LIGHT, FOR MY HEART IT LIES UNDER
YOUR FEET, LOVE.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

Dr. John Francis Waller, a resident of Dublin, is the author of a considerable number of poems and essays, in which the Irishism is rather artificial, dwelling upon puns and conceits after the style of Lover; but this and "The Spinning-Wheel Song" are really successful, in spite of their evident artificiality. The air is the emphatic and joyous one of "Huish the Cat from under the Table," which the song fits very closely.

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel!
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come trip down with me to the sycamore-tree,
Half the parish is there and the dance is beginning.
The sun has gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft loving things,
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing:
'T is hard to refuse, when a young lover sues, —
So she could n't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat without fail leads out sweet Kitty Neil, —
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the ground, —
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.

Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing, —
Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing.

Sweet Kate ! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly, —
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form, —
Nor feel his heart warm and his pulses throb wildly ?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love ;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries, with a sigh,
“Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love !”



THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning ;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning ;
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting :
“Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping.”
“’T is the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping.”
“Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing.”
“’T is the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying.”
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot’s stirring ;
Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

“What’s that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder ?”
“’T is the little birds chirping the holly-bush under.”

"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
 And singing all wrong the old song of the Coolun?"
 There's a form at the casement, — the form of her true love, —
 And he whispers with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love :
 Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly ;
 We'll rove in the grove, while the moon's shining brightly."
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring ;
 Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden's singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
 Steals up from the seat, — longs to go, and yet lingers ;
 A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
 Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other,
 Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round,
 Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound ;
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her

The maid steps, then leaps to the arms of her lover.

Slower — and slower — and slower the wheel swings ;
 Lower — and lower — and lower the reel rings ;
 Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and
 moving,
 Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are
 roving.

THE IRISH WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON IN AMERICA.

ELLEN FORRESTER.

Mrs. Ellen Forrester, the authoress of this poem, which is effective from its extreme simplicity and naturalness, is a native of Monaghan, but has been for some time a resident of Manchester, England. She has published two volumes of poetry, — "Simple Strains," and, in conjunction with her son, Arthur M. Forrester, "Songs of the Rising Nation."

"REMEMBER, Dennis, all I bade you say,
Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord!
But of our troubles since he went away,
You'll mind, avick, and never say a word,—
Of cares and troubles sure we've all our share,
The finest summer is n't always fair.

"Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May, —
She died, poor thing, but *that* you needn't mind, —
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
But tell him, God to us was always kind:
And when the fever spread the country o'er,
His mercy kept the sickness from the door.

"Be sure you tell him how the neighbors came,
And cut the corn, and stored it in the barn;
'T would be as well to mention them by name, —
Pat Murphy, Ned McCabe, and James McCarn,
And big Tim Daly from behind the hill, —
But say, *agra!* O, say I missed him still!

"They came with ready hands our toil to share, —
'*T was then I missed him most, my own right hand!*

I felt, although kind hearts were round me there,
 The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
 Strong arm ! brave heart ! O, severed far from me
 By many a weary mile of shore and sea !

“ You’ll tell him *she* was with us, (he’ll know who,)
 Mavourneen ! has n’t she the winsome eyes ?
 The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue,
 That ever shone except in summer skies ;
 And such black hair ! — it is the blackest hair
 That ever rippled o’er a neck so fair.

“ Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day, —
 Ah, poor old fellow, he had like to die ! —
 Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way,
 And sniffed the travellers as they passed him by.
 Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure ’t was all the same,
He listened for the foot that never came.

“ Tell him the house is lonesome-like and cold,
 The fire itself seems robbed of half its light :
 But maybe ’t is my eyes are growing old,
 And things grow dim before my failing sight ;
 For all that, tell him ’t was myself that spun
 The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

“ Give him my blessing : morning, noon, and night,
 Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
 That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
 And firmly stand as his brave fathers stood,
 True to his name, his country, and his God,
 Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad.”

I'M VERY HAPPY WHERE I AM.

DION BOUCICAULT.

Written in paraphrase of the expression of an Irish peasant-woman in her cabin in Ohio. .

I'm very happy where I am,
Far across the say,
I'm very happy far from home,
In North Amerikay.

It's only in the night, when Pat
Is sleeping by my side,
I lie awake, and no one knows
The big tears that I've cried.

For a little voice still calls me back
To my far, far countrie ;
And nobody can hear it spake,
O, nobody but me !

There is a little spot of ground
Behind the chapel wall ;
It's nothing but a tiny mound,
Without a stone at all ;

It rises like my heart just now,
It makes a dawning hill ;
It's from below the voice comes out,
I cannot kape it still.

O little voice ! ye call me back
To my far, far countrie,
And nobody can hear you spake,
O, nobody but me !

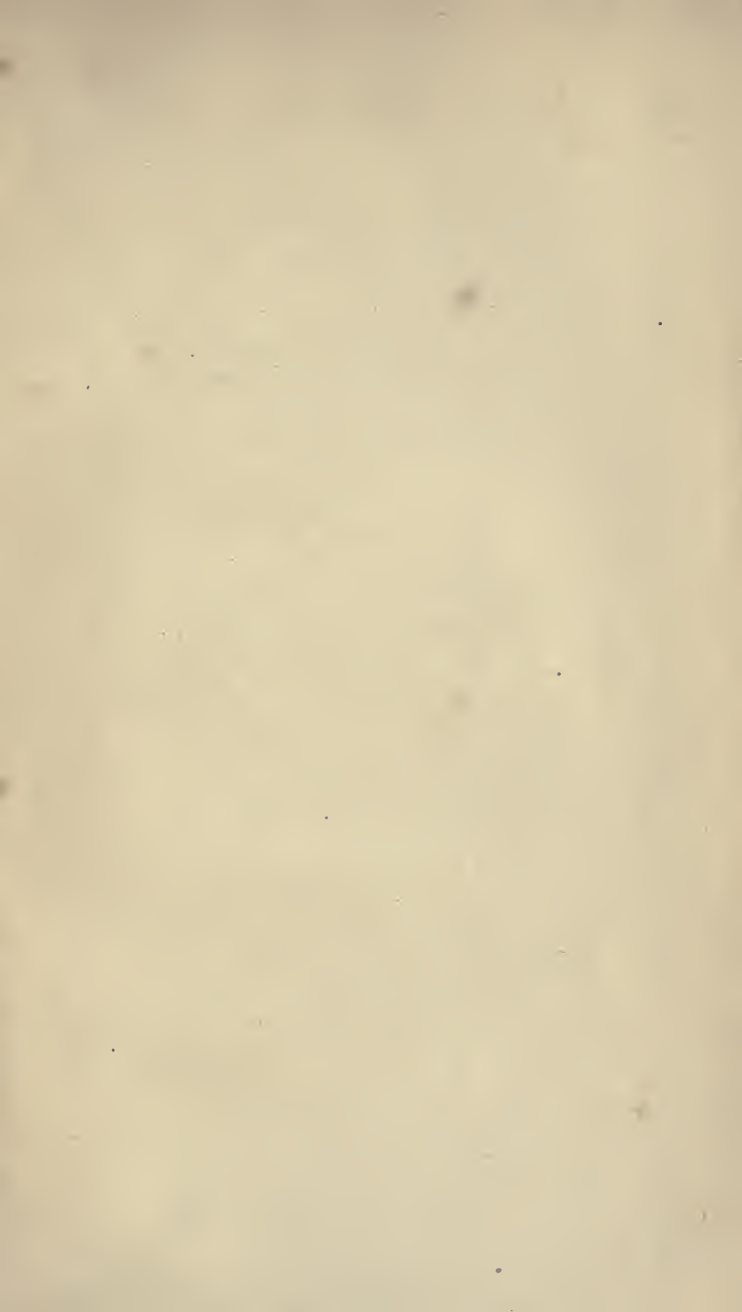
THE BANSHEE.

ANONYMOUS.

THE day was declining,
 The dark night drew near,
 And the old lord grew sadder,
 And paler with fear.
 Come, listen, my daughter,
 Come nearer, — O, near!
 It's the wind on the water
 That sighs in my ear.

Not the wind nor the water
 Now stirred the night air,
 But a warning far sadder, —
 The banshee was there.
 Now rising, now swelling,
 On the night-wind it bore
 One cadence, still telling,
 I want thee, Rossmore!

And then fast came his breath,
 And more fixed grew his eye,
 And the shadow of death
 Told his hour was nigh.
 In the dawn of that morning
 The struggle was o'er;
 For when thrice came the warning,
 A corpse was Rossmore.





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